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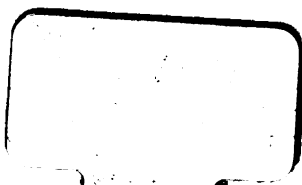
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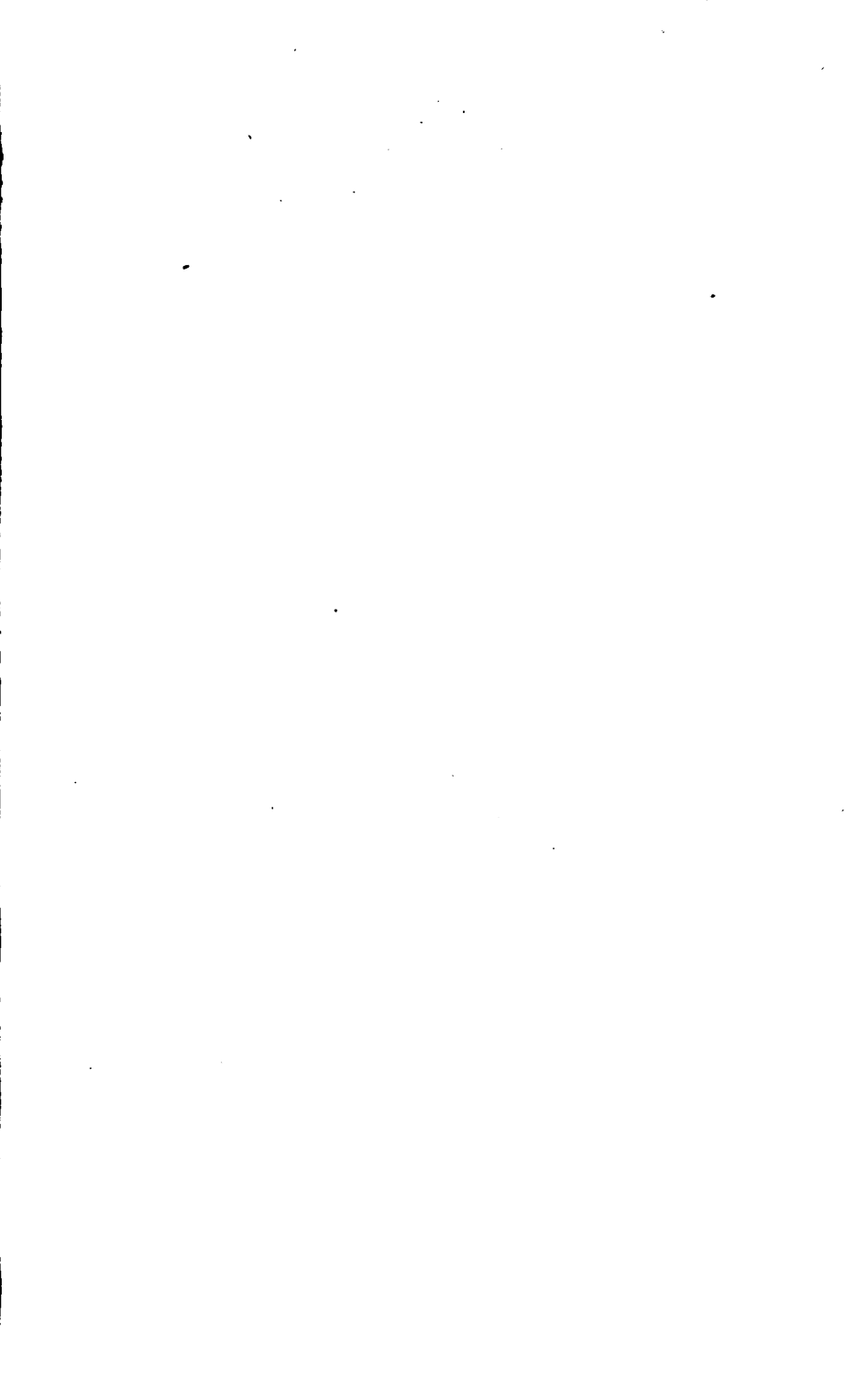
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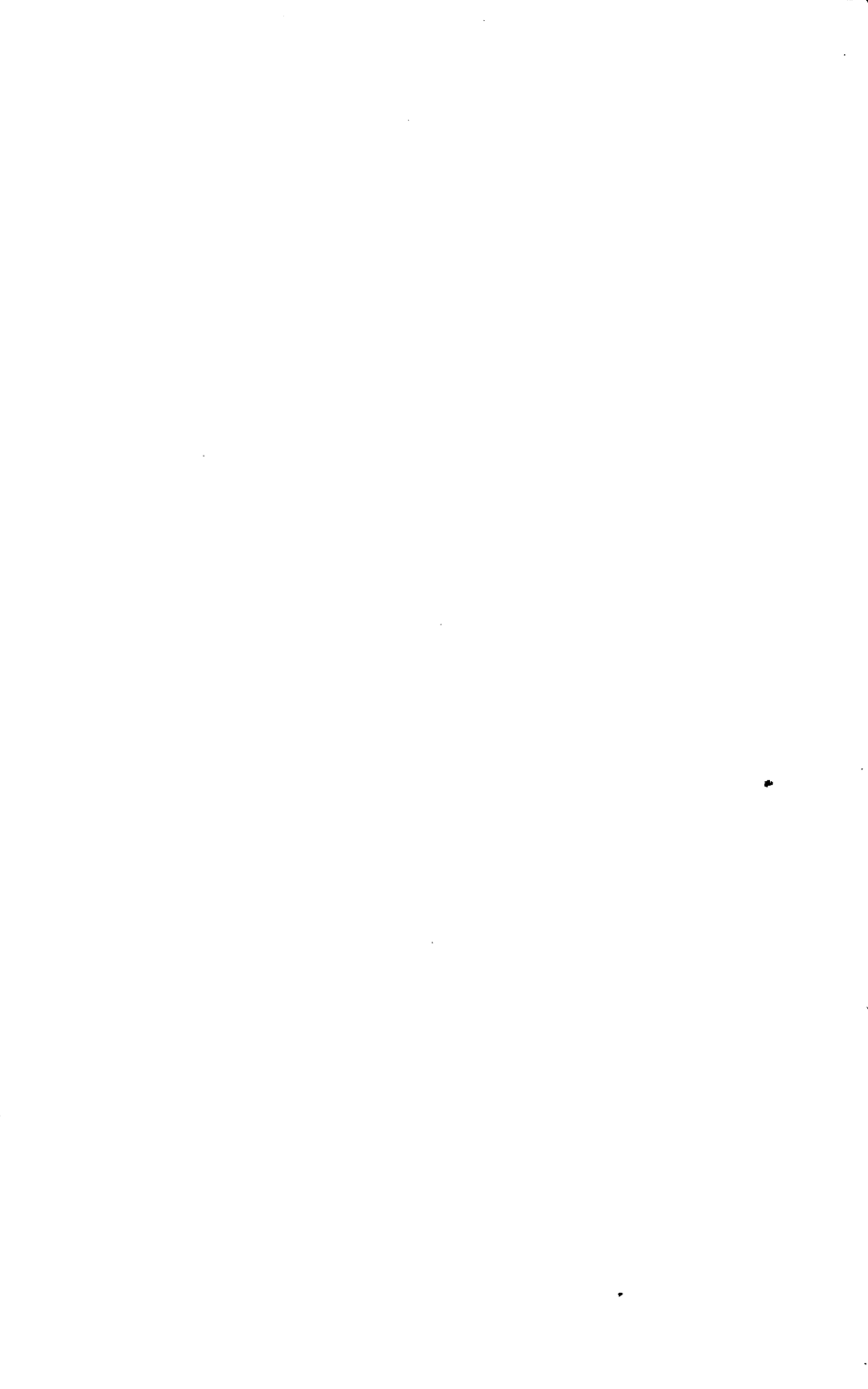
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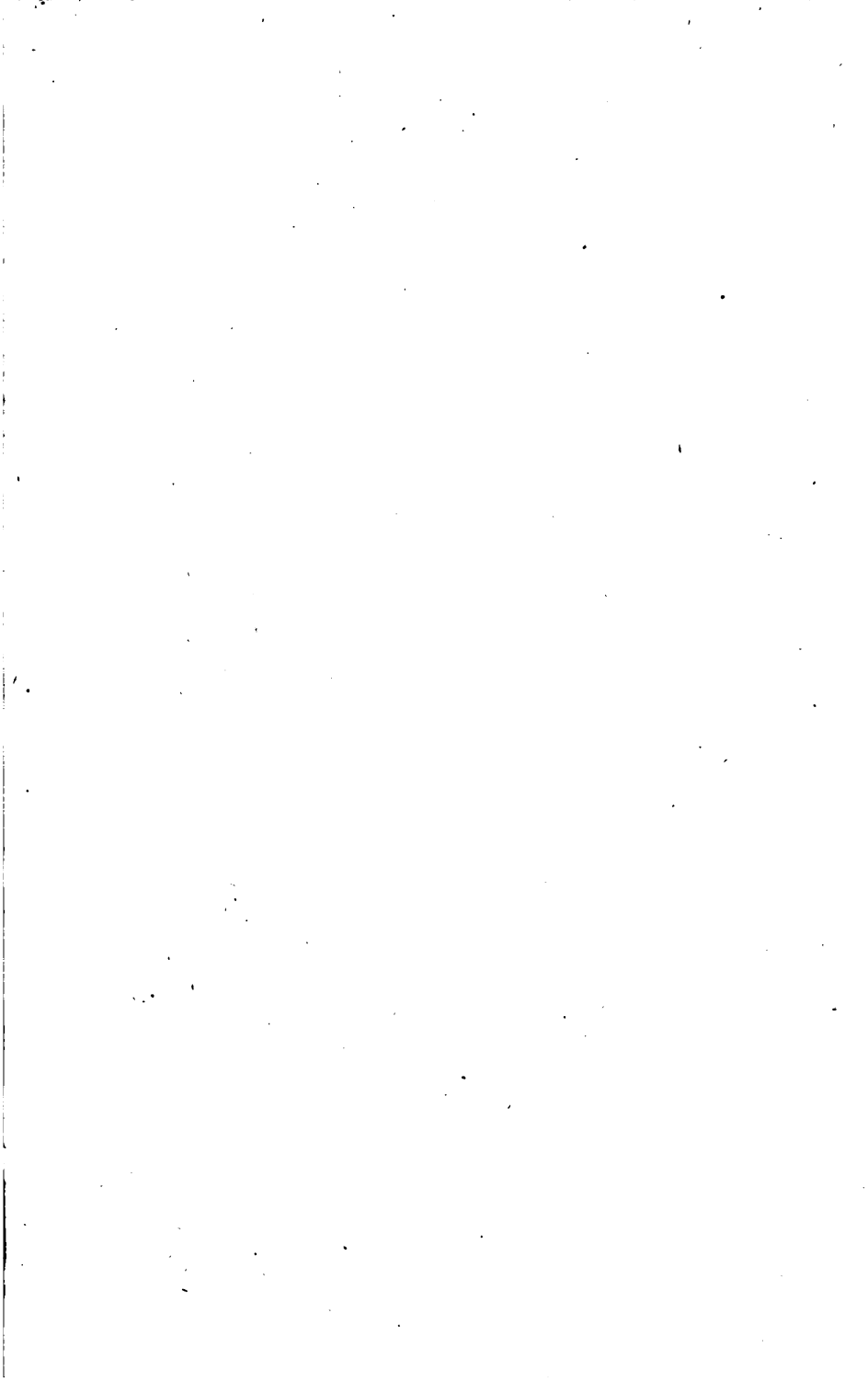


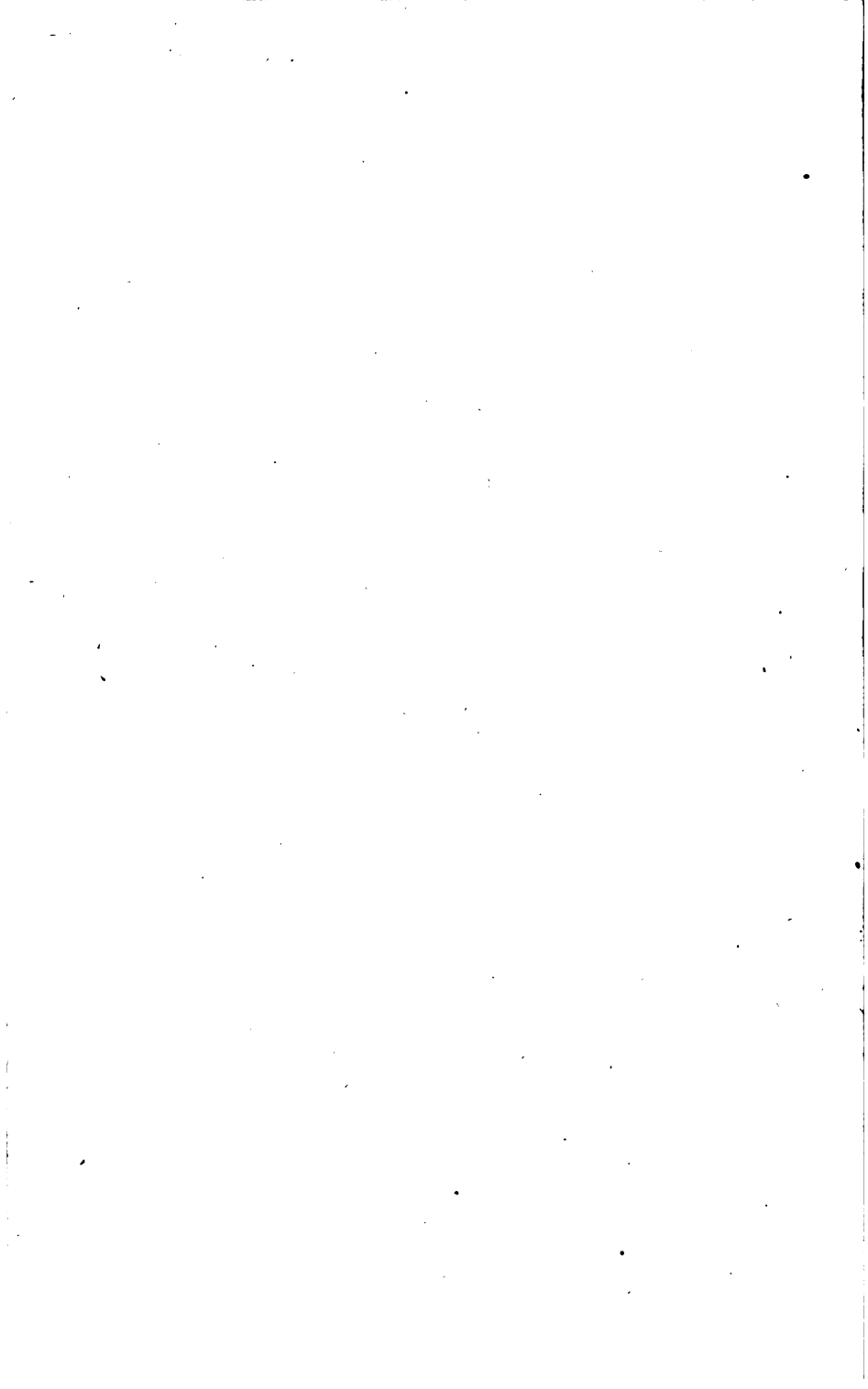
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ON THE
BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
N A T U R E.

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ON THE

BEAUTIES,
HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES

OF

N A T U R E:

WITH

OCCASIONAL REMARKS

ON THE

LAWS, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS

OF

VARIOUS NATIONS.

SECOND EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE
BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
NATURE.

BOOK X.

CHAPTER I.

“WHEN we enter into magnificent palaces,” says Tully,—whose oratory never relapsed into a thrifty and sanguinary eloquence, as Tacitus¹ strongly expresses it,—“we are at first struck with the gilded roofs, the marble columns, the costly pavements, and all the other decorations of art. But when we have beheld them often, we are no longer charmed with them; and they make no impression of pleasure on the mind. Whereas, the prospect of the country never satiates us; it is, as it were, ever new, and every day puts on some fresh form to entertain and delight us.” Who, that

¹ *Lucrosæ hujus et sanguinantis eloquentiæ.*

Tacitus de Oratore.

takes pleasure in the cultivation of his shrubberies, has not an innate love of order and harmony, though opportunity, perhaps, has never been allowed for their cultivation? Who, that will stand for hours upon a precipice, and drink in rapture from the untouched scenes of Nature, has not the seeds of poesy planted in his mind? Who, that treads, with secret satisfaction, the spots, which the wise and the good have sanctified by their preference; and who, that delights to stand where the battles of former ages have been fought, would not,—were fortune to present the opportunity,—be the admiration of the world for their patriotism and inflexible constancy?

In those, who are alive to interesting associations, and who are travelling in a picturesque country, how glowing are the emotions, produced by those reflections, which, in such scenes, naturally arise! When Dr. Moore beheld the rocks of Meillerie, he was visited by the most agreeable associations. As he gazed, he seemed to discover the very spot, on which St. Prieux looked through his telescope, to catch a glimpse of the house, which contained his idolized Julia. In imagination he traced the route, where he sprung from rock to rock; after one of her letters, which the wind had snatched from his hands. With the same delight, he observed the point, where they embarked to return to Clarens; when St. Prieux, in a fit of distraction, was tempted to seize the lovely Julia (then the wife of another), and precipitate both her and himself into the midst of the lake!

II.

Numerous are the resemblances, we mentally draw, between those spots, which fascinate us, as we travel on, and those that we have heard described, or seen delineated. In a tour, which La Rochefort made in the summer ****, among the most delightful scenes, of which this island can boast, many were the ideal resemblances, he fancied. This river reminded him of the Arno, or the Brenta; this mountain appeared to exhibit all the beauties of the Pyrenees, or the Appenines; that wood recalled to his memory the groves, which decorate the classic shores of the Po and the Mincio; this hamlet resembled that, of which Pliny gives so beautiful a description; and that villa Scipio's seat on the banks of the Tiber.

These associations are peculiarly awakened on those spots, which have been the theatres of great events, or the abodes of eminent men. Something analogous to this Milton has embodied in the language of Adam; when the angel informs him, that the leaving the garden of Eden shall be the penalty of his disobedience. Adam, with melancholy feeling, anticipates the pleasure he should have enjoyed, in pointing out to his children the places, which had been sanctified by the presence of their great Creator.

How far more delightful is it to contemplate the beneficence, than the cruelty of man! How much more interesting, are those scenes, on the banks of the Dee and the Clyde, on the plains of Devon, and

on the Grampian mountains ; now, that they are the abodes of the shepherd and the husbandman, than when the horn of the huntsman, and the trumpet of the warrior, were equal heralds of a bloody battle !

Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide

The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;

No longer steel-clad heroes ride

Along thy wild and willowed shore :

Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,

All !—all is peaceful—all is still.

III.

When the French first beheld Moscow, they were delighted, beyond measure, at the beauty of the prospect, it presented to them.¹ From the summit of the hill they saw a thousand gilded spires and steeples, which, reflecting the brilliancy of the sun, appeared like so many globes of fire. Moscow, standing in the midst of a fertile plain, through which winds the Moskwa ; palaces, without number, surrounded with terraces ; obelisks ; gilt cupolas ; the Kremlin and the towers of Iwan rising above the whole, seemed like enchantment. The French soldiers, enraptured at the view, shouted "*Mosco !—Mosco !*" with extravagant delight.—But when they found that the Russians had set fire to their own city ;—when they saw even women applying firebrands to their own houses, and then hurrying away, as if alarmed at what they had done ;—when they saw, that street after street presented

¹ Labaume, *Campagne de Russie*, p. 198. Bourgeois, *Campagne de Moscou*, p. 52.

nothing but disjointed columns, porticoes, and cupolas illumined by the blaze; and the flames rising in a thousand places at once, and every street thronged with women and children, or desolated with the dying and the dead, nothing could exceed their rage and disappointment! And yet, had the ruins, which every where presented themselves, existed for many ages, and been the result of the enterprizes of their ancestors, those very soldiers would have beheld the scene with awe and admiration. So different are the associations, when men see, than from those that arise, when they both see and suffer.

The effects of association, awakened by external objects, are well described by Gibbon. "At the distance of five and twenty years," said he, "I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions, which agitated my breast, as I first approached the ETERNAL CITY. After a sleepless night, I trod, with lofty step, the ruins of the forum; each spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, was present to my sight." Poggio Bracciolini, amid the same ruins, took pleasure in revolving the various occurrences, each ruin had seen, or given birth to. And such was his proficiency, that he could trace the history of every palace and of every temple. Among the ruins of the Tarpeian rock, he contrasted the state of Rome,—proud and imperious Rome!—when Tully graced the bar, and Cato the senate, with those ruins, which, at the moment he viewed the city, lay scattered on every side around him.¹ Ruins, which, by

¹ Should the reader desire to form some idea of the ancient splendour of Rome, the Campus Martius, and its environs, he may consult with

their associations, recalled the memory of a thousand illustrious actions. "Even the water of Rome," said Angelica Kauffman, "elicits all the nobler faculties of the soul!"

IV.

The melancholy appearance of these ruins was the remote cause of Rienzi's attempt to re-establish the commonwealth: and with what genuine feeling did Petrarch lament, that the marble columns and fragments of antiquity, which had formed the glory of that once mighty city, should be transported from their native soil to adorn the palaces of Naples! Alas! how much more fallen now has become the City of the World, once the "delight and beauty of the universe;"—raising its melancholy ruins among fields, which appear, by their abandoned state, to have suffered from a conflagration, a famine, or a pestilence.

Pope Alexander the Sixth destroyed the pyramid of Scipio, to pave the streets with its materials:—and not a few of the noblest structures were defaced and destroyed by Gregory the Great, that pilgrims and devotees might not lose their enthusiasm in their admiration of antiquity. Robbed, insulted, and ruined by the modern Vandals;—men, who derived an exquisite pleasure in treading on all, that was great, illustrious, and magnificent, and who, in the

advantage Piranesi's *Ichnography*, in *Il Campo Marzio Dell' Antica Roma*, tab. iv. fol., and *De Fortunæ Varietate Urbis Romæ*, &c. The former is in the library of the London Institution, the latter in that of the British Museum.

fury and ignorance of barbarian pride, would have disfigured even an angel of Albano,—how many an awful event transformed Italy into barbarism, and left the finest country in the world desolate and weeping! Violence and rapine stalked upon her mountains; fire and slaughter depopulated her vallies; her palaces were despoiled of their treasures; and the master-pieces of Caracci, Raphael, and Guido, of Titian, Angelo, and Correggio, doomed to adorn the galleries of an exotic soil. Had the Colosseum¹ and St. Peter's been capable of removal, those eternal monuments, also, had contributed to the embellishment of a foreign capital.²—Where once stood Nineveh, wandering tribes slake their thirst, at a solitary fountain!

V.

It is impossible to contemplate Rome without sentiments of profound awe and admiration. For so transcendant is its power of exciting associations,³ that

¹ "These ruins cover about five acres of ground; and the space has, in the course of ages, become, as it were, a natural botanic garden: so numerous and so various are the plants, which grow there. Dr. Sebastiani, of Rome, has drawn up a list of them; and it is a remarkable fact, that out of two hundred and sixty-one, no fewer than one hundred and forty-eight are natives of the British Islands."—Williams' Travels in Italy, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, vol. i. p. 389. The Flora is peculiarly interesting, not only to the botanist, but to the antiquary. It is entitled, *Enumeratio Plantarum sponte nascentium in rudoribus amphitheatri Flavii*.

² These works have lately been restored to their respective cities.

³ When Ariosto first saw Florence and its environs, he exclaimed,

"If all these palaces were assembled together, two Romes would scarcely

were St. Peter's, and all the remains of ancient and modern industry and art pulverized, as it were, into atoms, small as the sands of the desert; yet will that portion of the Tiber, near which they stood, be sacred to the poet, the pilgrim, the philosopher, and the statesman, till a new order of intellect has impressed upon mankind a new order of sensation, and a new method of employing the faculties of memory and perception.

Immortalized by three hundred and twenty triumphs: so magnificent, that a prince of Persia¹ could not refrain from congratulating himself, that men died there, as well as elsewhere: and now exhibiting, in one single monument, a structure so admirable, that the Abbé Barthelemy recognized in it all the grandeur of "*l'ancienne Egypte, l'ancienne Athènes, l'ancienne Rome*:" impossible is it to stand at the feet of antique columns; to see the numerous mutilated statues and imperfect vases; the fragments, and the half-defaced inscriptions; to walk upon the remains of tessellated pavements; and to read their history in coins and medals; without feeling the mind assume all the faculties of a poet. For the heart melts, as if it were awakened from the contemplation of a melancholy, yet delightful, dream: while a hallowed sensibility,—stampt in the moulds of delicacy and taste,—adds purity to the grandeur and sublimity of the soul.

equal the grandeur of Florence." When Napoleon invited Canova to take up his permanent abode at Paris, Canova replied, "*Sans son atelier, sans ses amis, sans son beau ciel, sans sa Rome*." So well did the sculptor feel the power and influence of that city.

¹ Ammianus Marcellinus.

VI.

Meditating on the rise of republics; the revolutions of empires; the changes of manners, customs, laws, and opinions; a progression of ages is exhibited to the mind, in characters and pictures, which, giving an enlarged view of human actions, speak a language, promising immortality: though every fragment bears for its own inscription, "*I die daily.*"

And yet all this is nothing to what is felt in the rude majesty of untamed Nature!

The stem

Of oak gigantic, wither'd by the blast,
 More sacred is, than when it rear'd its head,
 Peerless and proud, the monarch of the plain.
 Th' embattled tower, o'ergrown with bearded moss,
 And by the melancholy skill of time
 Moulded to beauty, charms the bosom more
 Than all the palaces of princes.—Rocks,
 Which raise their crested heads into the clouds,
 Piled in rude grandeur, form a scene sublime,
 More rich, more soothing to the pensive soul,
 Than Rome, with all its palaces and ruins;
 When through the lucid atmosphere of CLAUDE,
 In awful state, the glowing sun descends,
 And every fragment wears the golden hue,
 That robes the concave of Italian skies.

Hymn to the Moon.

In viewing these fragments, the mind seems as if it were born for high purposes: and it contemplates them, in consequence, with awe and solemnity. Towers, arches, and battlements seem to survive the silent lapse of ages, merely for the purpose of exciting to actions, worthy some mighty intellectual power. Fame seems to mantle every turret, for the purpose of throwing into remote perspective the comparative

littleness of all other men's attainments and pursuits : and, as the fall of Corinth and Carthage increased the wealth and influence of Marseilles, in the expiring fragments of former ages we read the rudiments of a glory, that shall never perish. But in the contemplation of the Colosseum, the agony of debasing passions acquire redoubled strength, if not a new existence : no tears of generous enthusiasm are shed ; reflection knows no graceful pause ; dazzled by riches, variety, power, and magnificence,—not splendid and imaginative, but sullen and expansive,—the soul seems to brood, as it were, over ruin and desolation, upon which the glory of chivalry has never shone.

VII.

LONDON.—This vast city,—containing a population, equal to that of the entire island, in the days of Cæsar,—with the exception of great monuments of antiquity, affords more objects for a sublime mind to contemplate, than any other on the surface of the globe. There is no where such freedom and comfort ; it is the centre of the useful arts ; the temple of science ; and MAN is seen in the highest state of dignified cultivation and power. In one spot we see all the wonders of mineralogy¹ ; in others the splendour of vegetables² ; in another we turn from the busts of Trajan,³ Hadrian, Severus, and the elder Gordian ; the colossal head of Marcus Aurelius ; and trophies, found upon the plains of Marathon ; to behold the tenants of deserts and forests, quitting their recesses to dwell with man⁴ ;

¹ British Museum.² The Botanic Gardens.³ British Museum.⁴ Tower ;—Exeter Change.

to partake of his virtues; to feel the benefit of his guardianship; and to be the objects of his care, his admiration, and endearment. Here the lion plays with the spaniel, and the tiger sports, as it were, with the kid. To this spot every country seems to have sent a representative. Panthers from Buenos Ayres; tigers from Algiers, Ceylon, and Seringapatam; hyenas from Abyssinia; elephants from Africa; and lions and lionesses from the jungles of Hindostan.—All sleeping, while man is active; and roving the slender circuits of their cells, when the whole of civilized life are buried in profound repose.—Presenting, in the heart of the greatest of cities, the sublimest spectacle of savage nature, that the world exhibits!

VIII.

Next to the associations of Rome, are those of Paris. Entering that city, what melancholy reflections mingle with sentiments of awe and admiration: since more important events have occurred within its walls, than in any other city, if we except Rome, Babylon, and Jerusalem.

So many instances of magnanimity; so many crimes; a successive theatre for the best and worst of men; so many massacres. Brissot; Roland; Robespierre and Danton; the virtues of Malesherbes: the crimes of Mirabeau; the spot where Louis was beheaded; the massacre of September; Napoleon. And what examples of eloquence! how many sublime instances of affection, and all the nobler passions! how many of treason, insurrection, rebel-

lion, and murder! So many monuments, attesting the spirit of the age; so many of the proudest institutions disorganized: how many a specimen of art destroyed; and replaced by those of other nations and of other ages. Every feeling of the human heart in exercise; man in his noblest and in his meanest attitudes! Science, ignorance, virtue, crime, occupying the same page: the mother, the wife, the sister; the lover, the son, the father; the husband, and the friend:—frivolity; wisdom; rapacity; honesty; wealth; penury; all ranks levelled, and again restored: the successive theatre of the noblest and the meanest of motives; an arena for wild beasts, in the form of men; and an Atheneum for the loftiest flights of human intellect. Throwing a magic mantle over every thing, the mind becomes poetical; the heart sensitive:—the Bastile; the confederation; the Champ de Mars;—so many instances of martyrdom; fidelity; devotion; and patriotism. Here royalty, republicanism, oligarchy, democracy, and anarchy, had successive trials. Here liberty received more fatal stabs from democracy, than it had ever received from tyranny. Here the public mind was elevated; now enervated; now sublimed; now debased; now palsied; now irritated; now electrified; now invigorated; now poisoned; now barbarized; and again civilized! The greatest generals; the most intriguing statesmen; the most energetic writers! The same men philosophers to-day, and worse—far worse, than barbarians to-morrow.

CHAPTER II.

These reflections are produced by that power of association, which alone produces all our ideas of beauty and sublimity. The secluded Vacluse, rich in a grand assemblage of sublime objects, becomes more endeared to the eye of taste, when we reflect, that among those woods, those rocks, upon the banks of those torrents, the elegant and accomplished Petrarch composed his celebrated Sonnets. For, enamoured of the muses, as Professor Richardson remarks, in his *Observations on Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters*, "we traverse the regions, they frequented, explore every hill, and seek their footsteps in every valley. The groves of Mantua, the cascades of Anio, are not lovelier than other groves and cascades; yet we view them with peculiar rapture; we tread as on consecrated ground; we regard those objects with veneration, which yielded ideas to the minds of Virgil and Horace; and we seem to enjoy a sort of ineffable intercourse with those elegant and enlightened spirits."

From the same source springs the satisfaction, we derive, in reading many of the ancient ballads and legends of the Scottish, Spanish, and Provençal poets. We assimilate our age with theirs; and by comparing their language and customs, their sentiments and misfortunes, with our own, we draw resemblances at our discretion; collateral emotions of pleasure are elicited from the simplicity of their manners and sentiments; and our misfortunes are tempered by the artificial magnitude of theirs.

II.

It is this divine faculty of association, that enables those, whose natural perception of beauty has been improved by a cultivation of the imagination, to derive so much more pleasure from scenes of Nature, than the ignorant or unfeeling; the man of the world or the pedant; the soldier or the statesman. Walking in his garden, the man of taste almost fancies, he sees Vertumnus and Pomona, hiding themselves among the fruit trees.—The vale he peoples with flocks and shepherds, resembling those, which have often delighted him in the *Bucolics* of Virgil, the *Idyllia* of Theocritus, the pastorals of Drayton, or the *Idylls* of Gesner. If he rise to the mountain, he compares its towering summit to that of Pelion, Hymettus, or Cithæron; and if he wander among rough and misshapen rocks, his imagination renders them more wild and savage, by groupes of salvatorial images. When he descends to the glen, the dingle, or the forest, fawns, dryads,¹ and hamadryads, peeping from their green vistas, appear to attend him at every step. If he rove on the banks of a river, near a fountain, or on the shores of a lake, he hears the language of the Naiads in the murmuring of waters:—if he repose on the edge of a fantastic crag, jutting over the sea, he listens to the warbling of the winds, and almost fancies he hears the music of syrens, whose forms were made, not in the figures of women and fishes, as Boccace supposes, but in those of fishes

¹ *Dryades formosissimas, aut nativas fontium nymphas, de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.*—*P. Martyr*. Dec. i., lib. 5.

and birds ; decked with various colours.—Or his illusion pictures fine-formed Nereids, in their robes of green, floating on the billows, or reclining on the rocks.

Cæruleos habet unda Deos ; Tritona canorum,
Proteaque ambiguum, balænarumque prementem
Ægeona suis inmania terga lacertis,
Doridaque, et natas ; quarum pars nare videntur ;
Pars in mole sedens virides siccare capillos :
Pisces vehi quedam.

III.

Thus the imagination gives to Nature and to life a charm, which converts every thing, it touches, into vegetable gold. Nature draws the outline, and arranges the groupes ; but it is the imagination, which gives a richness of polish to their surfaces, and tints them with those colours, which administer, in so delightful a manner, to our perception. Nature,—always conceiving and producing,—furnishes the instruments ; but it is the imagination, that touches the chords, and produces the melody. Nature showers down objects for our selection, and reason combines them ; but it is the imagination, which we are justified in styling the synonyma of inspiration.

And what is imagination, but the result of a refined power of association ? For no objects, as we have so often observed, are elegant, beautiful, or grand,

• Wealth is substantial good the fates allot :
We know we have it, or we have it not.
But all those graces, which men highly rate,
Their minds themselves imagine and create. *Græbe.*

(to our eyes), in themselves:—and they partake of those qualities only in proportion, as they create in the mind references and allusions to animate and sentient beings. When, therefore, objects meet the eye, which do not refer to earthly associations, they point to heavenly ones.—It is impossible for Colonna ever to forget those moments, in which, near a cottage, rising half way up one of the smaller mountains in the neighbourhood of Capel Cerig, he has, for a time, lost all traces of earthly resemblances! The morning had been devoted to the investigation of the admirable specimens of mountain-scenery, which present themselves along the road, leading from the picturesque bridge at Rhydland-var to the ivied arches of Pont-y-pair; from the falls of the Conway, to the tremendous cataract of Rhaeadr-y-Wenol. The grand mountain of Moelshiabod, rearing its enormous head, frowned upon all below; while rocks of every size and every shape, now jutting bleak and bare from the woods, and now decorated with shrubs, here triangular, there ragged and pointed, met him at every step:—till, passing the bridge, stretching over the Lugwy, Snowdon burst forth, in all the majesty of a Peruvian mountain!

Upon the point of a rock overlooking two lakes, Colonna had leisure to reflect on the various astonishing scenes, which had elevated his imagination in the early part of the day; and to contemplate the magnificence of Nature, in one of the finest scenes in Britain. When he had reached the spot, on which he sate, the sun was shooting its

last rays upon the peak of Snowdon ; while, along its gigantic sides, dark grey clouds were rolling in various sombre columns. Scarcely had the sun ceased to illumine the west, when the moon, rising from behind a long line of dark blue clouds, irradiated all the East. Unmindful of the past—every thought was given to the future ; and Colonna wished for no other description of happiness, in a state of immortal existence, than that, arising from an enlarged faculty of receiving delight, from whatever may be still more magnificent, among the labours of the Eternal Architect, in other scenes, on other summits, and on other globes.

CHAPTER III.

SCENERY not only inspires the poet, but his reader also ; for when do we enjoy his pictures, and relish his sentiments, with such charmed perception, as when seated beneath a bower, under a tree, or beside a rivulet ? In such and in other scenes, even bad poetry and worse music are not unattended with a sensible delight.—“The flute of a shepherd,” Dr. Beattie remarks, “heard at a distance in a fine summer’s day, in a romantic scene, will give rapture to the ear of the wanderer, though the tune, the instrument, and the musician be such, as he could not endure in any other place.” The same association governs, in regard to sculpture and painting ; for we can pause before a picture in a cottage, or a statue

in a wood, which, in a palace or saloon, would excite nothing but disgust.

Often has Colonna experienced the truth of these observations : and he never reflects, but with pleasure, on the satisfaction, he enjoyed, in listening to a blind old man in the valley of Rhymney, about two miles from the grand towers of Caerphilly Castle. This valley is a narrow defile, winding at the feet of cultivated mountains, down which several streams occasionally murmur. It was one of the finest evenings in the month of August : every object was as tranquil, as if it had been midnight ; the sun shooting along the valley, and tinting every object in the most agreeable manner. Charmed with the spot, Colonna stopt his horse, dismounted, and sate himself upon the side of a bank, to enjoy, more at his leisure, the beauties of the scene before him ; heightened, as they were, by the sombre aspect of the distant ruins. As he was indulging in one of those delightful contemplations, which scenery like this seldom fails to awaken, he was interrupted by the approach of two men ; one hale, hearty, and young, the other old, blind, and decrepid. Entering into conversation with the younger, Colonna was informed, that his companion was a good singer, and “a capable maker of songs.” Upon this he requested the old man to sing him one ; to which he consented with little hesitation. It was a history of love ; and though the lines were sometimes too long, and sometimes too short ; though the air was harsh, and his voice discordant, Colonna listened with enthusiasm, and praised with rapture.

Wandering once in this valley my eye was arrested by a mistletoe, growing out of an oak. This circumstance gave interest to the whole landscape ; for it recalled the history of the Druids. In imagination, I beheld the Arch-druid ascend the aged branches of the oak ; cut the sacred mistletoe with a sickle ; let it fall into his folded garment ; and then shew the invaluable gift of heaven to the people, who accompanied him. From this picture the mind diverged to the general subject of Druidism, and finished with a conviction of how little confidence can be placed in the decisions of etymologists. Thus the imagination may begin its flight in Siberia, and, with one stride, compass the globe. Johnson insists, that the word *Druid* is derived from *DERIO* ; Salmasius (from Pliny) refers it to the Greek word *δρυς* ;—Menage to the British *Drus*, a magician ; Vossius to *DRUIS*, a Celtic word for doctor of faith ; and Becarius to *Tru* and *Wis*, wise men. Pseudoberostus refers it to *Druyo*, fourth king of the Gauls ; Borel to *Dry*, a musician ; some trace its origin to *DRUIS*, a king of Gaul ; and some to a Hebrew or Arabic word, meaning a dervise. In the midst of this etymological contention, it is probable we may be nearer the truth, if we derive it from the old Armorican word, *Dryw*, signifying an oak. This is the more probable, since the *y* is frequently pronounced *u* ; and *Druidh*, in the Celtic, means a wise man ; and in the Gaelic, a natural philosopher.

In those days of superstition and ignorance, priests were esteemed the only wise men in the country ; and their principal symbol of divinity was a mistletoe, grow-

ing on an oak. Diogenes Laertius classes the Druids with the Gymnosophists of Chaldea, the Bramins of India, and the Magi of the Persians.

II.

The power of association gives a charm to every thing. Hence particular places are adapted to the consideration of particular subjects. When leaning near the monuments of neglected genius, our thoughts naturally révert to the conspiracy of low societies against it; to the relative fates of Corregio, Camöens, Cervantès, Chatterton, and Proctor: to the reluctance, with which almost all governments reward talent; and to the sublimity, resulting from antiquity.

When we behold public buildings, we revert to the application of works of art to the purposes of public benefit: when we visit ruins, we behold, as it were, the crumbling of empires: in view of palaces, we compare the virtues of Trajan, Mauritius and of Tiberius II. with those of Alfred, Piastus, Stanislaus and Washington. When sitting in a bower, our thoughts sometimes recur to the want of poetic genius in Plato, Cicero, Pliny and Burke; contrasting their oratorical qualifications with those belonging to poetry and music. We compare the relative merits of Pliny, Balzac, Melmoth, Gray and Pope as letter-writers: we trace the analogy between painting and sculpture: we associate the merits of Angelo and Salvator Rosa with those of Dante and Milton: and we mark the resemblance, subsisting between the genius of Ariosto, Chaucer, and Spenser. Then we revert to the cha-

racter of an agreeable melancholy ; to the uses of monasteries ; to the misfortunes of Rousseau ; to the style of Albani ; to the pleasures of the Golden Age ; and the music of the golden spheres.

In spring we frequently leave beds of perfume, to dwell in imagination on the plains of Tartary ; the deserts of Ethiopia ; the solitudes of America, and the snows of Nova Zembla. We wage an imaginary war with glory and ease ; sometimes siding with one, sometimes encouraging the other ; the mind delighting to unite, into one crown of beauty, virtue, happiness, and successful endeavour.

In summer we stand on the arches of a bridge, gazing on a cottage. The smoke curls above the copse ; the voices of children swell upon the gale ; the sun sinks in peace, and the whole scene is a scene of repose. Then subjects, allied to domestic enjoyments, steal upon the imagination, and soothe us to tranquillity.

In autumn we read, in the decline of the year, the retirement of statesmen to a private life. Xenophon, Scipio, Sully, and Bernstoff, rise before the sight ; we contrast Virgil's Corycian Swain with the Miser of Horace ; and Juvenal's Sejanus with Claudian's Old Man of Verona.

In winter we read the benefits of vicissitude ; we honour, as it were, the state of virtuous poverty ; we trace the prevailing causes of our errors and misfortunes ; we form a true estimate of the world's opinion ; we reflect on the ease, with which the mind accommodates itself to circumstances ; and in the corrected progress of the seasons, perceiving their

at least as far as we can judge from the

analogy with the life of man, we anticipate the period, when our epitaphs will testify, "*Et Ego in Arcadia.*"

III.

Sometimes the most simple objects will give rise to recollections, which become the causes of many interesting reflections. Thus I never see the fragment of Pompey's pillar, which a friend brought me from Alexandria, but I recal the history, in miniature, of that celebrated city. On the banks of the Severn, I have recalled the image of Sabrina and Comus; and while at Merthyr, (abounding in furnaces and iron mines), it were almost impossible to forbear associating it with the regions of Baliol and Moloch :

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of the livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful ? —

A cottage in ruins, belonging to an old French officer, who, after sharing the fortunes of Charles XII., led the life of a peasant in Finland, affected St. Pierre, more than all the palaces of St. Petersburg. The sight of an old man, playing upon a harp, recalled to the recollection of Gray the massacre of the minstrels by Edward I.: and to this incidental circumstance are we indebted, for one of the finest odes in the English language. The view of a picturesque cottage at Chéneviere, also, by producing many delightful associations in the mind of Marmontel, was the origin of his writing the tale of the Shepherdess of the Alps.

IV.

Why does Emilius regard the ice plant with delight? Because he was accustomed to see it in the hothouse of Eugenia, and to witness the pleasure with which she contemplated the icy surface of its leaves, which appeared in the sun, like chrystal; while its white, hairy, corolla challenged but little observation. The *cereus grandiflorus*! (introduced from Peru in 1690). This plant produces finely scented flowers in July. These flowers open between seven and eight in the evening; are full in blossom by eleven; and at four in the morning, they hang their heads, fade, and die. They shed an exquisite perfume, and scent the air to a considerable distance. The calyx, when expanded, is nearly a foot in diameter; and the whole appearance of the corolla is magnificent. Eugenia died in the blossom of her perfections: and her lover, associating her with this beautiful flower, never sees it in a hothouse, but he remembers his Eugenia, with a melancholy yet not unpleasing regret.

The plants, most interesting to this elegant scholar, are those, which he admired in the days of his boyhood;—those, which have charmed him in remote provinces, where he least expected to find them;—and those which he has beheld in the society of persons, whom he has esteemed and loved. They never fail to awaken agreeable associations of the past; and it does not depend on their beauty, or their fragrance, whether they please him or not. He has, therefore, often surprized those,

with whom he has been walking, when, in the midst of an interesting conversation, he has suddenly stooped to pick up a flower, and examine it with an attention, that would indicate an expectation, that it possessed some peculiar organization. Many of these associations he would find some difficulty to trace.—Why does the common heart's-ease, the bear's-foot, and the polyanthus, interest him more than other flowers, much more rare and beautiful?—Because they decorated the garden of a cottage, belonging to an old woman, whom he loved in his childhood. The violet, so beautiful and so odoriferous in itself, is still increased in interest by remembering how many a tranquil hour, he has devoted to the gathering bunches of it under the hedgerows, when a boy. For years, he was accustomed to see the purple digitalis,—so celebrated for its medicinal uses,—in all the lanes and hedges, without caring to examine its calyx or internal structure. But one day, visiting the garden of a gentleman, near Winchester, in which were assembled thirteen species of that plant: he has loved to recal the memory of them all, whenever he has seen the purple species in the fields, or along the side of a road. In this collection, they were arranged by the side of each other; and all in blossom. Besides the indigenous plant, there were the small yellow from the south of Europe; the great yellow from Switzerland; the minor, the thapsi, the small-flowered, and willow-leaved, from Spain; the broad-lipped from Greece; the woolly from Hungary; the blushing and the iron-coloured from Italy; and the shrubby from the

Madeiras. The two last were shrubs, and in pots ; and had recently been taken from the greenhouse.

Why are moss, and ivy, and the vine, so agreeable to his imagination ? Because moss recalls the hours, he has stolen from his studies on sand-banks, the only herbage on which were large tufts of moss :—Because ivy crept in abundance along his father's garden-wall ; and because vines sheltered the first hive of bees, he ever possessed.—When he sees a wood-strawberry, why are his reflections agreeable ? Because it grows abundantly in a wood, in the country of Merioneth, where he has often delighted to wander.—The wind-berry, the bog-berry, and the spider-wort ?—Because, growing on mountains, they have associated themselves with liberty, with solitude, and with large flocks of sheep.

CHAPTER IV.

No faculty of the mind produces more delight or more profit, than a memory, well stored and well regulated :—being the chief antidote to

———— Ancient men's report,

That days are tedious ; but that years are short.

Crabbe.

Those, who derive the most enjoyment from the exercise of this faculty, may be said to enjoy the longest lives ; since, by bringing back a portion of their existence, they may, as Seneca finely observes, properly be said to have lived long, who draw all ages into one ;—

and those to live but a short period, who forget the past, neglect the present, and are only solicitous about the future.

How delightful is it to remember those, we esteem, and admire, during a concert! How captivating is the thought of them, in the midst of sublime or beautiful scenery! Enjoying the exquisite landscapes of Tivoli, Dupaty remembered his friends, his wife, and his children, with enthusiasm. "Why," exclaimed he, with all the energy of genius, "why are ye not here?—you, who are so dear to me! It were impossible, my Adela, my Adrian, and my Eleonora, to pluck one-half of these beautiful flowers.—Adieu! thou valley, ye waterfalls, and rocks, ye flowers, and shrubs, and moss! In vain do ye strive to detain me.—I am a stranger! I do not inhabit your beautiful Italy;—and when I go hence, I shall see ye no more.—But, perhaps, my children! ye will one day witness these delightful objects; and you, ye objects, do you appear as beautiful to them, as you are now to their father." When in the gardens of the Borghese villa, —charmed with their shade and their flowers,—he bursts out, "why cannot I see all my children before me, at this moment? See them all running with their amiable mother; beautiful in her virtues and in her children, and filling my heart with their cheerful shouts of happiness and joy! How delighted should I be to see Emanuel, Augustus, Adrian, Adela, and Eleonora, dispersing themselves among these groves; striving to trample down these grass-plots; hiding themselves in all these shades of evening; and in their wanton sports, on the moss

and flowers, supplying the place of the zephyrs and the butterflies."

II.

With what lively pleasure does our imagination rest upon scenes, among which our earlier years were past! These associations are acknowledged by all orders of men; though it follows, of necessity, that the charm of recollection must depend on peculiar circumstances and manners. Dante, goaded and irritated in manhood, doubly felt the loss of those hours of comparative delight, spent in the society of a mother, the most accomplished woman of the age, in which she lived. Tasso,—of a milder and more gentlenature,—enjoyed the same pathetic associations. Spenser had equal advantages; and the days of satisfaction, enjoyed by Milton in his earlier years, are frequently alluded to in his poetical works; and still more beautifully in those poems, written in the language, and after the best manner, of Tibullus.

These impressions were not unknown to Dioclesian;—they were still more vividly felt by Henry IV. of France; and Bernadotte, on the throne of Sweden, re-enjoys the hours of infancy and boyhood every day. Madame Necker, wife to the celebrated French Minister of Finance, remembered, in the midst of Parisian elegance and splendour, all the retired graces of her childhood; passed in a valley, in the bosom of which she imbibed the purest of instruction from the lips of her father; and qualified her mind and her heart to shed lustre over the public labours, and retired enjoyments, of the first statesman of his age.

III.

HAYDN—whose musical memory my soul loves!—Haydn, loaded with years and with glory, derived the most solid of enjoyments, when tuning those simple airs, which he had been accustomed to sing with his father and mother; when, being a child, he stood between them, and beat time with two pieces of wood:—one of which served him as a violin; and the other as a bow.—Rubens, in the zenith of his subsequent fame, always turned with pleasure to the time, when he studied under Van Veen; and when he laid the foundation of his eminence in the society of that painter's two beautiful daughters, Gertrude and Cornelia; both of whom arrived at distinction in their father's profession. Rousseau, in his old age, charmed his imagination with the airs, which, in a voice of sweetness, his aunt was accustomed to sing. "To her," says he, in his Confessions, "I attribute that passion for music, which has always distinguished me."

Equally agreeable, and still more sublime, were the associations of the BARON DE HUMBOLDT, when crossing the Equinoctial regions. Early in life, that accomplished traveller had imbibed an ardent wish to visit those regions; where he might behold the constellations, ranged around the Southern Pole. Impatient to visit that hemisphere, he could not raise his eyes to heaven, without indulging the silent charm of meditating on the cross. When, therefore, his favourite wish was realized, impossible is it to

describe the solemn interest, with which he beheld the two magnificent stars, that mark the foot and summit of the southern cross, appear above the horizon, and become almost perpendicular at the moment, in which it passes the meridian. The remembrance of his early years instantly fascinated his imagination; and he repeated, with enthusiasm, the following fine passage from the *Paradise* of Dante.

Io mi volsi a man destra e posi mente
All' altro polo e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Goder parca lo ciel di lor fiammelle;
O settentrional vedovo sito
Poi che privato se' di mirar quelle!

IV.

Few can estimate the rapture with which *ROUSSEAU* wrote the first part of his *Confessions* at the castle of Eri. Every thing, as he acknowledges, he had to recollect, was a new source of enjoyment; the beautiful scenes, he had beheld; the mountains, he had traversed; the lakes, he had navigated; the rivers, he had crossed; and the remembrance of the finest portion of his years, passed with so much tranquillity and innocence, left in his heart a thousand impressions, which he loved incessantly to recal to recollection. The *ABBE OLIVET*, too, always remembered with pleasure the sensations, with which he used, in his infancy, to wander in the gardens of Benserade, at Gentilly; where every tree and every spot possessed a relic of his genius. The recollec-

tions of MARMONTEL, also, were sources of real comfort and alleviation to him, at the period, when the demon of license passed over the horizon of France :
—when—

No spot was hallowed ; sacred, no retreat ;
No realm a sure asylum could afford,
From fraud, injustice, rapine, and the sword.

Yriarte.—Belvoir.

For in the hour of sickness or misfortune, memory, by that magic power, with which it is gifted, suspends for a time, the acutest torments ; while old age, if life has been well spent, receives as great a consolation from its properties, as youth enjoys from the flattering whispers of hope.—HOPE ! the nepenthe of the heart,—the restorer of the languid,—the medicine and refuge of the miserable,

CHAPTER V.

THE SCHOLIASTS number five methods of acquiring knowledge : observation, reading, listening, conversation, and meditation. They leave out the most important ;—suffering. But mere scholars, and men, who have been rich from their birth, and continue so till the hour of their death, ought never to take so great a liberty with common sense, as to think, they have ever possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind.

Felicity was deified by the Greeks and Romans ; but they found her the most ungrateful of all the

deities. The Scythians represented Fortune, as a woman having hands and wings, but not a foot to stand upon; yet many men think misfortune not only a disgrace, but a crime, till they come to be unfortunate themselves: and then they see, that those men are superficial, who assert, that every misfortune may be prevented by courage or by prudence. They find, too, that fortune not only triumphs over folly and imprudence, but not unfrequently over wisdom and virtue. Many worthy persons, however, seriously fancy their good fortune to be the result of their own management; when all, they have to do, is to sit still, and keep themselves warm!

Fortune, in robbing a man of his property, is not always so cruel, as she is represented: for she frequently gives pride of heart and peace of mind as equivalents. This pride and this peace are shields, consolations, equivalents; nay more than equivalents; they are rewards. For love and peace not unfrequently spring out of loss; as flowers rise out of beds of lava.

They speak profoundly, who say, that the world is like a theatre; where the best judges are obliged to sit in the worst places. But they would speak more profoundly still, if they were to add, that the best judges, notwithstanding the badness of their seats, frequently enjoy the spectacle more to the comfort of their hearts, than those, who sit on velvet cushions.

———— Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the seed, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head.¹

¹ For this fable, vide Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvii. and Philostratus in Vit. Apollon. lib. iii. c. 8.

III.

Misfortunes never assume so difficult a character, as in their perspective: anticipation, like island chrystal, making every object appear double: While faith in ultimate justice operates as a convex mirror; in which every subject appears less. No man need feel ashamed of sorrow! Sophocles makes even Hercules sink beneath impressions of vicissitude. The man of virtue becomes sacred by misfortune: and every honourable mind feels disposed to address him, as the courtiers of Caubul address the person of their sovereign: “ may your sorrow be turned upon me!”

———— Little do they think,
 E'en in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 How many, rack'd with honest passion, droop
 In deep retir'd distress !

For there is a silent sorrow of the heart, which in some men, on some occasions, sap the very foundations of life. But the most juicy of fruits not unfrequently grows even among the sands of the deserts; and gold, the heaviest of metals, is so susceptible of expansion, that it can be wafted on the lightest breath of air. Bear up, then; the same decided contrast will be found in you. A masterly retreat is not less glorious than a brilliant victory: for, borrowing lustre from vicissitude, the ardent risings of an unsubdued mind will point, with confidence, to the soul's refuge: which, like the ambrosian chant,—strong, vigorous, and loud,—shall operate as a strengthener of every noble impulse.

IV.

“He that wrestles with us,” says Burke,¹ “strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. — Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.” Adversity is, indeed, the quickest and most unerring of all tutors; for she instructs more in weeks, than prosperity teaches us in years.

Can we exempt ourselves from misfortune? We may as well attempt to weigh light in a balance; to recal the day that is past; to measure infinity; to calculate the fluxions of eternity; or to wing our flight through the firmament, perforated by planets, comets, suns, and systems.

Can we prevent the lightning from striking us? The whirlwind from overwhelming us? Or the sea from swallowing a ship in the midst of a storm?—Let us yield, then, to a power, we have no force to controul. All we can do is to struggle; and the utmost malice of fortune can only oblige us to die.

And come he soon, or come he fast;
It is but death that comes at last.

Infancy creeps upon childhood; childhood upon youth; youth upon adolescence; adolescence upon

¹ Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution of France*, 11th ed. p. 247.

manhood; and manhood upon age. In a future state, perhaps, we may enjoy the advantages of all those states at the same time. The wisdom of age; the vigour of manhood; the grace of adolescence; the blossom of youth; the innocence of infancy.

Men should take particular care how they hope. Since misfortune sometimes assumes the colouring of that fascinating quality, as if to make the ruin, she meditates, more certain and complete. For, for one man, that despair ruins, hope ruins ninety; an hundred; nay, even a thousand. The temple of fortune was built of a species of alabaster, so transparent, that even when the doors were closed there was sufficient light. Look up when you would aspire; look down, when you would be happy. When you would be humble, compare your virtues with those of more virtuous men; and when you would be contented with your sphere, look with attention on those, who toil for days, for months, and for years, without one atom of reward!

V.

We deceive ourselves much oftener than others deceive us; for we are ourselves the greatest of our own flatterers. Yet we may as well look for Jerusalem in the Deserts of Libya, or for Mount Helicon in the forests of Finland, as for twenty men, who will acknowledge, that they suffer more from a want of ability or honesty, than from a want of opportunity. The world, however, I must say, cheats us of many a

good quality ; and thrusts upon us many evil ones, we never naturally possessed.

Man is never so strong, nor the operations of his mind so effective, as when they are called into action by some great, overwhelming, and destructive occasion ; and then Virtue is the best shield and bulwark of his nature. Magnanimous himself, a truism does the maxim appear, which asserts, that magnanimity is the sum and perfection of every earthly virtue. Throwing a grace over every mental energy, it gives beauty to grandeur and tranquillity to passion. As to envy ! who is there worthy of envy ? The fortunate have their imaginary evils ; the unfortunate their real ones. And whether real or imaginary are the easier to be borne, requires little skill in mental anatomy to determine. As to the Great ! If you would know, without the trouble of experiment, what their extravagance and insensibility is, and what their wedded attachments to life, it is only to read the “ Tyrant ” of Lucian. Those, whom we style “ great,” are only men, placed upon high pedestals ; and seen from which, they are, Heaven knows, little enough ! In our early years we approach them with awe, and with an assured expectation, that they possess something intrinsically eminent. When we view them closer—Gracious Powers ! how narrow are their views ; how frivolous their conversation ; and how violent their passions. How reluctant are they to forgive ; how sensitive are they to disrespect ; and how eagerly do they look for homage :—how do they burn for favours, which beggars ought only to sue for ; and how impatient,—how

fantastically impatient,—are they at honours, conferred upon an equal ! Rank ought to have much to give, in order to compensate for the trouble and the misery it occasions.

VI.

The landscapes of Claude are in the first class of excellence ;—serene, lovely, and romantic. In gazing we desire to become inhabitants of his regions ; to recline beneath his arches ; to bathe in his rivers ; to dance with his groups ; and to listen to the music of his shepherds. A similar feeling pervades us, when we read the “ *Aminta*” of Tasso, the “ *Pastor Fido*” of Guarini, and other productions of celebrated poets. In life how few enjoyments are commensurate with these ! Old men frequently complain how few pleasures, they have been able to enjoy : but they would make fewer complaints, if they had been susceptible of similar enjoyments. Fine feelings produce a multitude of fine enjoyments ; yet it must be confessed, that a man of exquisite sensibility undergoes many martyrdoms. “ For some men,” as an elegant writer has observed, “ kindle the torch of immortality at the funeral pile of their own misery.”

Wisdom, however, is tranquil. The best inheritances, a man can possess, are heartfelt serenity and sedate fortitude : as, in the cold solace of society, a constant and legitimate sense of inward worth is the first of all earthly consolations. The most beautiful object, that can engage the imagination, is that of a man, living serenely in the midst of privations and

transient; as if he considered himself as living for eternity.

When we behold age, standing with one foot in the grave, and with another placed, as it were, upon an ingot of gold;—when we reflect how soon the season of life is over;—and that no one hour of the past can ever contribute a single moment to the future:—when we behold the young and the beautiful withering in their prime, or feel ourselves the last survivor of many friends, after having seen the best of their wishes vanish in disappointment, and the last of their hopes melt into nothing, what awful views of Nature and of life are presented to the imagination!

When we look around us, and behold the pride, the envy, and the malice, that oppress the general mass of mankind: when we consider how many virtues society nips in the bud; and with what industry it punishes those virtues, it is obliged in decency to commend:—when we see with what eagerness the feelings are insulted and the mind starved; and observe the delight, with which some men view the wretchedness of their fellow creatures; there is, assuredly, sufficient justification for the profoundest melancholy. When we pause upon the ruins of a countenance, melancholy and meditative, whose only dower of inheritance was independance of mind: when the captivating bloom of youth has faded into ugliness, penury, and age: when the electrical fibres of the heart freeze before the touches of selfish indifference; and when experience teaches, that wealth and grandeur and glory store up for old age an irritating horror of death, instead of picturing that trans-

cendant change, which, as with a magic wand, shall
convert the wrinkles of age

————— into a blooming face,
On which youth shines celestial ;

there is, indeed, “sufficient justification for the profoundest melancholy.—” But in that melancholy there is hope !

VII.

Recollection, enjoyment, and anticipation are the yesterday, the to-day, and the to-morrow of life. To live in the recollection of those, we love, is a felicity of the first order :—In affliction, too, how delightful is it to recal the enjoyments of the past ! “Jerusalem remembered in the days of her miseries all those pleasant things, that she had in the days of old ; when her people fell into the hands of the enemy.” Many of our hopes are richer than realities ; and yet there are recollections even richer than our hopes. They give grace to reason.

Gibbon calls hope,—that dear prerogative of youth,—the best comfort of our imperfect condition : St. Paul styles it “an earthly immortality :” Thales said, that, of all possessions, it was the one, most universally enjoyed ; for they have it, who have nothing else. Indeed so delightful are its impressions, that Dante and Milton, when they would give the most vivid idea of the horrors, that surrounded the fallen Spirits, thought they could do so, in no manner so strongly, as by excluding them totally from the influence of hope.

Are we laid upon a bed of sickness?—Are not our groans, at intervals, interrupted by the anticipation of the enjoyment, we shall experience, when we shall rise with the lark, and imbibe the sweet scent of the fields? Hope! yes—

The fairest maid she is, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net;
Or let them waving hang with roses round them set.

With what rapture does a Swiss soldier, engaged in a dangerous campaign, anticipate the comforts of his cottage, the joy of his wife, and the smiles of his children! His garden, which he left so neat; his cottage, mantled with woodbine; his friends, who lamented his departure, and who will celebrate his return;—all pass in mental review before him. He enjoys, in perspective, the hour when he shall repose under the vine, which he planted when a boy; he already clasps his children to his breast; while with all the energy of anticipated rapture he beholds his wife, lifting up her eyes to heaven, in gratitude for his preservation, and exhorting him, with all the eloquence of a tried affection,

To think of nought but rural quiet,
Rural pleasures, rural ploys;
Far from battles, blood and riot,
War, and all its murdering joys.

VIII.

But what hope, for years, animated thy broken spirit, unfortunate GENEVIEVE!—Formed by the finger of Nature in one of her happiest moments, this

elegant and accomplished creature was induced, by a long series of vicissitudes, to bury her emotions in the silent and melancholy cloister.—A convent at Bruges was the theatre of her immolation. When monasteries and nunneries were suppressed by an order of the French legislature, in company with her adopted sisters, she sought a refuge from the fury of the Revolution, in the paternal mansion of the GAGES, at Hengrave, in the county of Suffolk. During the peace, in the year 1801, her order returned to Bruges, and in that city she died. It is probable, my friend, that the history of this unfortunate lady may be one day given to the world. At present, it is sufficient to observe, that she has more than once confessed to a common friend of our own, that, for five and twenty years, she never indulged the passion of hope, in reference to any thing, connected with the world!—Secluded from all the natural sympathies of life, and knowing no greater enjoyment, than that of walking in the gardens of her convent, the principal part of her existence was lost in an uninterrupted course of involuntary prayer,—a victim to hopeless misery! Unpitied and unknown to all the world, except the few sisters of her convent, she was debarred from every earthly bliss; and the grave was the only resource, to which she looked for consolation and freedom :—There at length,

Far, far removed from every earthly ill,
Her woes are buried, and her bosom still.

CHAPTER VI.

Scenes, however beautiful, are rendered more so by the association of ruins. In England there are Druidic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman and Gothic remains. In Scotland, Celtic; Roman; Pictish; Danish; and Gothic. In Ireland, Druidic and Scandinavian; with castles denoting the power and skill of Brian Boro, king of Munster. In France, antiquities are found so early as the period of Grecian manners at Marseilles. Others are of Roman origin: some denote the time of Childeric; and others indicate every intermediate age from the Carolingian to the present. In Switzerland there are a few Roman remains; castles and monasteries; churches of the middle ages; and monuments, commemorating the struggles of liberty. In Germany there are a few Celtic specimens; many Roman vestiges; churches of the age of Charlemagne; and gothic castles in abundance. In Sweden are seen circles of judgment, and erections of unhewn stone: in Denmark and Norway, Runic fragments: in Prussia, tumuli and a few Slavonic idols. Russia, whether in Europe or Asia, has few antiquities except tumuli, and stone tombs, marked with rude sculptures.

The Netherlands contain erections of the middle ages; and Hungary has military roads with castles, churches and monasteries. In Italy is traced every species of antiquity, from the time of Romulus and the Sabines, up to the present. In Portugal are seen

Roman monuments, and a few remains of the Moors. In Spain, tumuli, Carthaginian coins, Roman aqueducts and gold coins of the Visigoths ; with mosques and other splendid monuments, marking the taste and learning of the Arabian dynasty.

If we turn our eyes to Greece and European Turkey, we shall see ruins and antiquities of almost every species ;—from the tumulus up to the temple. In Asiatic Turkey, antiquities are discovered, from the earth-heaps on the plains of Ilium to the columns of Heliopolis and the pillars of Palmyra. In Persia are the ruins of Persepolis ; with edifices and carved caves, preceding the age of Mahomet. In the valley of Moses, in Arabia, are the ruins of Wadi-Moosa, lately discovered by Mr. Banks. They once constituted the city of Petra, the capital of Arabia Petrea, conquered by Trajan, and annexed to the province of Palestine. These consist of chambers, sepulchres, and colossal statues ; an excavated amphitheatre, and a number of desolated palaces, and other edifices. But the ruins of Jerrash are said to exceed in “ magnitude and beauty” even those of Balbec and Palmyra : and the theatre, the palaces, the three superb temples, and the two marble amphitheatres, are described, as being equal to all that papal influence has spared of ancient Rome.

Hindustan has numerous antiquities : some illustrative of Mahometan genius ; others of an age beyond research. Those of China are but imperfectly known. There are coins of ancient dynasties ; towers commemorative of great events ; triumphal arches ; and a stupendous wall, extending up mountains, along vales,

and rivers to the length of one thousand five hundred miles.¹

In Ceylon have been discovered gigantic ruins of pagodas ; and works, indicating a degree of civilization far removed from the present. The excavations of Elephanta are monuments exceeding even the pyramids of Egypt. Of the remote grandeur of Java many remains exist in the architectural antiquities of that island. The ruins of Boro Bodo and Brambanan exhibit great beauty in their separate parts ; and great symmetry in their relative proportions. They are admirably described and illustrated in Raffles' History of Java, and in the Batavian Literary and Philosophical Transactions.

II.

In Egypt, pyramids, lakes, ruins of cities, and fragments of temples, denote an age of very high antiquity ; the histories of which are buried in the cemeteries of African² and oriental genius.

Among the tombs of the kings of Egypt at Thebes, Belzoni discovered the most beautiful remains of all antiquity : a sarcophagus of alabaster, carved both within and without with figures and hieroglyphics. In a pyramid, which he had the skill and science to

¹ The antiquity of this wall is a subject of reasonable doubt.—Some suppose it to be two thousand years old ; others, from the silence of Marco Polo, not more than three hundred.

² The north of Africa must once have been a miracle of human skill and industry. Count Camille Borgia, when living at Tunis under the protection of the Bey, took plans of no less than two hundred and fifty half ruined towns.

open, he found bones, which upon being examined by Sir Everard Home and other surgeons, proved to be those of a cow. This may, in some measure, serve to illustrate the design and origin of the pyramids.

When the traveller approaches those vast monuments of human labour, the imagination seems to burst, as it were, the bands of ages; and the mind appears as if it had lived a thousand years. When the French were at Thebes, the whole army stopped among the ruins, and clapt their hands with delight; and when Bonaparte was about to engage the Mamelukes, who were advancing with loud cries, superbly accoutred, he called out to his army, "Behold! Yonder are the pyramids; the most ancient of the works of men. From the summits of those monuments forty ages are now beholding us." The battle, which ensued, laid all Egypt at the feet of the French General!

III.

North American antiquities have been but little attended to. On the branches of the Ohio the traveller discovers monuments of former times, consisting of earth constructions of conical and pyramidal shapes. Tumuli have, also, occasionally been witnessed; military earthworks on the Huron in Kentucky,¹ and other districts of the Western territory; and on the banks of a river ninety miles below Pittsburgh,¹ works, too, have been found resembling, in some measure, the cairns and cromlecks of our Celtic ancestors. In respect to all these vestiges the voice of tradition is entirely silent.

¹. Voyages dans la Haute Pensylvanie, vol. i. art. iii.

Near Cincinnati are seen low circular earth-banks, mounds, and tumuli : at Marietta on the Ohio are, also, extensive Indian fortifications of earth ; exhibiting no inconsiderable portion of skill. Similar earthworks have been also found near the Lake Papin, and on the coasts of Florida. As to the gold coins, which were dug up (1815) in Kentucky,—one of Anthony, and the other of Faustina,—there is no credit to be given to them. They were either impositions in themselves ; or they were buried for the sake of being dug up again. Their having been carried thither in the eleventh century by Madoc is a supposition, as idle as the history of Madoc himself. If Madoc did ever traverse the Atlantic, it is not likely he should have fixed his residence at Kentucky ; and still less probable is it, that he should have taken a coin with him, belonging to an age, previous to the Roman settlement in his own country.

In Mexico are witnessed pyramidal tombs, symbolical paintings, and other monuments of art, civil, religious, and military ; the efforts of uncertain ages. In Peru have been found barrows, the interior of which contained curious specimens of the arts ; an ancient road of more than twelve hundred miles ; and buildings, denoting an age of what has been descriptively called “ barbaric civilization :” some of which seeming to challenge an almost eternal duration. Such are the obelisks of Tiahuanacu ; the edifices of Quito ; the fortresses of Herbay and Carahuana ; the mausolea of Chahapoyas ; the fragments of Pachacamac ; and the ruined aqueducts of Lucanas and Condesayos.

CHAPTER VII.

Cicero tells us, that when he was at Athens, he could scarcely move one step without meeting some monument of art, or some record, as it were, of illustrious men. They were continually before his eyes. He seemed, as if he heard the thundering eloquence of Demosthenes, or listened to the divine ethics of Plato. At Salamis he thought of Themistocles ; and at Marathon of Miltiades :—the Parthenon reminded him of Pericles ; and other monuments, of Phocion the good.

Feelings, analagous to these, may be experienced even in the British Museum of London. For with what pleasure does an accomplished mind pause over the Torso of Hercules ; the Ceres ; the Venus ; the Barberini Fawn ; the Belvidere Torso ; and the Laocoon, restored to something of its primitive beauty. With what delight, too, does it dwell upon the Illisus, or the Theseus ; and the mysteries of the Portland Vase. From these masterpieces of art, we turn to the head of the younger Memnon ; the Sarcophagus of Alexander ; and the porphyric columns of the ancient Leptis. With what interest do we behold the base of a column, brought from the plains of Troy ; a fragment from the tomb of Agamemnon ; and a circular altar, taken from Delos, ornamented with the heads of animals, festooned with flowers and fruits. Then, too, we see Hyperion, rising out of the sea ; the battle of the Centaurs

and Lapithæ;—the sacred procession at the festival of Panathenæa; and associating the whole with Athenian genius, a double pleasure is elicited from the reflection, that in these fragments we have witnessed specimens of the celebrated Parthenon.

XI

Respect for antiquity, without indulging those associations, to which we have referred so often, were an unfortunate malady of the mind, since it would appear to have its probable origin, in the desire of undervaluing all that is modern:—but by virtue of that noble quality, which constitutes one of the surest indications of the sacredness of mind, even those places and ruins, which, in themselves, present little to excite admiration or sympathy, possess a power of interesting our hearts, provided any remarkable deed has been transacted in their walls, or any illustrious person been connected with their history. There was nothing in the promontory of Actium, worthy of observation; yet GERMANICUS travelled many miles to see it, because the battle of Actium was fought in the bay below. He visited, also, the scite of Anthony's camp; and was, as Tacitus informs us, highly affected at the images, which there presented themselves, of the success of one ancestor, and of the misfortunes of another.

SOLYMAN, the Magnificent, dwelt with pleasure on the ruins of Troas:—LE BRUN took a voyage to Persia, solely for the purpose of seeing the ruins of Persepolis:—and no one but the idle, the dissipated, and the

worldly, ever visited Florence, Athens, or the shores of Lesbos, without veneration and delight.

Something of this kind was acknowledged even by the barbarous Totilas. Being master of Rome, he threatened to destroy that city by fire; and not to leave one stone upon another. Belisarius, hearing of this, wrote him a letter; in which he observed, "that if Totilus conquered, he ought, for his own sake, to preserve a city, which would then be his own, by right of conquest; and would, at the same time, be the most beautiful city in his dominions. That it would be his own loss, if he destroyed it, and redound to his utter dishonour. For Rome, having been raised to so great a grandeur and majesty by the virtue and industry of former ages, posterity would consider him as a common enemy of mankind, in depriving them of an example and living representation of their ancestors." In consequence of this letter, Totilas permitted his resolution to be diverted. Thus respect for national monuments prevented Rome, and all its noble buildings, not only from becoming a huge mass of ruins, but from sharing the fate of Nineveh; of which not a single monument remains.

III.

The ruins of Dinas Bran stand upon a conic mountain. The eminence, on which they are situated, is not so high, as to render every object inferior to it; nor so low, as to lose any considerable portion of grandeur. If it want the sublimity of Arran Fowddy or of Carnedd Llewellyn, it more than compensates

the loss, by being far more beautiful than either. More than fifty mountains rise around it; forming partial screens to each other, and exhibiting a variety of amphitheatres, all increasing in height and in width, till the more distant lose themselves in the clouds. Below—lies the celebrated vale of LANGOLLEN!

Seated on an eminence, commanding a range so varied, so beautiful, and so magnificent, the small ruins of Dinas would entirely lose their effect, did we not recollect to mind, that the castle, of which they are the fragments, was once the residence of the lovely Myfanwy Vechan, celebrated and beloved by Hoel ap Eynion.

A few mounds of earth, and a few solitary walls, are all that remain of the ancient city of VERULAM. Who, that stands upon those earth-works, seeing little immediately around him, but a few enclosures, and a few dry ditches, feels the slightest emotion of pleasure, or curiosity? Connect this dull and uninteresting scene with its history:—how solemn are our reflections! This city once enjoyed all the rights of Roman citizenship. Near this spot Boadicea¹ defeated a Roman army, and massacred seventy thousand inhabitants! On this mound of earth, St. Alban received the honours of martyrdom: to the north is seen the abbey and monastery of St. Albans, erected by Offa: and in that abbey repose the mortal remains of Humphrey the Good, Duke of Gloucester. On this spot, too, we remember, that Britain has known six general dynasties:—1. British; 2. Roman; 3.

¹ Tacitus, Ann., lib. xiv. c. 35, 36.

Saxon ; 4. Danish ; 5. Saxon ; 6. Norman ;—and that we are, in consequence, descendants of them all. That is the abbey which Offa erected, in atonement for his sins, and which was exempted from all episcopal jurisdiction by Adrian, the only Englishman that ever sat in the chair of St. Peter : and who, when sitting there, declared, that all the misfortunes of his former life were mere amusements, in comparison with the Popedom. A little farther, stands the cross, built by Edward the First, in honour of Eleonora ;—on the hills, not far distant, stood the camp of Ostorius ; and in the plain below, Cassibelan¹ was defeated by the irresistible Cæsar !

IV.

What sensation moves us, when we walk in the fields of the small village of KENCHESTER, in the county of Hereford ? When we visit the foundations of what is supposed to have been a Roman temple ; and survey the spot, on which were found a tessellated pavement, and a Roman bath ; our ideas diverge from the mere circumstance of property and the nature of soil, to contrast its present comparative insignificance, with the more splendid era, when it far exceeded the city of Hereford, in the magnitude of its buildings, and in the number of its inhabitants.

When we visited the city of Ely, and had surveyed its cathedral, what could recompense us for the sight of fens, rivers, and dykes, which surrounded us on

¹ Cæsar, de Bell. Gallic., lib. v. c. 17.

all sides? We reverted to its history, and acknowledged its importance, in the annals of our country. We paused, with melancholy, too, on the fate of Alfred, son of the *Pearl of Normandy*. He was deprived of his eyes; and, being shut in this monastery, died within a few days. His attendants were tortured in a horrible manner.¹ Their bodies were ript up; and one end of their bowels being tied to a post, they were wound round it with the strings of their own intestines!

In surveying the estuary of Milford Haven,—expanding into one of the finest harbours in all Europe, and wearing the appearance of an immense lake, sufficiently large to contain the entire navy of the British Crown, secure from winds and tempests, and where a large fleet might manœuvre with the greatest safety,—what ideas of power and magnificence are awakened in the mind! Then, by a magic glance, we traverse the tempestuous Channel to the Irish Coast, and call to mind the various crimes and injuries, which that ill-fated country has committed and received. Returning to the spot, whence we had travelled, beholding the creeks and bays, the woods, and various agreeable accompaniments, which embellish this majestic estuary, who is there, that does not derive the highest satisfaction, in recalling to memory the beautiful scene in *Cymbeline*, where Imogen, in the character of *Fidele*, has flowers sprinkled over her grave, and a solemn dirge performed in honour of her memory!

¹ Brompton, 935. Rushworth's *Hist. Collect.*, vol. iv. p. 411.

V.

When we have listened to the organs in the naves of Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Bangor, Winchester, Oxford, Ely or Norwich, have we forgot to associate with the music the good deeds of the bishops, deans, and prebendaries, who repose within the walls? And when we have visited the mansions, palaces, or castles of our nobility, seldom have we neglected to investigate the causes of their elevation, and recount the deeds of their ancestors.

When we arrive at the miserable village of *Cerig-Druidian*, in the county of Denbigh, standing in the midst of naked and barren mountains, without one object of an agreeable character, on which the eye may repose, what a shivering idea of poverty and desolation presents itself! An idea heightened by a recollection of the magnificent scenery of Pont-y-Glyn; where an arch, of considerable span, bestrides a vast and horrific chasm, through which the Glyn rushes with unceasing roar. After taking a survey of the wide heaths, on every side, turn to a neighbouring farm, and view with attention the various fragments, which lie scattered around. Vaens and cromlechs are before you! From age to age, those sacred relics have remained, in this wretched village, monuments of the superstition of our druidical ancestors. This spot was once the rendezvous of the British druids! Here they sacrificed;—to this village the sacred mistletoe was brought;—from this mountain the barbarous pontiff delivered his anathemas! A little way farther

on, upon the top of a hill, which commands a view of the surrounding country, bleak, extensive and barren, are a few remains of walls and ramparts. The scene is altogether wild and desolate. In the midst of summer, the veins of youth are chilled; in the midst of winter, the nerves of age warm with pity, and burn with indignation, when it is recollected, that those walls and ramparts once contained the patriot king, Caractacus :—here he made his last stand, after the fatal battle of *Caer-Caradoc*;—from these walls he was betrayed ;—from this spot, ceasing to be a king, he was conveyed prisoner to Rome !

VI.

Does the traveller stand at the foot of Mount Stella, near Angora ?—This was the spot, in which Pompey conquered Mithridates ; and in which Tamerlane afterwards vanquished Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks. Is he in the village of Soguta in Bithynia ? He traces the origin of the Ottoman empire on the birth-place of Othman. Near the ancient *Sestos*, he meditates upon the enterprise, which introduced the first Turk upon the soil of Europe. Orcan having made himself master of the shore skirting the sea, that separated Asia from Europe, his son Solyman resolved, if possible, to gain the castle of Hanni (*Sestos*), the “key of Europe :” but the Turks had neither pilots, ships, nor boats. Solyman stood meditating on the beach, one fine moonlight night, for some time. He had come thither with about eighty followers on a hunting expedition. Beholding the towers of Hanni rising over the

opposite shore, he resolved to secure them for his father and himself. He communicated his thoughts to his followers. Wondering at his resolution, they regarded him as frantic. He persisted;—and they made three rafts, fastened on corks, and bladders of oxen.—When the party had finished their task, they committed themselves to the waters; and, with poles instead of oars, succeeded in gaining the opposite shore :—the moon shining brilliantly, as they stepped off the rafts, almost immediately under the walls of Hanni. As they marched along the beach, they met a peasant going to his work; it being now morning. This man hated his prince; and being bribed with a sum of money, he told Solyman of a subterraneous passage, leading into the castle. The little band availed themselves of this information; and quietly entered the walls. There was no regular garrison; and the few inhabitants were still asleep. They fell an easy prey, therefore, to the adventurers.

Having thus gained the first object of their enterprize, they assembled the pilots and vessel-owners of the town; and, offering them considerable sums of money, induced them to steer their vessels to the opposite shore. Four thousand men were then embarked; and in a few hours they were wafted under the castle walls. This was the first landing of the Turks in Europe: they ever after kept possession of this castle: ninety-six years afterwards they sacked the city of Constantinople: they now reign in the eastern metropolis of the Cæsars; and tyrannize over Athens and Corinth; the country of Philip

and Alexander ; the city of Epaminondas ; and the plains of Plataea.

VII.

Near Athens there is a field, which has every delightful accompaniment. It lies in scenery, as beautiful to the imagination, as the most romantic fancy can require. Six mountains form an amphitheatre towards the sea ; the river Charadrus flows across the plain ; while ruins, columns and tombs, give additional interest to the whole. Can the name of this plain give an interest, superior to all the charms, which Nature has bestowed upon it ? Read the inscription on yon column of marble, gentle stranger, and judge for thyself. It is the PLAIN of MARATHON ! And the tomb, which lies yonder, is the tomb of MILTIADES !

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain ;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian pass,
Where stood sublime Leonidas,
Devoted to the tomb.

Wordsworth.

“ I have visited the birth-places and the tombs of many excellent men,” said Helvidius, “ but there are three monuments I would traverse half the globe to visit. The first is that of KAMHI, Emperor of China, to whom Czar Peter the First sent an embassy in the year 1719, and whose reign was called the *Tay Ping*, or “ the reign of great rest and peace.” The second is that of PIASTUS, who from a peasant became a king ; and who, from being the pride of the peasantry, became the glory of Poland. The third is that of WIL-

LIAM DE PORSELET, the only Frenchman, who survived the massacre of the French in the island of Sicily. This plot was three years in forming, and executed in one night; the French being barbarously murdered, at Easter time, when the bells rung to vespers. The massacre lasted only two hours; and in the morning only one Frenchman remained in the whole island. This man was William de Porselet, who received the indulgence, because, while governor of a small town, he had recommended himself to the Sicilians, by his probity and humanity.

CHAPTER VIII.

When we visit the sepulchres of the good, or the monuments of the great,—which we never do but in reverential silence,—the same causes produce the same emotion. Leo Allatius¹ made a pilgrimage to Bolissus, near Chios, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of a house, which tradition had assigned, the birth-place of Homer. He wept with his companions.

The Athenian dramatic writers were accustomed to recite their verses at the tomb of Æschylus: the Spartans held an annual festival in honour of Lycurgus for several centuries;—Longinus honoured the memory of Plato in the same manner; and Plutarch, visiting the tombs of Plato and Socrates, celebrated their anniversaries. How much more grateful must his feelings have been, than those arising to Alexander, when per-

¹ Leo Allatius de Patriâ Hom., c. xii. Ess. on Homer, sect. i. p. 38.

forming rites at the tomb of Ajax!¹ Silius Italicus, whom we may style the *Drayton* of Italy, and who, in his latter years, retired into the country, and devoted himself to the study of philosophy and the cultivation of the Muses, and who possessed several villas, one of which belonged to Virgil, and another to Cicero, took a sensible pleasure, in annually visiting the tomb of the former¹;—that Plato of poets! as Lampridius calls him; and in performing funeral² rites in honour of his memory. Statius performed the same annual ceremony.

At the same tomb, after the expiration of several centuries, Giovanni Boccaccio resolved to quit the profession of a merchant, and to dedicate his life to poetry and literature. The tomb of Virgil!—Ah! who would hesitate to climb the summit of the Apennines, or descend the deepest cavern of Calabria, to pluck a flower, or steal a little dust, from the monument of Virgil?—That monument, inscribed with the names of so many kings, so many statesmen, and so many poets.

Hélas! je n'ai point vu ce séjour enchanté,
Ces beaux lieux où Virgile, &c. &c.

Alas! I've never roved those vales among,
Where Virgil whilom tun'd his sacred song;
But by the bard I swear, and muse sublime,
I'll go!—O'er Alps on Alps oppos'd I'll climb;
Full of his name, with all his frenzy fir'd,
There will I read the strains, those heavenly scenes inspired.

Anon. 1789.

¹ Diod. Sic. lib. xvii.

² Plin. lib. iii. ep. 21.

³ The Greeks and Romans frequently kept the anniversary of the death of their friends.—What an affecting instance is that in the *Æneid*, where Andromache observes this interesting ceremony.—*Æn.* lib. iii. l. 301.

II.

At Kew, we neglect the palace, to pause over the tombs of Meyer, Zoffany, and Gainsborough ; and, at Richmond, with what delight do we visit the monument of Thomson ; and sit in the bower, in which he used to listen to the nightingales :—

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest ;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

On the Tyrrhene shore of Italy stand the ruins of three large temples, nearly entire. For nine hundred years, those ruins had not once been heard of. In the middle of the last century, however, they were discovered by accident : and roses, blooming upon the walls, first suggested the truth, that those temples were the only remaining vestiges of the ancient city of Pæstum. Polybius says, that Paulus Emilius destroyed seventy cities in Epirus : and yet the fate of all those cities combined does not excite our sympathy, so much as the fragments of this single one.

With what eagerness should we trace the grove, in which Virgil wrote the first line of his Pastorals ; with what subdued melancholy should we enter the cave, in which Camöens composed the chief part of his *Lusiad* !—“The angel grows up in divine knowledge,” says Mùlòvi Manovi ; “the brute in savage ignorance ; and the son of man stands hesitating between the two.”

In these associations the mind approximates to the nature of angels: for the soul seems to acquire a quality, beyond its general value, as the imagination lingers on the fragments of Italian temples; the glowing atmosphere of the Greek islands; the serene skies of Gascoigny and Languedoc; the recesses of Madagascar; the glens of the Andes; the walls of Memphis, and the pyramids of Giza; the caves of Elephantia, and the prostrate columns of Palmyra.

Pompeii becomes more endeared to the memory, when the guide has pointed to the house, still standing, which once belonged to Sallust: and the time will, perhaps, one day come, when the tombs and birth-places of Scott, Wordsworth, and Southey; Crabbe, Bowles, Campbell, Montgomery, Bloomfield, and other British poets, will be visited with nearly an equal delight.

When Dupaty was at Frescati, the ancient Tusculum, his guide proposed to conduct him to the villas Pamphili, Ludovisi, and Moudragone.—“No,” said he, “shew me the villa of Marcus Tullius Cicero!” It was no longer to be seen. And when Cicero himself arrived at Syracuse, he desired to be immediately led to the tomb of Archimedes. No one knew that such a tomb existed. They conducted him, however, to the place of sepulchres; and there, after some search, he discovered a small column, bearing the figures of a sphere and a cylinder, entirely concealed by brambles. The inscription was almost defaced.—“Thus,” exclaims Tully, in his *Tusculan Questions*,¹ “one of the

¹ Lib. v. 3.

noblest and most learned cities of Sicilian Greece would have known nothing of the monument of its greatest ornament, had it not fortunately been discovered by a native of a small town in Italy !”

III.

Cicero never ceased to remember the pleasure, he derived from his voyage to Greece, after his youthful education had been completed, in which he visited all those persons, remarkable for attainments, and almost every spot, celebrated in Grecian story. Milton and Addison, when in Italy, reflected with awe, delight, and admiration, on the grandeur, and majesty of Virgil ; on the diversity and comprehension of the elder Pliny ; on the copious eloquence, the heart, and the soul, of the father of his country ; as well as on the vigorous impregnations of Lucretius. Without these associations, the best landscapes were, comparatively, but “sterile promontories.” For scenes, unconnected with great personages, or great events, fascinate us only for a time. Hence it arises, that the forests and solitudes of America attract so few travellers to enjoy their beauties. They have no retrospects to other ages. “They stand,” as a modern writer remarks, “vast masses, in the midst of boundless solitudes ; unenlivened by industry, and unadorned by genius. But if a Plato, or a Pythagoras, had visited their recesses ; if a Homer, or a Virgil, had peopled them with heroes ; if a people had made a last and successful stand against invasion in their fastnesses ; then, indeed, they would

assume a dignity and importance, and excite interest in the mind of every traveller."

These associations are some of the greatest results of education, and some of the best satisfactions of human life.—They shed lustre even over Hesperian land; and he, who visits a village, a town, or a city, without them, loses not only the chief, but nearly the whole, of his enjoyment. He has no poetry in his soul; nor has he any richness in his feelings. When Silius Italicus stood near the lake of Trasimene, could he forget that fifteen thousand Romans had fallen upon its banks? When Ausonius plucked fragrant roses at Pæstum, could he forget to investigate the obscurity, that hung over the origin and progress of that splendid city?—And when Dante beheld the triumphal arch of Trajan, formed of Parian marble, at Beneventum,—almost every part of which is adorned with sculptures, illustrating the achievements of that magnanimous prince,—could he forget the various struggles its ancestors, under the general name of Samnites, had waged in defence of its liberties, against the aspiring genius of the Roman Republic?—Struggles, which, during the tyranny of Sylla's dictatorship, closed in the almost total annihilation of the Samnite people; the memory of whose virtues still live,—blooming in the annals of their inveterate enemies.

IV.

You and I, my Lelius, have visited many places, presenting little to attract the eye of the ignorant ; and little to command the attention of persons, living in the neighbourhood ; but which, to us, afforded infinite satisfaction. When we were at Ipswich, we recognized the fortune of the Suffolk Cardinal. The father was a butcher ; yet the son enjoyed preferments, no subject but himself ever enjoyed. Rector of Lymington ; Prime Minister to Henry VIII. ; Bishop of Lincoln, of Durham, and of Winchester : Archbishop of York ; Administrator of Tournay ; Bishop of Bath and Wells ; Administrator of St. Albans ; Lord Chancellor ; Cardinal ; joint Legate ; and lastly, the Pope's Legate for life.—Ruined in a day, with all his preferments ! Miserable ; yet, with all his vices, not unworthy of our admiration for his abilities ; and not unworthy our esteem for many great and splendid qualities.—“Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye.” To the memory of this man Shakespeare has been more faithful even than historians.

With the fate of Wolsey, we associate the rise, elevation and fall, of Menzicoff ; who, from being the son of a soldier, became the favorite of Czar Peter the First, and the conqueror of Charles the Twelfth, in defeating General Lewenhaupt. Then we behold him created field-marshal, first senator, regent !—and so rich in lands, that he could travel from Riga, in Livonia, to Derbent, on the frontiers of Persia, and sleep every night on an estate,

belonging to himself. His vassals consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand families: he became chief minister to Peter the First, to Catherine the Czarina, and to Peter the Second; and so powerful, that kings deigned to court his favour. In this meridian, he was stripped, in one night, of all his authority and influence; divested of all his honours and wealth; and from being the greatest of subjects, sunk into being one of the lowest. Banished to Beresow,—one of his daughters mended his clothes, and washed his linen; while the other,—who had been betrothed to Peter the Second,—undertook the care of his kitchen.

Nor could we pass St. Anne's Hill, without visiting the farm, which affords so remarkable an instance of hereditary possession: it having been occupied by a family of the name of Wapshote, from the time of Alfred the Great. An instance not to be paralleled in Europe; though many occur in India, China, and Japan. There are, also, in the vale of Florence, many farmers, who occupy lands, which were tilled by their ancestors, in the last days of the Florentine republic.

V.

At Shrewsbury, where Hotspur was slain; and where the rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland was finally quelled:—at Northampton; at Leicester; at Coventry, the walls of which were levelled by order of Charles's commissioners, because their inhabitants had signalized their zeal, in the cause of the parliament; and in the New Forest we lingered, where the deaths of two sons and one grandson seemed to

revenge the cause of the peasant and the yeoman, for the desolation of William the Norman, who dispeopled a circumference of thirty miles to make a forest, for the habitation of those beasts, it was his pleasure to hunt. With much more satisfaction, did we behold the room, in which Edward the Sixth was born; where we reflected with admiration on the singularity of the circumstance, that one of the most ambitious of mankind, one of the most virtuous of heroes, one of the most illustrious of patriots, and one of the best of monarchs, were brought into the world by the Cesarean operation.

When we were at Southampton, my Lelius, we saw, in imagination, Henry the Fifth embark for France, previous to the battle of Agincourt: we beheld, too, the Danish king, seating himself in a chair on the beach: "Oh! Sea! thou art my domain, and the land I sit on is mine; presume not to wet the feet of thy sovereign." From this time Canute never wore his crown; but caused it to be placed upon the head of the crucifix, in the city of Winchester.¹

When at Marlborough, it were impossible not to reflect on the parliament assembled there, in the reign of Henry the Third, which erected that body of statutes, which make so considerable a figure among the laws of England, known by the name of the statutes of Marlbridge. When at Framlingham, we heard, as it were, Mary "the cruel" first assume the

¹ Cæsar; Scipio; Edward vi.

² William of Huntingdon: Brompton, and Matthew of Westminster.

title of queen. When sailing along the Dee, we saw Edgar the peaceable, reclining in his barge rowed by the king of Cumberland, the lord of the Isles, and six Cambrian princes. At Rising, we read the history of the mother of Edward the Third. For eight and twenty years this queen mourned the loss of *du gentile Mortimer* ; who, after a worthless life, being hanged ignominiously at Tyburn, his being condemned *unheard* was the cause of his descendants, by the male line, mounting the throne of England.

At Chelmsford we remembered the noble struggle of Boadicea. In the night, however, we were fated to witness a scene, more horrible, than we had ever yet beheld. A fire broke out in the dead of night, and two young women perished in it. We saw them, and we heard their shrieks and cries :—the blood ran cold from the head to our feet ; a sublime stillness pervaded the crowd ; all seemed petrified ; no tongue, no pencil, no pen, can describe the horror of the scene !

VI.

With what melancholy interest did we survey the walls of Berkeley castle ; where the shrieks of Edward the Second echoed through the woods ; while his execrable assassins were thrusting a red hot pipe into his body, burning his bowels, and terminating his life.—The contemptible John ! At Lynn we beheld his sword ; at Kidwelly, in the county of Carmarthen, we entered the castle, in which he sought refuge from his barons ; and at Runnymede we almost kissed the field, in which he signed his celebrated charter.

With what pleasure did Burns visit the scenes of Scottish battles. We too, my Lelius, have stood upon the theatres of national renown. We have examined the field near Glendowry in the county of Denbigh, which, becoming a subject of dispute between the Lord Grey de Ruthin, and Owen Glendower, was the origin of the war between the Welch and the English in the reign of Henry the Fourth. Glendower, after many vicissitudes, retired to a remote spot, where he lived unknown, and died unrecorded.

After beholding the hills, raised by Canute, as monuments of those killed in the battle of Ashdown, in which the flower of the English nobility fell with swords in their hands, interesting was it to trace the retreat of Edward Ironside to the small island of Alney, near Gloucester ; now presenting a plain frequently covered with sheep, horses, and oxen. There the two contending monarchs signed a treaty of partition, dividing the realm between them.

On Caer Caradoc, we almost fancied, that we heard Caractacus exhorting his troops to signalize, by a victory, a day and a spot, on which they were to give liberty to themselves and countrymen, or to be led into perpetual slavery. In the Isle of Wight, we meditated on the beautiful Claudia Rufina, the British lady, so celebrated in the reign of Claudius, born in that island ; and in the illustrious circles of Rome acknowledged to have been the most accomplished of women ; uniting, in her own person, the honesty and simplicity of her country to the elegance of Rome, and the soul of Greece.

VII.

At Bangor, in the county of Flint, we recalled the massacre of the thousand monks by Adelfrid, king of Northumberland. At Conway, we beheld the walls, built by Llewellyn, the last monarch of Wales; and the precarious retreat of Richard the Second, previous to his surrendering himself to the Duke of Lancaster. When Richard arrived at Flint to meet the duke, — afterwards Henry the Fourth, — he said, “cousin of Lancaster, you are welcome.” “My lord, the king,” returned the duke, bowing three times to the ground, “I am arrived sooner, than you appointed me; because the common report of your people reached me, that you have, for one and twenty years, governed them rigorously, and with which they are by no means satisfied. It is my desire, if God be willing, to assist you to govern them better for the future.” “Fair cousin,” returned the wounded monarch, assuming an air of cheerfulness! “Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases me also.” The king and the duke soon after made their entry into London, which Shakspeare has described so beautifully. Richard resigned his crown; and, as a recompense, was soon after murdered in Pontefract castle.

In the vale of the White Horse we recognized one of the most beautiful objects of antiquity, that any nation can boast; — Near Barnet we perused the inscription on a pillar, commemorating the victory, which Edward the Fourth obtained over Warwick the king maker; — on the fields, adjoining, were buried the remains of more than ten thousand men; it being

a battle fought with the most determined fury; no quarter being given on either side. Then we stood upon the fields of Tewkesbury, where, eighteen days after the battle of Barnet, Edward obtained another victory over the army of Margaret. She was taken prisoner, with her son, who was murdered the next day. These two battles were the eleventh, and twelfth, that had been fought in the quarrel between the houses of York and Lancaster.

At Edington, in the county of Somerset, we stood upon the spot where Alfred surprised the Danes, and obtained his memorable victory over them; and where by a single blow, he entirely ruined his enemies, and sent all those, he had reason to fear, out of the country. With what admiration did Helvidius stand on the very ground, in which this illustrious hero sought refuge in the cottage of his neatherd!—One path only led to the cottage, which was hid in briars and bushes:—there the monarch made bows and arrows, and other warlike instruments. His actions!—more splendid were they, than those, described in the basso relievos of Trajan's column.

VIII.

This feeling was much encouraged by the military statesmen of ancient Rome: and many instances are recorded of heroes travelling to view the most celebrated scites of battles:—the field of Marathon; the plain of Platea, and the glen of Thermopylae: Pharsalia, and Philippi. What Swiss but delights to behold the heights of Morgarten? who would not wish to pause upon the fields of Cressy, of Agincourt,

of Blenheim, and of Waterloo? Nor is there a Frenchman, who would not contemplate, with enthusiasm, Gemappe, Lodi, Hohenlinden, Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena. The imagination loves to repose among the heroes and patriots of our country; and sighs with regret, that, among a multitude of annalists, we in vain look for a Thucydides, a Livy, or a Tacitus.

At Blenheim we call to mind the fortunes and engagements of the most celebrated of our generals. Sent into Flanders to prepare for the arrival of King William,—CHURCHILL was soon after disgraced; turned out of all his posts, and committed to the tower. Restored to favor, he was constituted general of the forces;—sent ambassador extraordinary to Holland; and declared generalissimo of the allied army against France. Then we see him taken prisoner by a party of French; but, being unknown, he escapes; is raised to a dukedom; and, after many engagements, wins the battle of Blenheim. He is then presented with the manor of Woodstock, and a palace, built by Vanburgh; and, resuming the command, gains the battle of Ramillies. Then the battles, treaties, and honours that followed, melt, as it were, before a charge of corruption exhibited against him: he is dismissed from all his employments: while libels and a prosecution harass him on every side. He is acquitted. Then ensues his challenge to the Earl of Paulet;—setting the first example of party duels. Then we see him quitting his country in disgust, on the death of Lord Godolphin; and returning to it again at the invitation of Lord Bolingbroke,

he enters London at the time, in which Queen Anne lies dead. He is received with favour by George the First; and made captain-general of the forces. Then we behold him seized with an apoplectic fit at Blenheim, in 1716: from which he never entirely recovered, though he lived six years afterwards. Dying June 16, 1722, he deserved the glory of having broken the power of France;—of having raised his native empire from a state of depression to the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune;—and of having confirmed the liberties of Europe.

IX.

At Eton, the college of which being founded by Henry the Sixth, we are presented with the picture of a king, whose meekness of character deluged, for many years, the whole country with blood. After a life of incessant vexation, and a reign of many tragedies, he was murdered in his prison by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. His body was then carried through the streets to St. Paul's; there exposed to public view; and on the next day it was buried ignominiously at Chertsey, "without priest or clerk;" says Stowe, "torch of taper; singing or saying."

At Feversham we reflect on the fate, that attended the ashes of Stephen, king of England: a valiant, clement, generous, and magnanimous prince: who never, even when barbarism was almost characteristic of the times, executed an enemy: and who, if he had been permitted to enjoy the throne in peace, had proved a blessing to the whole kingdom. To him are

we indebted for the revival of the best portion of the Saxon laws. He died at Canterbury, and was buried in Feversham abbey. When monasteries and abbeys were dissolved, his bones were taken out of the leaden coffin, in which they were deposited, for the sake of the lead; which being sold to a plumber, his bones were thrown into the neighbouring river! During this prince's reign, there were four remarkable fires, and a great famine. The first of these fires broke out in London: the second at Rochester, which consumed the cathedral: the third at York, the day after, destroyed its cathedral, and thirty-nine churches: and the fourth, which occurred also within a few days, destroyed nearly the whole city of Bath.

X.

What Scotsman is there, that roves among the Grampian mountains, without remembering the battle between Agricola and the Caledonians, fought at their feet? And who treads the field of Flodden, that does not bewail the loss of the king,¹ slain in the battle? On the banks of Bannockburn he rejoices in the stratagem of his ancestors, by which the English suffered a loss, greater than they had sustained, since the memorable battle of Hastings. At Dumferline, he pauses with melancholy interest over the remains of Robert Bruce; the restorer of the Scottish monarchy; and ~~and~~ the most illustrious of its kings. While on the fields of Falkirk he pursues the history of Wallace to the period, in which he was

¹ James IV.

betrayed, by Sir John Menteith, into the hands of Edward the First ; who caused him to be dragged to pieces by four horses ; his quarters to be sent to four of the principal Scottish towns ; and his head to be placed upon the tower of London.

At Inverness we behold Lady Macbeth, reading the letter, in one of the rooms of its castle, that first imparts to her the hope of future greatness. We witness the excitement of her husband, and the bending up of “ each corporeal agent ” to effect the murder. Then we listen to Macbeth’s soliloquy, when he fancies that he sees a dagger in the air. Then follows the murder of the good old king ; and the horror of the assassin, when he relates to his wife the issue of his horrific purpose. Then we hear the knocking at the castle gate ; see the entrance of Macduff and Lenox ; and mark the horror of the former, at the discovery of the king’s murder. Then we transport ourselves to the palace of Foris ; become a guest at the banquet ; and afterwards follow Macbeth to the heath, to consult the wisdom of the weird sisters. We listen to their dubious prophecies, and mark the usurper’s interpretation of them in his own favour. Then we thrill at the agony of Macduff, on learning that Macbeth has surprised his castle, murdered his wife, and all his children ! Towards the conclusion of this sublime tragedy, we enter the castle of Dunsinane ; where, Lady Macbeth, walking in her sleep, betrays herself to be a martyr to all the horrors of conscious guilt. Then we behold Macbeth and Macduff’s encounter in the field ; and the fulfilment of those prophecies, “ kept to the ear, but broken to

the hope," which, filling the soul of Macbeth with despair, enervates his arm, and causes him to fall before the sword of his adversary.

XI.

At Boulogne, the birth place of Godfrey prince of Lorrain, we meditate on his refusal, after taking Jerusalem from the Turks, to wear a diadem of gold in the same city, in which the Messiah had been crowned with thorns.

When we visit the tomb of Fontenelle, what is the circumstance, with which he is connected, on which we pause with the greatest pleasure? It is this:—"I am now eighty years old," said he to one of his friends,¹ "and I am a Frenchman; but never have I once treated the smallest virtue with the smallest ridicule."

In the village of Domreni, near Vaucouleurs in the province of Lorrain, we revert to the catastrophe, that closed the fortunes of Joan of Arc. On the plain of Poitiers we hold the Black Prince, riding through London in triumph, on a small mean looking horse, and in the plainest attire; while his captive,—the king of France,—clad in royal apparel, was mounted on a milk white steed, remarkable for its symmetry and beauty. And is it possible, my friend, to stand upon the cliffs, near Cherburg, without remembering the fate of the unfortunate Arthur, who fell a martyr to the ambition of his uncle John?—Who, failing in the instrument he had engaged to put out his eyes, brought him from Rouen to Cherburg. Then the

¹ Mad. de Stael. Germ., vol. iii. p. 309.

scene between the young prince and Hubert, so transcendantly painted by Shakespeare, passes before our eyes.—A scene, unequalled for the exquisite pathos and simplicity of the pleading.

Then we listen to the heart-rending grief of the lady Constance ;—

O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world ;
My widow's comfort, and my sorrow's care !

King John, act iii, sc. 4.

Then we revert to Cherbourg. When John arrived in that city he mounted his horse, and desired Arthur to ride before him. After riding some little way, John distanced his attendants, and advanced to a high cliff, impending over the sea. He then rode furiously up to Arthur's horse¹; ran the unfortunate youth through the body; pulled him from his horse; and dragging him on the ground, threw him over the precipice!

There is a small town in France, too, which no one can enter without interest from the consideration, that Demetrius Commene once lived there: a man boasting a pedigree, that traced him from the line of the Roman Emperor Trajan.² He was living in the time of Voltaire; and was a captain in the French army. His pedigree was the noblest of any man then living, or that since has lived. For he had twenty-six kings for his ancestors; and eighteen emperors. Of these six

¹ D'Argentre, *Hist. de Bretagne*, cap. lxxxiii.

² Mignet's *Hist. Turks*, vol. i, p. 158. *Id notis.*

were emperors of Constantinople; ten of Trebizond; and two of Heracleus Pontus: eighteen kings of Colchis, and eight of Lazi.

XII.

When our friend, Helvetius, was in Poland, with what enthusiasm did he visit the birth places of Casimir the Third, and of Piastus king of that country. To Casimir is Poland indebted for its principal towns, churches, and fortresses. He was the Alfred of Poland; and so equal was he in the administration of justice, that the nobles, in derision, called him "king of the peasants." Piastus was actually a peasant; but proved one of the best kings, that Poland has ever known. On such a spot how natural was it to revert to the instances of celebrated men, who have risen to sovereignty from a low estate. Justin, the fifty-fifth emperor of Rome, was originally a herdsman's boy in Thrace, that could neither write nor read: yet was he afterwards elected emperor; and became more distinguished by his courage, wise laws, and the due administration of them, than most monarchs, born and educated expressly for the exercise of sovereignty.

Pertinax was an artificer; Diocletian was the son of a scrivener; Valentinian of a ropemaker; Probus of a gardener; and Maximin of a wheelwright. The celebrated Eumenes was no higher than the son of a charioteer; Arsaces, the founder of the Parthian dynasty, was the son of an herdsman; Agathocles of a potter; and Iphicrates of a cobbler. Tarquinius Priscus was the son of a foreign merchant;

Servius Tullus of a female slave; and the mighty Tamerlane of an herdsman. Prismislaus, king of Bohemia, was the son of a peasant; the ancestor of the dukes of Milan was a poor labouring man; Pope Nicholas was the son of a poulterer; and Pope Sixtus the Fourth of a mariner: while the most celebrated of all the kings in the universe, (David), kept the flocks of his father.

XIII.

On the three mountains, overlooking Goodesburg, a beautiful village near Bonn, a city on the west side of the Rhine, are the remains of three castles, once belonging to three brothers. These brothers, like most of the ancient German nobility, having established themselves in those castles, sallied out upon travellers; and, robbing their more industrious neighbours of what they wanted, either for immediate consumption or for future support, became the founders of three distinguished families.—They had one sister,—Adelaide; who was one of the most beautiful women in all Germany. But having had the misfortune to lose her parents, the care of her devolved upon her brothers. A young knight, whose name was Roland, and who lived in a castle on the eastern shore of the river, having occasionally seen her, at her brothers' revels, became enamoured of her; woo'd her; and won her affections. An ancient feud had unfortunately formerly subsisted between the families: and though this enmity had, for many years, subsided, it still remained sufficiently powerful to induce the three brothers to obstruct the union. Not choosing however to rekindle the feud, they stipulated

with the lover, that he should proceed to Palestine; join the crusading army; and, after a certain number of years' service, if he returned with honour, he might renew his suit, and become a member of their family.

The lovers took an affectionate and reluctant farewell of each other. Roland pursued his destination; and Adelaide remained at the fortress of Drakenfelds, situated on one of the three mountains; and rendered still more inaccessible by towers and bastions. After a certain period had elapsed, a pilgrim arrived at the outer gate of the castle, and requested to be admitted. Being ushered into the great hall, he, with many tears, related that he had, after escaping many dangers, arrived from the Holy Land with a message and token of love from Roland, who had fallen in a battle against the Saracens. Adelaide, believing the tale, devoted herself from that hour to the memory of her deceased lover: and rejecting several suitors, introduced by her brothers, founded a convent in a small island of the Rhine; from the casements of which she could see the three castles of her brothers, on the one side, and that of Roland on the other. In this retirement, after passing several years in religious duties, she was surprised by the unexpected return of her lover! It was then, for the first time, she discovered the cruelty of her brothers' device:—but the discovery came too late; her health had gradually been undermined by affliction; she lived in her convent, therefore, but a short time after her lover's return; and then died, to the great grief of all the neighbourhood.

Roland, overcome with sorrow at her loss, built a small castle on an abrupt rock, that overlooked the convent; and there, absorbed in silent sorrow, died a martyr to his disappointment. To these unfortunate circumstances we are chiefly indebted, for Ariosto's poem of *Orlando Furioso*.

XIV.

Places, too, in which remarkable customs prevail, are frequently agreeable to the imagination; particularly if those customs are illustrative of moral feelings. Thus when our friend, Captain Southcote, was in Persia, he was charmed with a festival, held every year, at Demawend, to celebrate the death of the tyrant Zohak. The people of the town and villages meet together in the fields, some on mules, and others on horses, and white asses; when they ride about with great shouts, and in the evening illuminate their houses.

In Montpellier the magistrates caused every quack, who entered their town, to be placed upon the poorest ass, they could find; with his head towards the ass's tail. They then caused the unfortunate mountebank to be led through the streets; attended by the vilest of the populace; who loaded him with shouts and upbraidings; beat him; and pelted him with all manner of filth. In Marseilles, on a particular day of the year, the inhabitants were once accustomed to take the vilest of their prisoners out of their goal; cloth him with rich garments; feast him with rich meats and wines; and, having done so, charge

him with all the sips of the inhabitants; lead him to the gates; and then hiss and hoot him out of their city. By the former of these instances the physicians pretended to purge their town of ignorant practitioners; by the latter, the inhabitants imagined, that they washed the sins of the whole city away.¹

XV.

Who can visit Venice, rising like Venus out of the sea, without reverting to the many illustrious citizens by whom it has been distinguished? Can we visit Arezzo without remembering, that it was the birth-place of Mæcenas, Petrarch, Guido, Aretino, and of Pope Julius the Second? The very walls are eloquent. In Italy—

The very weeds are beautiful; her waste
More rich than other clime's fertility:
Her wreck a glory; and her ruin grac'd
With an immaculate name, that cannot be defaced.

Childe Harold, canto iv, st. 26.

There is one circumstance, connected with Italy, exceedingly remarkable. With Schlegel,² we may associate the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus with the groupes of Niobe and Laocoon: but at the tomb of Alfieri, we meditate without fathoming why, in every age but that which gave birth to him and Foscolo, dramatic genius should have been denied to a country, so emi-

¹ The Bajas of the east, says Dr. Leyden, in his remarks on the Indo-Chinese nations, load a boat with the sins and misfortunes of the nation; send it out to sea; and the crew, which first meets with it, are supposed to bear the burthen of both.

nently productive in every other species of genius.—Tragedy is said¹ to have sprung completely armed from Æschylus, like Pallas from the head of Jupiter : but the Romans,—so happy in their general imitations, and so skilful in the performance of tragedies in real life,—could never write an imaginary one ! Those of Seneca are mere emblems of dulness and bombast.

XVI.

Few natives of Sienna visit the once pestilential district of the Maremma without remembering the melancholy fortune of Madonna Pia. This beautiful creature was married to Nello Della Pietra in the town of Sienna. Soon after the marriage, the husband, hearing the beauty of his wife celebrated through all Italy, became diffident of his own accomplishments, and jealous of her. This jealousy became at length so insupportable, that he resolved to destroy her. With this view he took her to the Maremma, a country at that time entirely destructive to delicate habits. Here they lived, for some time ; with unavailing wonder and repinings on her part ; in silent and cold brutality on his. He would neither answer her questions, nor listen to her remonstrances : he preserved a ferocious and disdainful silence. They lived alone :—she saw no friends, and he no acquaintances. Death was preferable to a life like this : and Donna Pia saw it approaching with melancholy satisfaction.

When her last struggles were over, Pietra continued to live ; but, corroded with anguish, he doomed himself to perpetual silence. To this history

¹ Schlegel, vol. i. p. 95.

Dante alludes in a passage justly admired for its pathetic beauty.

——— Recorditi di me ; che son la Pia ;
Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma.
Salsi colui che inannellata pria
Disposando m'avea con la sua gemma.

Purgator. cant. v.

XVII.

Simple occurrences and fine sentiments frequently survive the memory of great battles. Vellore has been a theatre for every species of military outrage ; yet the following instance of manly fortitude in a boy will be remembered, when all those outrages are entirely forgotten. The son of Col. Lang,¹ Governor of Vellore, having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ali, he was ordered into the presence of the despot ; who desired him to sit down and write a letter to his father ; offering him a splendid establishment, if he would but surrender the city, of which he was governor ; but in case of refusal the son should be sacrificed. The boy coolly rejected the service ; and upon Hyder's pressing him with many threats, he burst into tears, and exclaimed : " If you consider me base enough to write such a letter ; on what ground can you think so meanly of my father ?—You may, if you please, present me before the ramparts of Vellore ; and you may cut me into a thousand pieces ; but you cannot make him a traitor."

¹ Wilks' Sketches of the South of India, vol. ii. p. 280.

If we stand upon the birth-spot of the Emperor Theodosius, we overlook the many wars, in which he was engaged, to dwell upon his ejaculation, when he once set several prisoners at liberty :—" I would to Heaven," exclaimed he, " that I could also open the graves, and give life to the dead."

Other spots give rise to associations of a different character. Is the traveller at Jaffa ? The history of its massacre,—no longer denied by the French,¹—sheds eternal infamy on the warrior of Lodi and Marengo. Three thousand prisoners were murdered in cold blood, by the command of the French general ; and a pyramid was formed, not only of the dead, but of the dying, streaming with blood !

Among the woods and pastures of La Vendée we contemplate an opposite picture. The account, given of the natives of this province by Madame la Marquise de Larochejaquelein is exceedingly picturesque and agreeable. The country, which is chiefly of pasturage, is a very sequestered region. It rises in small hills ; is well wooded ; has numerous rivulets ; and a multitude of small enclosures, containing a labyrinth of paths. The chateaus, which are of considerable antiquity, stand in the neighbourhood of farms and cottages. Fashionable life is entirely unknown in them ; there is no ostentation ; nothing is too great ; and the gentry, farmers, and peasants are so cordial with each other, that the higher orders generally go to the weddings and christenings of the

¹ Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie. Par J. Miot.—Miot was an eye-witness.

lower. The peasantry are plain, simple, honest, and unsophisticated : and hunting is an amusement partaken of by all ranks. Religion, it is true, is not a little tinctured with superstition ; but the clergy are exceedingly beloved ; and chearfulness is diffused in every cottage and in every face. Vices are seldom indulged ; and crimes and lawsuits almost entirely unknown. When the traveller is in this part of France, he dwells with delight upon the struggles, the humble inhabitants long made against the spoilers and usurpers of their country.

XVIII.

The Greek district of Parga excites still more vivid recollections. Parga is a town, situate on the coast of Epirus, on a conical rock ; the base of which is surrounded on three sides by the sea. The fortress commands a magnificent prospect of the isles of Santa Maura, Paxo, and Antipaxo ; the promontory of Leucate : the mountains of Cephalaria ; and the small territory of Parga, bounded by the mountains of Albania and the Ionian Sea.

In this territory of only three miles are no less than twenty-five springs, fountains, and rivulets ; which make it exceedingly fruitful. In the valleys are citrons, oranges, and cedrats : and the fields and vineyards are interspersed with woods of olive, plane, and cypress trees. Indeed, it is so beautiful a little spot, that wonder has often been excited, that the ancient Greeks should have made it their entrance to the infernal regions. The natives live generally

to an advanced age : they are courageous ; and in such a constant state of hostility with the Turks, that they go into their fields armed with a musket, a dagger, a sword, and a brace of pistols.

XIX.

In Portugal, we visit with enthusiasm the grave of Camöens, and the tomb of Emanuel. The former, the most illustrious of its poets : the latter the most illustrious of its kings.

In Spain, Saguntum is not less visited than Italica, the birth-place of Trajan, Adrian, Theodosius, and Silius Italicus : or than Seville, the city in which were born Isidore, Mahomet Geher the astronomer, Ferdinand Herrera, Murillo, the painter, and the three celebrated poetesses, Safia ; Maria Alphaisali ; and Feliciana de Guzman. Malaga was the birth-place of the Moorish botanist, Ibnu el Beithar. Cordova is celebrated for having produced the two Senecas, and Lucan ; Aben-zover, the physician ; Averrhoez, the philosopher and statesman ; Paul Céspedes, the painter ; and Admiral Gonzales Fernandez. The ruins of Saguntum (Murviedro) suggest the successive authorities of the Carthaginians, Romans, Moors ; of the Austrian dynasty, and the Bourbon family. Thence the imagination pursues the history of the Spanish nobility, divided into blue blood, red blood, and yellow blood. Nobility !—nobility of blood !—As if we were not all of one and the same original family. The best nobility is that of the soul ; and the best preservative of that high eminence is

honest industry. Whereas in Spain—at least so Laborde assures us,—the inhabitants have always fortitude enough to endure privations ; but never courage enough to encounter work : and still less the power of surmounting the shame, he thinks attached to it. But the mountains of Asturias boast a soil productive in heroes and brave men.—Men, who were subjects neither to the Carthaginians, the Romans, or the Moors ; men, in whose districts Pelagius laid the first foundations of the Spanish monarchy.

Are we at Grenada ?—we behold the luxury and magnificence of the Moorish dynasty, in one of the finest prospects in all Spain.—At Merida ? It is a spot, where the Romans were ambitious of concentrating all their monuments. It is now full of ruins and fragments of columns, vases, statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, vestiges of a circus, a theatre, a naumachia, aqueducts, and triumphal arches. When Musa, the Moorish chief, first entered this city, after conquering the Goths, he is said to have been absolutely terrified at its grandeur.

Are we at Cordova ? The whole reign of the Omniad Caliphs pass, in mental review, before us. Once the seat of Arabian art, gallantry, and magnificence, the southern kingdom of Spain was rich and flourishing. Agriculture was respected ; the fine arts cultivated ; gardens were formed ; roads executed ; palaces erected ; and physics, geometry, and astronomy advanced. The inhabitants were active and industrious ; accomplishments were held in esteem ; and the whole state of society formed a striking contrast to that of every other in Europe.

Every thing, indeed, seems to have worn an air of enchantment. But these pictures wasted into air during the weak reign of a subsequent prince of the same dynasty.

XX.

Is the elegant traveller at Leyden, in the dull states of Holland? The first and the last impression is associated with the magnanimous Adrian de Verf. During a period of famine, the inhabitants insisted on surrendering their town to the Spaniards. "Friends!" exclaimed he, "here is my body. If you are hungry, divide it among yourselves, and satisfy your appetites; but never think for one moment, of surrendering yourselves to the Spaniards." They took his advice; and the town was saved. With this famine is connected one of the most beautiful passages in Darwin's *Economy of Vegetation*. The plague being at its height, a young man was seized with it, and retired into a garden to die, or to recover alone. Thither he was followed by a young lady, to whom he was betrothed.

" With meek unsteady step, the fainting maid
 " Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade :
 " Sinks on the pillowy moss her drooping head,
 " And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.
 " On wings of love her plighted swain pursues ;
 " Shades her from winds ; and shelters her from dews ;
 " Breathes with soft kiss, with tender accents charms ;
 " And clasps the bright perfection in his arms.
 " With pale and languid smiles, the grateful fair
 " Applauds his virtues and rewards his care.
 " Love round their couch effused his rosy breath,
 " And with his keener arrows conquer'd DEATH."

XXI.

Switzerland is a country, so interesting for the variety and beauty of its lakes, vallies and mountains; for the number of its illustrious writers; and for its arduous struggles for the best of all national properties, that we naturally associate it with Greece, with Rome, and with Britain. Who, therefore, breathes not with renovated satisfaction, when he stands on the fields, which are immortalized by those heroic actions, which confirmed to the Swiss the liberties they enjoy? And when do we feel the full value of the human character more, than when we stand upon the heights of Morgarten, where Leopold, Duke of Austria, with an army of twenty thousand men, were totally defeated by one thousand three hundred Swiss,¹ advantageously posted upon the rocks and mountains? At Sempach, in the Canton of Lucerne, another Austrian duke was slain; and the liberties of the Swiss established². At Nœfels, in the Canton of Glarus, three hundred and fifty Glarians and fifty Switzers routed a large Austrian army³; and on the burial ground near Basle a battle was fought between the Swiss and the Dauphin of France, equal in almost every respect to that of Thermopylæ. The spot is planted with vineyards: and the natives of Basle resort every year to an inn, in its neighbourhood, to celebrate the event; and the wine of the vineyards is called the blood of the Swiss.

¹ A. D. 1315.

² A. D. 1386.

³ A. D. 1388.

But the charm of this country arises, principally, out of the beauty and magnificence of its scenery. There almost every object constitutes a picture. The negligent graces of Nature are but little embellished with the nice discretion of art; but the maiden turf of the hills gently undulating; sylvan sides and slopes; cottages and spires in diminished perspective;—all exhibited among snows, without feeling the presence of winter, present a region of enchantment, worthy of being styled the paradise of the elegant in the golden days of poetry. The vales of Usk, of Glamorgan, of the Towy, of Langollen, Llandisilio and Ffestiniog, are remembered with delight; because they belong to the land of our forefathers: but they yield to a country,

Where rocks and forests, lakes and mountains grand,
Mark the true majesty of Nature's hand.

Ridge, rising behind ridge, succeed on the vision. These adamantine masses inspire terrific ideas, and awaken terrific sensations. All is wild, capricious, and sometimes even grotesque. Nature clothes herself in her rudest form, and in some instances the mind is even repelled by scenes of hopeless sterility:—scenes,

Stiff with eternal ice; and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago.

Deep caverns, contracted lakes, fragments of ice, projecting crags, and impending avalanches; and summits of distant mountains, rising in rude majesty till they are lost in mists and clouds, rolling over their

summits like the waves of the ocean, realize scenes, so transcendent, that the traveller seems passing, as it were, from one world into another. And a magnificence is imparted to his imagination, beyond the descriptive genius even of Arabian poets. Every object seems to have existed in their present form and station from the first construction of the globe; and furnishes presumptive evidence, that they will exist, if not to eternity, at least to its dissolution. The solitude is holy; every feature is, as it were, sacred; every thought arising out of their contemplation a hymn; and a sublime melancholy impresses itself upon the soul.

It is impossible to describe these scenes: and neither the pencils of Claude, of Salvator Rosa, or of Titian himself, could give an adequate sketch of them. All their efforts could only produce an outline: but as to the variety, the structure, and the colouring, it is Nature alone, that can do justice to her own works. They are beheld in silent transport, and in silent adoration;—the only species of homage worthy an Omnipotent and Eternal Power. They acquire, too, additional value from the certainty, that they will be remembered to the last moment of life:—that they will constitute some of our most beautiful remembrances; and that they will rise to our imagination, in all their grandeur and majesty, to soothe and to enchant the soul; when it would otherwise be rivetted by the afflictions of life. And awakening a mild and awful gratitude for the wealth of mental acquirements, they teach us to acknowledge, that positive wealth exists only in a pure conscience, and a cultivated mind.

XXII.

To visit towns, castles, abbeys, and fragments of antiquity, without connecting with them their history, is, as we have before observed, not only to lose a part, but the best part, of the pleasure, that may be derived from visiting them.

When Da Rora journeyed into Asia, he derived much enjoyment from analogous associations : not only at Jerusalem but at Antioch. This city perished under the vengeance of Chosroes, king of Persia, in the reign of Justinian. Of all the cities of Western Asia, this, with the exception of Constantinople, was the most rich, populous and beautiful. The conqueror, however, spared neither sex, nor age :—all were either killed, or converted into slaves. He set fire to the city, and totally destroyed it ; and it has also been twice destroyed by earthquakes.

At Hameden, the ancient Ecbatana, he reflected on the policy of Dejoces, king of the Medes. There, too, he sighed at the fate of Parmenio, that friend of a king ; and that general, of whom it was said, that Parmenio had gained many victories without Alexander ; but that Alexander had never gained one without Parmenio. From the fate of Parmenio he reverted to the death of Hephæstion, whose body was bathed with the tears of Alexander.

Is the accomplished traveller standing among the pillars of Palmyra ? He beholds Zenobia, flying on a dromedary, and leaving her city and her counsellor, Longinus, to the mercy of the enemy. Then he beholds her adding to the glory of Aurelian ; who, drawn by four stags, yoked in a car, once belonging to the

king of the Goths, and followed by his victorious legions, bearing palms and laurel branches, entered the city of Rome in triumph. While Zenobia, clad in rich garments, decked with jewels, and bound with chains of gold, inspired with awe the hearts of all beholders. Beautiful in her countenance, and majestic in her deportment, she commanded an universal admiration; not only as a woman and a queen, but as a queen, only to be conquered by the first general of the age, in which she lived.

XXIII.

At Samarcand, in Usbeck Tartary, he remembers that, in the time of Jenghiz Khan, thirty thousand men, women, and children, were made captives; and thirty thousand put to the sword. While at Delhi even the massacres at Prague and Ismael shrink into comparative insignificance, in the remembrance, that, on the conquest of that city by Tamerlane, he ordered a general massacre of the Hindoostanees; and that in consequence one hundred thousand men, women, and children, were murdered by the sword, in the short space of one hour!

At Bergamo (Pergamus) he remembers, that to gain possession of it, Aquilius was obliged to poison its fountains :—that a library, consisting of two hundred thousand volumes, once existed there; and that parchment was there first invented; while in those walls were born Apollodorus, the preceptor of Augustus; and Galen, the friend of Marcus Aurelius;—next to Hippocrates, the greatest physician, that ever adorned the annals of medical science.

Nor can the traveller stand upon the point at Constantinople, commanding the Euxine on one side, and the Marmora on the other, standing on Europe, and yet beholding the vast continent of Asia, without a mental review of the reigns from Constantine to the time, when Mahomet conveyed eighty galleys over land, — a space of eight miles, — by means of mechanical engines; and thence to the final assault on that imperial city. The attack commenced at three in the morning of the 29th of May (A.D. 1453), and after a dreadful struggle on both sides, terminated in the Turks making themselves masters of the city. — The Emperor was slain, towards the close of the assault; and the ferocious conqueror giving the city to plunder, the whole became an arena, washed with the blood of its inhabitants. Three days this almost unexampled scene continued! On the fourth, Mahomet commanded it to cease; and on the fifth made his triumphal entrance into a city of profaned churches and empty houses; and established, upon the ruins of the eastern part of the Roman empire, the dynasty of the Turks: one thousand one hundred and twenty-three years after its establishment by Constantine, and two thousand two hundred and six from the foundation of Rome.

Are we standing on one of the points, commanding the Dardanelles? With the poem of Musæus full in our recollection — we see the light on the opposite shore; we behold Leander struggling ineffectually with the waves; and we see Hero descending from the height, and throwing herself into the sea.

XXIV.

Does the moralist touch at the small island of Scio? He recollects the assertion of Strabo, that the crime of adultery was unknown in that island for seven hundred years: while, during a period of six hundred years, there was only one divorce in the city of Rome: and that for barrenness. Stands he on the Isthmus of Corinto, parting two of the most beautiful seas in the universe? he sees the remains of a city, next to Athens and Lacedemon, once the most powerful in Greece.¹—Choosing to overlook its luxury, he pauses on the sentiments of its better days, when the inhabitants were accustomed to say,—“Our fathers have ascended to fame, through rugged, steep, and untrodden paths: let their example be ever present to us; and let us not lose by wealth and indolence, what labour and poverty, with so much difficulty, attained.”

Then, perhaps, he turns his eye towards Sparta; and reverting to the western islands of Greece, beholds Ulysses and Penelope. The father of Penelope loved her with such affection, that he importuned Ulysses, on the day of his marriage with her, to remain in Lacedemon so urgently, that Ulysses told Penelope she might do as she pleased; embark for Ithaca with him, or remain in Lacedemon with her father.—How did the emblem of modesty signify her wish? She gave her hand to Ulysses; blushed in silence; and covered her face with her veil.

¹ Corinath.

At Sparta, too, he meditates on the constitution, established by Lycurgus; in which the three branches were first established for the purpose of preserving the balance of power: which, forming so great an analogy with the great political institution of our own country, present the first rudiments of the British Constitution.

XXV.

Are we leaning under an olive tree growing on the plains of Pharsalos? We behold Pompey, retiring from the field of battle, arrive at the camp, enter his tent, and seat himself in all the agony of silent despair. He is told, that Cæsar is about to attack his camp. "What?—my camp too?" He lays aside his emblems of dignity; steals out of the Decuman gate; flies through the valley of Tempe, where he stoops to drink out of the Peneus; and takes the road to Larissa. While Cæsar, entering his camp, beholds it adorned with rich carpets and hangings; tables spread up for a feast; sideboards covered with gold and silver vessels; and flowers scattered on the couches: all which the army of Pompey had prepared, in order to do honour to the victory, they thought themselves sure to obtain. Fortune, however, directed a melancholy reverse: and Rome was destined to lose her liberties, with the loss of twenty-five thousand men, twenty-four thousand prisoners, eight eagles, and one hundred and eighty ensigns. While that of the conqueror sustained a loss of only two hundred men and thirty centurions. Such were the fatal consequences

of one of the best Roman generals permitting himself to be unnerved at the beginning of a battle !

XXVI.

Does the traveller stand at the foot of Mount Pin-
dus,¹ or among the groves and rocks of Helicon?—
They seem almost worthy to be residences for the
divine spirit of wisdom.

———— Sapiëntia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores :
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.

Gray : de Principiis cogitandi.

Nor is it possible to behold Mount Oeta without re-
flecting on the conduct of Dejanira, as described by

“ In my life,” says a recent traveller,* “ I was never so enchanted,
as by the vast extent of prospect, that I enjoyed from this justly cele-
brated mountain. The sublimity of the tremendous mountains around,
and the softer beauties of the valleys, formed a striking contrast. The
boundless extent of the view, till the eye was lost in rocks, whose shrubs
were confuted in the distance ; the path winding in every direction, on
which was occasionally seen a passing villager, or a flock of frolicksome
goats, formed a magnificent whole that none can conceive, who have not
seen. Before us, at the extreme distance, lay Olympus ; beneath it,
was Thermopylæ ; and to the right Parnassus. On the plain before me
winded the Achelous, and the Peneus. I dare not enter on the feelings,
with which I was inspired by these famous spots. I was gazing on a
mountain, to which many an ancient Greek had turned an eye of devo-
tion ; on the scene of one of the most splendid actions of human valour ;
and on the hill, that had been so often invoked by the poets of
antiquity.”

* Turner, *Levant*, vol. i, p. 150.

**Sophocles, in his Tragedy of the Trachinian Virgins.—
Learning the death of Hercules;—**

————— She conceal'd herself
Where none might see her. Then she wall'd aloud,
Prostrate before the altar, that her state
Was become desolate.—And if she touch'd
Aught which before her hands had us'd, she wept.

Then she visited her nuptial bed; and beholding the coverings, once pressed by Hercules, she seated herself upon the bed, and pathetically addressed it.

————— Then with dispatchful hand unloos'd
The golden clasp, which o'er her swelling breasts
Confin'd her robe.—Thus was her side laid bare,
And her left shoulder.—

————— When the attendants came,
They saw her side deep wounded;—to her heart
The sword had pierc'd!—At that sad sight her son
Groan'd in the anguish of his soul.

Sophocles.—The Trachinian Virgins.

Do we stand upon the spot, once dignified by the presence of the Pythian oracles? Instantly we recur to a passage in one of our sublimest poets, in which he traces the march 'of Poësy to the shores of our own delightful, energetic, land!

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilyssus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep;
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion ! next—thy sea-encircled coast !

Gray.

XXVII.

It is impossible for any one, that has contemplated the ignorance of savage, or the vanity of half civilized nations, to contemplate the map of Greece without the liveliest emotion. There is an eloquence, residing in the very lines and letters of its various parts. Contemplated, as a whole, what a magnificent mental panorama is presented to the imagination ! The very thought of this country refreshes the soul ;—particularly in an age, when wealth is the great god of almost every man's idolatry ; from the beggar, who wants every thing, to the peer, who wants nothing essential to the purposes of life, but the mind to estimate the grace, and the heart to enjoy the bounty of his fortune.

If, in the map of the world, from the peninsulas, promontories, islands, and coasts of Greece, we turn to the north-west coast of Africa, all our associations, except those attached to Carthage and the temple of Jupiter Ammon, present images of ferocious rapacity. Scythia, to the north, awakens some recollections of a people hardy, but rude and

uncivilized. Asia presents pictures of despotism ; and America detached groups of savages, in comparison with whom the Goths, the Huns and the Vandals, were Greeks and Romans. Greece, then, monopolizes most of our ideas of taste, elegance, patriotism, the elegant arts, and the domestic virtues. As to the Archipelago,—there is not such a cluster of islands in the world. Let us, for a moment, cast our eyes upon the Archipelago, of the North Pacific ; or of the Indian Ocean :—what nests of comparative barbarians monopolize their soils and climates ! In those of Greece what beauty ! what grace ! what science ! and, above all, what a multitude of virtues ! There is scarcely a city, or even a town, that is not hallowed by some great action ; by the memory of some model of art ; or by having been the cradle, or the grave, of an eminent man. Not a mountain is there, that has not been celebrated ; and not a river, but what is almost as familiar to us, as the Wye, the Avon, the Thames, or the Severn. In fact, the islands, capes, bays, and promontories of Greece are the mental properties of the whole world.

To this splendid country Rome is indebted for many of its best laws ; and for almost the entire circuit of its literature. For Roman literature is little more than Greek ; divested of the Greek dress. Even the generals of Rome imitated the generals of Greece. Who has not read, and who has not admired, the example of arrogance, afforded to Antiochus by Popilius ?—Yet the thought was originally taken from Greece. In the Peloponnesian

war, the Spartans and Athenians equally sought an alliance with the Persians. When the Athenian ambassador had finished his oration, the Spartan drew two lines;—one crooked and the other straight;—but both finishing in the same point.—These lines the Spartan exhibited to Tissaphernes, and exclaimed “*chuse.*”

CHAPTER IX.

Places thus impart a charm to the pages of poets and historians. Who, that has perused the Greek and Roman writers with pleasure, would not read them with still greater delight on the spots, which they commemorate; or in the places, in which they were written. Hence it would be a gratification of the first order to read Virgil's Episode of Orpheus and Eurydice on the banks of the Hæmus:—Lucan's *Pharsalia* in Thessaly; Cæsar's Commentaries on the Lake of Geneva; and Plutarch's *Lives* in Rome, at Athens, at Corinth, on the hillocks of Sparta, or upon the plains of Mantinea.

Former ages, says Quintilian, seem as if they had laboured only for us:—antiquity having left us so many examples, that we have little more to do, than quietly enjoy the advantages, she has bequeathed to us. If such remarks were applicable in the time of Quintilian, how much more so are they in the present!

When we stand among the African architraves, capitals and pillars, sent to the Regent of England by the Dey of Tripoli:—when we cast our eyes on

the Rosetta stone, commemorating the coronation of Ptolemy the Fifth, at Memphis : and when we behold the bust of Memnon, the younger, once decorating those ruins, which, having survived the art that formed them, are still more magnificent in decay, than the noblest of modern buildings ;—the imagination supplies the deficiencies of barbarism, and the accidents and wastes of time. When from the Theseus we turn to the Ilyssus ; thence to the sarcophagus of Alexander ; and lastly to the Portland vase ; the mind transports itself to distant ages, and imparts a glow of eloquence, worthy the most poetical of poets.

II.

At Parma we may study the masterpieces of Corregio ;—at Bologna those of the Carracchi ;—and at Venice those of Titian, Tintoret and Paul Veronese. —But at Rome pictures present only subordinate attractions. There we trace the glory and decay of empires : for, from the monuments of Roman authority, we revert to the dynasties of Macedon, Persia, Babylon, Assyria, and the still more ancient ones of China. In imagination, we behold the mud palace of Romulus, the farm of Cincinnatus, and the cottage of Curius ; which we contrast with the “marble city of Augustus,” or associate the whole with the triumph of Aurelian, made glorious to the Romans, but melancholy to posterity, by captives, belonging to no less than fifteen different nations.

Heightened by these moral and classical associations, we seem to be cotemporary with all ages ; and every

spectacle, familiar to our youth, seems to be renewed ; from the first triumph of Tarquinius Priscus to those of Diocletian and Maximian ;—the last celebrated in Rome. Thence to that of Belisarius, the last recorded to have been witnessed at Constantinople.—Spectacles exceeded only by the splendid march of Xerxes into Greece through Asia Minor ; or by Alexander's magnificent entry into Babylon.

But what a reverse presents itself in the subsequent devastations of the Goths: when Totilas having sacked the city, the wife of Boethius, and many of the most illustrious ladies in Rome, were reduced to such distress, that they begged their bread from door to door. Nor,—since intellectual power stands in the first rank of Nature's phenomena,—do we reflect without scorn and derision, that in a time, when Rome was threatened with a famine,¹ three thousand female dancers, and many other persons connected with theatrical exhibitions, were allowed to remain ; when vast numbers of persons, who professed the liberal arts, were desired by a public edict to withdraw!

III.

When Da Rosa entered Genoa, he remembered the history of the time, when the families of Spinola and Doria filled the whole city with slaughter and dismay. When, for four and twenty days, they fought in the streets, and raised battering rams against each other's

¹ Ammian. Marcellin. lib. iv.

houses. And when the whole coast of Genoa, formerly adorned with palaces and vineyards, presented a picture of such desolation, that no eye could behold it without astonishment and horror. (A. D. 1317.)

When he beheld the amphitheatre of Verona, the churches of Venice, the master-pieces of Corregio and Parmegiano, in the city and environs of Parma; and those of Albano, at Bologna; how rich were the feelings of his heart! When he entered the walls of Padua, did he forget Livy? When at Cremona, did he forbear to meditate on the life and accomplishments of Vida? When at Verona, had he no sense of the merits of Cornelius Nepos; of Vitruvius; of the elder Pliny; of Politian, or of Fracastorius? When at Milan did he forget Ausonius? When at Vicenza was not Palladio always in his memory? And when at Lucca, was it possible for him to forget, that the magnanimous Countess Matilda was born within its walls? Could he fail to pause, with melancholy regret, on the spot, where,—nineteen centuries before,—Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus met to divide the Roman world between them? When he was at Pavia did he not desire to be led to the plain, bordered by the Alps and the Appennines, where Francis of France was taken captive by the imperial army? Or did he neglect to visit the tomb of Boethius, raised by an Emperor¹; or to read his epitaph, written by a pope²?

Not one of all these were absent, either from his memory, or his admiration! And when lulled to

¹ Otho III.

² Sylvester II.

tranquillity at the feet of Fiesole, the shades of Val-lombrosa became more rich and more magnificent, by being associated with Lorenzo, with Galileo, with Raphael and with Milton.

With what enthusiasm did he visit the haunts of Petrarch; his villa of Arguato, now the house of a farmer; his garden shaded by olives; and the laurel, which still lives, a monument of his love. Then the ruin, covered with ivy; the shrubs, screening a multitude of violets; and the nightingales warbling among the neglected olives.—Why, my Lelius, has fortune debarred me from such luxuries as these?

IV.

Alexander travelled a considerable distance to visit the tumulus of Achilles. An interesting circumstance occurred there. For Hephæstion, observing Alexander place a crown upon the monument of Achilles, immediately put another upon that of Patroclus; intimating that what Patroclus had been to Achilles, Hephæstion was to Alexander. Upon which the latter said with a sigh, "Achilles was indeed not only happy but pre-eminently so, to have such a friend to love him while living; and such a poet, as Homer, to celebrate him when dead."

Germanicus visited Athens with veneration; and, during his stay, divested himself of every insignia of power.¹ Atticus paused, with awe, among its tombs and monuments: Julian shed tears, on quitting its bowers and groves; Leo Allatius wept, with melancholy delight, over the ruins of a house, which was

¹ Tacitus, *Annal.* ii. c. 54.

said to have belonged to Homer ; and Cicero¹ beautifully alludes to the pleasure, which every accomplished mind experiences, when exercised on the spots, once sanctified by the presence of illustrious characters.

V.

Michael Bruce could never meditate by the side of Loch-Leven, without a sigh of regret at the fate of Mary, queen of Scotland. That beautiful and unfortunate queen, falling into the power of her enemies, was committed to the tyranny of her bitter enemy :— she, who had, for a time, been queen of France ; who was then queen of Scotland, and heir to three kingdoms, fell under the bondage of a proud, imperious, woman, who had not even sufficient magnanimity to abstain from insulting her in her distress. The castle, in which she was confined, stood in an island of the lake, which was not more than an acre in circumference. The landscapes, seen from the loopholes, were wild and romantic ; and the towers of the priory of St. Servanus gave solemnity to the whole.

There the queen lived a considerable time. She saw no one but the household of her enemy ; and even the French ambassador, who had journied thither to see her, was denied admittance. From this captivity the unfortunate queen was at length relieved by the gallantry of Douglas, half-brother to the regent ;² who, captivated by her beauty and accomplishments, resolved to rescue her. This youth stole the keys of the castle, while the

¹ *Movemur, says he, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem, &c. &c.*

² Buchanan, Camden, p. 410.

countess was at dinner : he locked the door of her apartment : the guards, whom he had bribed to his interests, marched to the portcullis, which opened on the lake : a boat was in readiness : Douglas handed the queen into it : a few attendants jumped in after : the rowers plied their oars with all possible expedition : they landed,—and arrived the same night at Hamilton, about twelve miles from the city of Glasgow. The escape of the queen, connected with the landscape, were a subject worthy the pencil of Claude, in the most fortunate season of inspiration ! — see sec 1

Adm. — it is there too beautiful —

VI.

With what pleasure did we visit the house, in which Chatterton was born ; that in which Milton wrote his *Samson Agonistes*, and the castle of Ludlow, where he wrote his *Masque of Comus*. When we have beheld the cottage, overlooking the Towy, in which STEELE buried the remembrance of his inconveniences ; or the hermitage of St. Iltid, near the windings of the Usk :—when we have stood near the tombstone over the celebrated monk of Lydgate ; paused near the birth-place of Chaucer (Woodstock), where also was born the most accomplished prince, that England has produced ; who can describe the various sensations with which we have been moved ? Emotions enjoyed with equal force at Rushcomb in Berkshire, where died the admirable PENN ; and at Thurcaston, where the mild, elegant, and benevolent HURD spent many years in studious retirement. He was afterwards a bishop, and—content ! Even the see of Canterbury was beneath his acceptance : “ Too happy am I,”

said he, when offered the translation, "too happy am I, to form a wish to change!"

VII.

If it is a subject of pride to be born in the same town or village, with an illustrious character, it is a still greater subject for the indulgence of our pride to repose near their ashes. What Frenchman would not rejoice to sleep beneath the same roof with Fenelon, Malesherbes, Sully and Bossuet? How charmed were Wieland and Schiller and Goëthe, were fortune to permit them to mingle in the same earth with the ashes of Gessner, Haller, and Klopstock. Men of different genius, indeed, and of different countries; but animated with the same love of the beautiful, and the same admiration of the sublime. How grateful to the shade of Sannazarius to ensure immortality for his eclogues, by reposing near the tomb of Virgil! And how proud a circumstance for the spirits of Gray, Mason and Cumberland, to hear Handel's anthems rolling, in magnificent volumes, in the society of Chaucer and Spenser, Dryden, Shakespear, and Milton!

The desire of literary distinction is the most innocent of all ambitions. No city is sacked; no country is laid waste; not a tear flows;—no blood is shed. The fame of virtue is alone superior to it. The Roman emperors frequently sighed for the loss of an army, a famine, an earthquake, or a pestilence, in order to constitute an era in the page of history. Caligula set the example. "I wish for all these," said he; "for there is so great a prosperity throughout the empire,

that my name and my reign are in danger of being utterly forgotten!" What a contrast to those, who desired to be remembered only for the splendour of their genius, or the multitude of their virtues.

VIII.

The imagination often delights in making excursions into the regions of poesy. With what various impressions does it become impregnated, when, in the page of Euripides we behold Orestes entering the groves of Delphi in a traveller's garb; with a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other:—when we see Beatrice, in Dante's *Paradisio*, welcoming him to the happy regions;—and when we behold Una's arrival among the satyrs, in the wild mazes of the Fairy Queen. At those times, Euripides, Dante, and Spenser, rise to the fancy, like angels of light.

Shakespeare too!—Desdemona eagerly listening to the oft-told tale of Othello; or remembering, with melancholy interest, the fate of her mother's maid named Barbara:—the meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda in the *Tempest*:—the ill-fated Imogen at *Milford Haven*:—the flowers, the tresses, and the wild warblings of Ophelia:—the language of Lorenzo and Jessica in the garden:—the wild touches and descriptions in *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—the wit, the beauty, and the love of Rosalind; with the pastoral scenes of the *Winter's Tale*, pass over the imagination like the rainbows of heaven.

With what pleasure, too, does the imagination picture Numa among the woods of Etruria; Pindar

under the shades of Delphi; and Cicero amid the temples of Athens! The soul is equally impregnated with rich images, when the mind pictures Michael Angelo anticipating the completion of his design beneath the dome of St. Peter's;—Gibbon before the coliseum and the arch of Titus;—Barthelemy in the cabinets of Italy and France;—and Handel, Haydn, Pleyel, and Mozart, listening to the symphonies, they had themselves embodied, through the medium of voices and instruments of exquisite sweetness, and variety of compass.

How agreeably, also, are our delusions, when fancy paints Linnæus surrounded by his families of plants;—Swammerdam among herbs, covered with insects of various kinds; or Hubert, blind, yet contemplating the manners and economy of bees.—Buffon seated in his summer-house, investigating the instincts of animals;—Pallas amid the solitudes of the Crimea;—or Humboldt, analyzing the natural productions of Chili, Mexico, and Peru; while thunder rolls and lightning flashes, in awful sublimity, at his feet.

IX.

But not to towns and cities only do these associates belong. Amid the wild scenes of Nature the mind is perpetually reverting to similar intellectual influences. A woodman, returning from the forest, or a peasant measuring his steps to his cot, remind us of several passages in the Georgics, the Seasons, and Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.—A harvest scene recalls the history of Ruth, the Lavinia of Thompson, and one of the compartments in the shield of Achilles. A shepherd,

tending his flocks, reminds the painter of Corregio's picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds.

See we a stag bounding in a forest? The mind instantly recurs to the fate of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV., and Richard III.¹—or to the killing of the stag by Ascanius,² that occasioned the war in Italy:—a passage, in which Virgil has exhibited his almost unequalled powers of engaging the affections.

Silvia, the daughter of Latinus's deer-ranger, having a stag, ~~she~~ cherished it with the tenderest care: bathing its body every day; and decorating its horns with wreathes of ribbons. She fed it at the board of her father; and permitted it to wander in the neighbouring forest, during the chief part of the day; since it regularly returned every night.—As this stag was swimming along the stream to quench the heat of its body, Ascanius saw it; and bending his bow, discharged an arrow into its side. The stag feels the wound; rushes out of the water; and flies to the hearth of the ranger, where it dies in the arms of its mistress. The whole country rings with the injury—and a bloody war succeeds.

Many spots are there in the counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, Montgomery, and Carnarvon, in which we might meditate with delight on the memories of Linus, Orpheus, and Musæus: and in which the enthusiast might read, with a corresponding glow of pleasure, Marmontel's *Shepherdess of the Alps*, Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigné*, St. Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, Mrs. Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest*, or the *Mysteries of her Castle at Udolpho*. Spots, in which suiting the

¹ Rapin, vol. 1, p. 623, folio.

² En. vii.

melancholy Jaques, the calm and gentle fear of the world, that distinguishes many elegant minds, the corrosive sadness of Hamlet, or the misanthropy of Timon, we might with propriety exclaim,—“These spots are suited to them all.”

X.

We associate, too, the most remarkable animals and vegetables with the countries, in which they abound; and when travelling or voyaging near them, our imagination dwells with interest on their manners, habits, or peculiar properties. Thus with Batavia we sometimes associate the scorpion,—one of the few animals, capable of committing suicide; which it performs by stinging itself on the back of the head. The beaver we connect with Canada; the reindeer with Lapland; and the crocodile and hippopotamus with the Nile and the Niger.—With Arabia, Egypt, and Morocco, we associate the dromedary; with Ethiopia the camelopard; and with Chili and Peru the armadillo and the lama. With the Falkland Isles we connect the circumstance of their having been originally peopled with Antarctic foxes, by their being accidentally conveyed thither, from the extreme coast of South America, on islands of ice, broken from the mainland, and driven thither by the winds and currents. With the Bahama Islands we associate vast numbers of violet crabs, which breed among their mountains; sally from the stumps of trees and crevices of rocks, at a stated season of the year, in bodies of several millions; pursue the course of the banks of rivers; and in one unvaried and undeviating progress,

keep their way, during the cool of evening, to the ocean, where they deposit their spawn. While in Barbary we observe the cervicapra follow the pipe of the huntsman, delighted with the fumes of tobacco; or behold it hunted by a falcon, running from the plains to the rocks, with the talons of the bird, sticking in its body.

XI.

From associations of this kind, we may turn to those general appearances of Nature, which, to the vulgar eye, afford nothing worthy of admiration; but which to a philosophical one presents objects, pregnant, as it were, with subjects of sterling value.

How many tranquil hours have we past, my Lelius, in the bosom of deep glens, and on the sides and summits of elevated mountains. My heart loves to recal those hours of repose! While breathing the vigorous air among clouds, coloured by the sun's morning rays; while listening to the call of the hunter, or to the echo of a shepherd's pipe; amid the haunts of foxes, woodcocks, grouse and black game, I have often reflected on the errors of those philosophers and moralists, who, in scenes so rough and rugged, have fixed the residence of virtue. This is an allegory adapted only for times, when virtue consisted chiefly in courage, and in states which were in perpetual fear of losing their liberties. In modern times, virtue has descended from precipices, and fixed her abode in towns and hamlets; and access to her is become so easy, that all may associate with her, if they are but so disposed.

XII.

As we were one day sitting on a stone half covered with moss, near a small whitewashed cottage, that stood on the verge of a brook, which murmured down the deep valley, that winded below, we were struck with the variety, which was presented to the imagination: and being in the humour to indulge in meditation, we gave wing to our thoughts. The sun shone brilliantly; and a large sycamore expanded over our heads, wreathing what Milton happily calls "Mosaic." On both sides of us rose two steep mountains, lined with wood; but not sufficiently so as to screen the flocks, that grazed upon their summits.

As these woods presented various species of trees, we were naturally led into a consideration of the manner, in which Nature had formed them for enjoyment. The Scotch fir rose at intervals, and gave solemnity to others of a brighter foliage. These, we remembered, in common with every other species of pine, bear distinct male and female flowers; the males being arranged in what botanists call "brotherhoods." The oak, the beech and the chesnut, which rose high in air; and the hazel, which formed the underwood, have also distinct males and females on the same tree; but the males are not disposed in brotherhoods. Then the ivy, which crept up their trunks, exhibit, when in bloom, five males to one female; while the moss, which in detached portions made their arms and trunks of a dusky green, entirely conceal their methods of fructification. The holly, which graced the hedges, presented an example

of equal marriages; each corolla containing four husbands and four wives. The hawthorn exhibited, as it were, several lovers courting two sisters.

In the hedges were violets and primroses, having one female to five males; the violet giving shelter to a small red insect, which had caused red tubercles to appear on the outward part of the calyx. Beyond were rising stems of fox-glove,—the most powerful of British officinal plants; with four males, two lower than the others: while in the shepherd's-purse an instance was afforded of six husbands, four distinguished above the other two by superior height.

On the banks of the brook we marked the alder and the willow;—two plants assimilating in no small degree in soil and natures; yet differing in one essential particular. The alder bears distinct sexual flowers on the same branch; the willow on two different plants; while the rough-leaved willow produces flowers and leaves from the same bud.

As we were remembering these peculiarities, a king's-fisher darted along the rivulet, agreeably associating itself in our imaginations with the halcyon of antiquity. The stagnant part of the brook was covered with a green coating; which, upon examination, we found to consist of a prodigious number of animaculæ, affording nutriment to several species of birds and insects.

Soon after a boy passed with a bird's-nest in his hand. Upon examining it, we found it lined outwards with wood-moss, speckled with moss off walls. The inside was lined with asses' hair. There were three

layers: one of moss; a second of feathers; a third of hair:—and the body of the nest was made up of all those materials, mixed with greenish grass, pieces of cotton, dead grass, light feathers, fibres, roots, dead leaves, and hemp straw.

Then we observed a large fly flit before us; so beautiful, that, after the manner of the Chinese, we might have called it a flying flower. It was the dragon-fly; and, as its history is curious, we dwelt upon it. This insect in summer gives life to almost every landscape, through which a river winds, or a brook murmurs, by its green, scarlet, blue, and crimson colours. Now glittering like silver, and now gleaming like gold; and yet it was once an inhabitant of the water! The mother drops her eggs in the surface of the stream, in the form of a cluster of grapes; the weight of which sinks them to the bottom; upon breaking the shells of their eggs the new formed insects assume the shape of a worm with six legs. They continue to creep and to swim in the water for some time, feeding on mud and glutinous substances. At length, swimming to the surface of the water, they crawl up the banks; hide themselves in the grass, or under a stone; disengage themselves from their larva skins; and fly first from grass to grass, and then from shrub to shrub. Some of them having black bodies, variegated with bright blue or deep green; with wings presenting a transparent network of various hues.

Now we heard the woodlark.—Then we saw a large hill of ants; and not far off a garden spider;

watching in the centre of its web.—We broke the web, and suspended the spider in the air: when, as fast as it could work, it swallowed the whole of its own web. Upon which we placed it on the leaf of a tree, and left it to begin its toil, and to use its silk over again.

At this moment we saw a hedgehog creeping along the fence. We touched it with a light rod, and it rolled itself up like a ball.—The next object, that came across our path, was a beetle. Upon taking it up, we found it infested with lice; we dropt it; and it soon hid itself in the grass. Then we saw two other species of spiders;—one that finds a home wherever it may chance to wander: and another, which throws out its web, and rises upon it high into the air.—In the course of the afternoon, too, we saw a water-spider, weaving its web in the water.—Enclosed in bubbles of air, this wonderful insect never touches the water; but eats, and spins, and sleeps in conscious security;—the bubble seldom bursting.

A greenfinch and a bullfinch now sung at a small distance.—A redbreast soon after perched upon the wall: and a ~~peacock~~ butterfly hovered over the petals of a flower. Its colour was an orange brown, dotted with white.—Bees now flew past us almost every minute. We observed also five mason bees; five or six humble bees; and two or three leaf-cutting bees.—The last of these insects were employed in a very curious manner. They are black, with a belly downed with yellow. They line their nests

with bits of leaves either of the chesnut or of the rose.—These leaves they cut with great celerity : and as circularly as with a pair of scissors.—We observed them in this employment, and could not but admire the art with which they performed their curious task.

Now we noted a linnet; and then several goldfinches. At length we saw several woodpigeons fly over the valley, followed by a hawk.—The hawk soon pounced upon one of them : the feathers flew ; and the hawk, fixing his talons in the breast of the woodpigeon, began plucking it, as he hovered into the air.

At length we turned to a neighbouring cottage ; and after partaking of a glass or two of milk, with which the hospitable matron presented us, we sauntered into the garden. What variety of beauty and perfection was here, totally unknown to its possessor !—In one corner was the lily, opening its flower-bud a month before its time ; the drops falling from the petals of which were once supposed to produce new lilies.—There too, was the elegant Solomon's seal ; and the tulip, the hyacinth, and the narcissus exhibited their six males,—all equal in height,—to the admiration of one female : none of which were defended by a calyx.—That shield which protects the majority of flowers in the bud, and supports them in their age.—At a short distance, too, appeared the wild vine, and the oak ; the one barren from the abundance of its sap ; and the other injured in its grain by having been planted in too rich a soil.

In the buds of parsley we saw five males and two females, like hemlock; and in those of the potatoe five males and one female, like the deadly nightshade;—two plants producing juices, which cause death by rendering the heart insensible to the stimulus of the blood; and thereby stopping its circulation. In the lilac we recognized two husbands to one wife: in pinks and London pride, two wives to ten husbands: while in the raspberry and strawberry we witnessed many husbands to many wives, growing in the same corolla; and guarded by strong calyxes. The two former eliciting an exquisite perfume; the latter affording an exquisite fruit.

Climbing up the sides of the cottage, and over its roof, the vine promised in the happiness, that one female enjoyed in the society of five lovers, that the result of their united affections would be a fine cluster of grapes. On the roof sat the houseleek;—the only genus of its order, growing in Britain.

Thus in a single woodland landscape we observed objects, too familiar to awaken, in vulgar minds, the smallest reflection; and yet presenting data sufficient to excite the admiration, and to baffle the judgment, of the loftiest intellect. St. Pierre remarked, that the history of the smallest plant transcended his highest powers; and he gives, in confirmation, a history of a strawberry, and the insects that he found upon it. While Whiston inquired of Dr. Clarke, who had presented him with a volume of sermons, how he dared to enter into subjects so far beyond the mental research of men; when the meanest weed, that grew in his garden, more

effectually proved the existence of a Deity, than all his metaphysical arguments and subtleties.

XIII.

The sun now rested his "substantial orb" on one of the distant mountains. A light shower fell from the skirts of a dark purple cloud; when, sheltering ourselves behind a sycamore, we listened, with no little pleasure, to the cooing of the stock-doves; and to the rich warbling of the missel. The rain soon ceased: when the woodbines and sweetbriars, which grew in the garden and over the porch of the cottage, the earth beneath, the meadows below, and the woods above, sent forth a most delicious fragrance. While the distance became enveloped in one of those blue nets, so mysterious to the eye, and so delightful to the lover of landscape.

The rivulet, swelled with the rain, flowed more copiously along; the mountains teemed with mist; woodmen were seen in the distance; cows marched in a line before the milkmaid; the cottages and farmhouses sent up their blue volumes; and children, in loud accord, were imitating the owl at the bottom of the valley. Then they called to the distant rock, which overshadowed a deep hollow,—the mother of a gentle spring. Upon which, Echo answered with apparent delight, from the head of the glen.

The sun still pursued his blue journey; and the bosom of the rivulet reflected its purity and splendour. The atmosphere, clear, transparent, and unbroken, gradually acquired glowing hues; while the air, wafting the volumes, gave a moving

diversity to the distance ; and softened the golden hues of Titian into that lemon tint, which Claude Lorrain depicts so beautifully.

At length the sun sunk entirely ; and the moon exhibited her thin crescent in the neighbourhood of Venus, who gave new grace to the heavens. The owl flitted past us ; and the missel was still heard in the distance. But the nightingale never frequents the glens and mountains, either of Scotland or of Wales.

XIV.

The imagination of a superior mind imparts a rich construction to the images of the poem, that is read, or to the painting, that is observed. In awakening this faculty, the powers of poets and painters are principally shewn.—Apelles and Raphael are said to have disputed with Nature the truth and purity of beauty. Apelles and Raphael had no such power :—but they possessed the rare faculty of converting almost every one, that gazed upon their productions, into poets of the time. I have seen many women as beautiful as the *Venus de Medicis* ; and many a man more than equal to the *Apollo*, in the unity of manly grace and strength. When will reason and experience subdue the prejudices and presumption of pedantry ? Nature is not to be surpassed ; let poets, painters, critics and pedants, presume, judge, and cavil, as they will. Nature is not only not to be surpassed, but she is not to be equalled :—even in the associative idea itself, that man is pleased to form of beauty.—Men and women are not seen.—If good

morals would allow such exhibitions, the Antinous, the Mercury, the Venus, and the Apollo, would soon fall from their pedestals ;—matchless as they are, as specimens of art.

In landscape, who has paused with greater delight, than I have, on the paintings of Poussin, Bassano, Claude, and Salvator Rosa ? All captivating the eye by their majesty of outline, far more than the labour-ed finish and delicacy of Pietro Testa. Who, I inquire, has, in our age, paused with greater rapture on their beauty, their grace, and their magnificence ? But how feeble, how confined, how indigent, have they appeared, when I have remembered them amid the solitude, solemnity, and immensity of Nature !

Thus meditating, and thus drinking in that species of delight, of which mere men of the world are so proudly and profoundly ignorant, we could almost fancy, that Nicholas Conti, the Venetian, merely meant to convey his idea of the value of Nature, when he fabled that in Java there grew a tree, which produced a rod of gold in its pith :—That Isabella had a similar design, when she fabled herself to possess the secret of distilling from herbs and plants a liquid, which would render the human frame invulnerable :—And that the Turkish kief was a substance embodying all those advantages ; since it excites in those, that use it, a thousand images of the most delightful nature. While, on the other hand, mere worldly pursuits seem chiefly to resemble the Wong-li-choon rose of China ;—which, though the most slow in growing, and the most difficult to propagate, has less scent than any other species of rose.

The ruins of ** ——— Castle now rose on the immediate perspective. Still grand in their outlines ; and still magnificent from the associations connected with them ;—they seemed to whisper, that time, though constantly moving is ever present. While the sombre aspect of the woods, the deep-toned murmur of the waters, and the solemnity of the heavens, seemed to heighten the silence of ruins, which, being of Roman origin, recalled powerfully to the imagination that fine passage in Montesquieu, where he says, that Rome had so greatly annihilated all nations, that, when she was conquered herself, it appeared, as if the earth had brought forth new nations to subdue and destroy her.

Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and 'scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where Night and Desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.¹

¹ Beattie.

BOOK XI.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is no object in the city of Paris more gratifying to the heart, and no institution more conducive to good morals, than the Museum of Monuments. It is situated on the scite of the *ci-devant* convent of Augustine monks, and was established by Monsieur Alexander Le Noir, whose name it will immortalize. Who, that has not lost all the best feelings of his nature, would not take pleasure in musing among the monuments of so many illustrious dead? Where, surrounded by cypresses, roses and myrtles, stand the cenotaph of Molière, and the busts of Sully, Fénélon and Bossuet; Montesquieu, Fontenelle and Malesherbes; where a sarcophagus contains the ashes of La Fontaine; and where a medallion perpetuates the memory of Chevert!

As I was writing the name of "Chevert," my Lelius, the letter, in which you tell me, that you are become a prey to the profoundest melancholy, was brought to me. Ah! my friend, if every man were to note down all the experiments, he has tried; the number of established adages, he has found to be false; the observations, he has made on fortune and mankind; the cruel scenes, he has witnessed; the miseries he has endured; and the times he has been injured, calumniated, and de-

ceived; what a melancholy catalogue of human woe and infirmity would be present to his mind!—"But Heaven," as Sterne beautifully says, "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and for nothing ought we to be more grateful to that Heaven for, than that accommodation of mind to circumstance, which alone prevents the miserable from laying down,—even with rapture,—the load with which some are so intemperately burthened. In every country and in every age the good and wise have been the sport of fortune!

———— So many great
 Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough
 To consecrate distress, and make ambition
 E'en wish the frown, beyond the smile of fortune.¹

Those are the men, against whom fortune takes an unerring aim, and sharpens her most fatal arrow:—" *Fortuna immeritos auget honoribus,*" says a celebrated writer, "*fortuna innocuos claudihus afficit, justos illa viros pauperie gravat, indignos eadem divitiis beat: inconstans, fragilis, perfida et lubrica.*" What more ought to convince you, that fortune is not of ethereal origin? What argument is required farther, than the knowledge, that, appearing to disdain virtue, she wrongs the bosom of wisdom? To be revenged of her, my Lelius—(for in a case like this revenge assumes the character of excellence),—let me exhort you to draw

¹ In this wild world the fondest and the best
 Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.
 Crabbe.

solace from her frowns. Since you cannot woo her to be your *mistress*, exert all the energies of your nature, and resolve to become her *master*. Be like the granite, impervious to the weather, and unassailable by time. Firmness of hope gives patience to endure; and the frost, which nips the leaves of the mulberry tree, kills not the silkworms curdled in its leaves. The enemy, we have not the power to conciliate, therefore, must be subdued. In the struggle fortune will wound you, but the wound,—if you do not convert a difficulty into an impossibility,—will be healed by the touch of resolution; and as the swan subdues the eagle, when he ventures to attack her upon her own element, so will you, my Lelius, master Fortune, since she attacks you undeservedly. And when you have mastered her, from that moment she becomes your friend. For Fortune, wild and fickle and indiscriminate as she is, has still the virtue to admire, when she finds she has no power to conquer. And when Fortune stoops to admiration, the man, whom she admires, is the admiration of the world!

The good are better made by ill;—
As odours crush'd are sweeter still!

Roger's Jacqueline.

But has melancholy no resources?—Has she no charms?—Had the daughter of genius, as Milton calls her, no captivations, when she wooed Numa and Tully; Petrarch and Ariosto; Dante and Tasso; Milton and Euripides; Gray, Spenser, and Collins?

Believe me, my friend, those were men, not to be captivated by meretricious blandishments.

II.

Melancholy, which implies a disposition for the indulgence of contemplation, softens the heart, tunes every fibre with the nicest touch, and, flattering our feelings, even in the lap of misery, disposes the mind to derive an elevated satisfaction, from every grand and beautiful feature of Nature ; from every virtuous exertion ; and from all the secret sources of association and sympathy. This is that sacred passion, to which Dyer alludes in his ruins of Rome :

————— There is a mood—

(I sing not to the vacant and the young—)

There is a kindly mood of melancholy,

That wings the soul and points her to the skies.—

This is the species of melancholy, which soothes, delights, and captivates the soul. Indulging this insatiating propensity, the intrusion of mirth is grating to the feelings and offensive to the heart. It unhinges, by its turbulence and intoxication, the faculty of thought ; it deranges the charm, by which we are bound ; and dispels the luxury of meditation. In wild and uncultivated scenes melancholy loves principally to reside. Magnificent buildings, splendid equipages, and crowded streets, associate but ill, with that delicacy of taste, which prompts the mind to seek the shade of some favourite grove, or the cool banks of some murmuring rivulet. These, and the cloud-

capt mountain, the deep and sequestered glen, the ivied ruin, and the setting sun, are objects, which she most delights to contemplate. And sounds, most grateful to her ear, are the soft and melting accents of the flute; the aerial warblings of an Æolian lyre: the howling of the midnight storm; the distant voice of thunder; the foaming cataract, and an angry ocean.

Milton loved to indulge in scenes, which conspired to awake emotions, arising from philosophic melancholy;—a passion so exquisitely personified by Collins, in his Ode to the Passions; and by that noblest of all descriptive poets,—Thomson!

“I sat me down,” says Milton,—

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill.

This is not “the green and yellow melancholy,” to which Shakspeare alludes in *Twelfth Night*: nor the passion, pointed at by Fletcher in the poem whence Milton is supposed to have taken the idea of his *Il Penseroso*: still less is it the corroding “offspring of phantasie,” described in Burton’s *Anatomy*; but, as defined in the context, “a disposition for the indulgence of contemplation:”—and to this elegant affection we may refer the solution of an expression, so common in Homer, in holy writ, and in Ossian;—

“The joy of grief;” and the “*est quædam flere voluptas,*”¹ of Ovid.

III.

From the agreeable nature of this elegant feeling arises the paradox, which asserts, that no obligation, a friend can bestow, endears him so much to our memory, as his death. Something of this feeling was experienced by Epaminondas. Hence, when some of his relatives inquired, which of his friends he valued most, he replied, that such a question could not be truly answered, till one of them was dead. While our friend lives, we feel, as if it were possible, that his station could be occupied by another.—He dies!—The thought appears to assume the nature of constructive treason; and we weep the more, because we begin to fear, that we had never estimated his friendship at its proper value.—His grave we consecrate;—and memory loves to linger on his virtues with a mild, yet melancholy regret.

¹ Trist. El. iii., v. 37.—Seneca has an analogous sentiment, Epist. 99. Vid. also Epist. 69.—Thus sings a Javanese poet:—

“While Dêwi Nâti and all the sons of Pandu met together with mutual delight,

“And discoursed in turn of the hardships of her being incessantly obliged to retreat to the hills;

“The more she poured out her griefs, the greater was the joy, that followed; even to shedding of tears.”

Analysis of the Brâta Yudha, a Javanese Epic.—Raffles' Hist. Java (Poetry), vol. i., p. 489.

O D E

TO THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

I.

From thy soft fountain flow those showers,
 That deluge man's majestic eye,
 When despots wield their giant powers
 Against the sons of liberty.
 When a noble patriot falls,
 When a sacred poet dies,
 Thine is the influence, that calls
 Our best and holiest sympathies.

II.

When listening with enchanted ear,
 The copse beneath, to that soft tale,
 Which tells all Nature, far and near,
 The sorrows of the nightingale;
 A tender youth,—of Petrarch's school,—
 Has some fair Laura's loss to mourn;
 Ah! who with reasoning would controul
 Those tears, that bathe her funeral urn?

III.

Those tears are thine which gem the eye,
 And all her fears and anguish smother;
 First, when an infant's feeble cry
 Proclaims the lovely fair "a mother."
 And when that infant,—grown a man,—
 O'er seas beset with wild alarms,
 (Contracting space into a span,)
 Shall spring into that mother's arms,
 Who that e'er felt, as mothers feel,
 Would her soft trickling tears forego?
 Not all the gold that burnish'd steel,
 E'er won upon the field of woe,
 Could tempt the mother, father, wife,
 To check the rapturous throbs and tears,
 Which quicken into instant life,
 When that delighted son appears!

There is a simile in Horace almost superlative. I quote it, not be-

IV.

When Tasso's fate, when DANTE's page,
Beguile the bosom's overflow;
When want, disease, and helpless age,
Dissolve the heart in speechless woe.
And when the maniac's piercing cry
Loud o'er the echoing torrent swells;
And when his robe, his lyre, his eye,
Too truly mark where misery dwells;
Who can withhold their starting tears?
And who their heaving sighs suppress?
Those,—only those,—whose iron ears
Are never open to distress.

V.

When SIRACH's or ISAIAH's page
Subdues the heart, or fires the soul;
When, glowing with celestial rage,
Their bold and burning measures roll:
And soaring on the boldest wing,
That ever graced poetic flight,
Tune their best and favourite string,
To set the human heart aright;
And justify the ways of Heaven
To every weak and dubious eye,
By teaching, that a good is given
With every painful mystery,

cause I have imitated it, but because it may serve to awaken in the mind
of the reader the most affecting associations.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invidio
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cunctantem spatio longiùs annuo
Dulci destinat à domo,
Votis, omnibusque & precibus vocat;
Curvo nec faciem littore demovet:
Sic desideriiis icta fidelibus
Quærit patria Cæsarem.—Lib. iv. od. v. l. 9.

The bosom heaves !—In every clime
 Each eye distils with holy tears,
 To see how simple and sublime
 The plan of Providence appears !

VI.

And when from towering cliffs we view,
 With wondering eye and ravish'd breast,
 Old Snowdon, capp'd with purple hue
 Of sun—declining in the west.
 And when at midnight's solemn hour,
 The soul is dazzled with the blaze
 Of countless orbs, whose matchless power
 Hymns vespers to th' Eternal's praise ;
 Astonish'd, charm'd, and rapt, the mind
 Springs from the earth and soars the skies ;
 Where pure,—exalted,—and refin'd,
 To heaven's high throne it glorying flies !

IV.

In a calm evening of summer,—a time, sacred to the indulgence of grief, and the study of wisdom,—when we are seated on the decayed trunk of an oak,—or on the basis of a rustic monument, how does the mind love to recal the memory of those friends, who are gone to that mysterious country, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest !” At those moments, our memory, like a magic mirror, improves their features to those of manly beauty ; their manners to a bland and amiable elegance ; and their language to a persuasive and bewitching oratory. Virtues, which we loved, while exchanging the mutual offices of friendship, are heightened to enthusiasm ; and even their foibles give additional splendour to their portraits.

In a retired spot of his domain, the survivor raises a column, at once expressive of his grief and friendship. To this hallowed spot he retires, at close of day, and exemplifies the motto of Shenstone, on the urn of the elegant and beautiful Maria!—Such was the conduct of Mason. With what mournful pleasure did he embellish his alcove with an urn and medallion of his friend, the melancholy Gray! A lyre was suspended over the entrance, inscribed with a motto from Pindar; and underneath was written on a tablet the following stanza from his celebrated elegy¹:—

Here scattered oft the loveliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

V.

Aristotle was accustomed to say, that melancholy was ever attendant on superior genius; and, the more to confirm the truth of his observation, he instances the examples of Hercules, Plato, and Ly-sander. It was this gentle affection, that soothed the soul of Drummond among the rocks and cascades of Hawthornden; of Dyer, when wandering among the mountains of Cwm-Dyr; and of Petrarch, when, among the solitudes of Valchiusa, he formed the wish, that there his friends should raise his funeral urn.

Recurring, my Lelius, to the circumstance of your melancholy, let me recal to your recollection, that, as melancholy is the daughter of genius, and sorrow

the offspring of misfortune, both the one and the other may be productive of long and lasting happiness. No one will venture to assert, that vicissitude is an object of desire; but few will be hardy enough to deny, that vicissitude may be productive of essential good. For as some medicines are healing to the stomach, which are bitter to the palate; and as it is by bruising and dividing its particles, that cinnabar assumes a vivid brilliancy, and thence becomes vermilion; so, by the storms and trials of an adverse fortune, patience exalts itself into resignation, and resignation into gratitude.

CHAPTER II.

Plato gives it as his decided opinion, that all misfortunes, which befall a virtuous man, will ultimately redound to his advantage; either in the present or in a future state of existence¹. And so assured am I of the truth and justice of this consolatory doctrine, that I esteem it a duty, imperative on polemicists, to wave every disputed point in theology, in order to unite all men in the persuasion, that every misfortune occurring to the just, is a root, which will produce a harvest, far more than a thousand times commensurate with the evil, previously inflicted.

Riches and rank, grandeur and power, it is true, command the gaze and admiration of the vulgar; be that vulgar clothed in rags or in lawn, in ermine or

¹ De Repub. x. Clé. De Lge. v.

in purple. But what gives their possessors a *godt* to enjoyment? What but that "*felix infelicitas*," which is mingled with our fate, and which operates as a bitter on a satiated palate. Does any one recline upon the bosom of love, and find not his delight heightened, when he recalls to mind the difficulties of his early passion? Thus sings the elegant and accomplished Sadi :—

How oft, when far from her I lov'd,
I've wept the sleepless nights away !
The anguish, Sadi, thou hast prov'd,
Augments the raptures of to day !

As well may we expect to gather the fruit of the vine, before the tree has blossomed, as to expect happiness without first tasting of vicissitude. It is a cavern, my Lelius, through which all must pass, before they enter the Elysian fields. Had Flavius Boethius never been imprisoned by Theodore, he had never written his *Consolation of Philosophy*. Had Grotius never visited the Hague, he had never composed his treatise on the *Truth of the Christian Religion*. In the plenitude of absolute authority, the haughtiest despot, that ever disgraced a throne, has no power to imprison or enthrall the mind. The captive, dead to all the world but himself, if possessed of virtue and a cultivated imagination, if once delighting in the noble and more beautiful scenes in the material world, or gratified in gathering food for meditation in the intellectual, still is free. His mind, which is a quarry, in

which he gathers riches, far more valuable, than either silver or gold, roves round the frontiers of the creation ; while memory paints to his mental eye fields, rocks, mountains, and forests. Those objects, ever beheld with lively pleasure, and now remembered with melancholy satisfaction, charm and lull his anguish to repose. From Nature he looks up to Nature's God : breathes with a low and solemn voice the history of his wrongs : and rests securely satisfied, that no prayer, springing from a source so pure, is ever frowned upon. All his powers of association are brought into action ; passages of his favourite poets are recited with energy ; the principles of those sciences, to which he had been attached in his youth, are analysed and confirmed ; he hears those airs in music, which once had power to charm him, again titillate his ear ; those domestic landscapes, which once delighted him, are drawn with strict fidelity on his mental canvas : while the paintings of Correggio, Claude, Poussin, and of Bassano, appear to decorate the walls and niches of his prison. Again in fancy he treads the abode of the great and the good ; he beholds the marble columns of the rich, and the woodbine cottage of the indigent ;—he sighs at the music of the torrent ;—treads, with solemn footsteps, the mansions of the dead ; or, with happy transition, reclines beneath the oak, that shelters his paternal dwelling.—Now he becomes sensible of what he has lost by imprudence, or gained by experience ;—truth is seen in all its sober hue ;—prejudice is dissolved ;—

every motive of human action is observed through the medium of a clear and faithful mirror ; and the mind is purged of errors, by which it has been long abused.

II.

Such are the advantages of a brilliant imagination and corrected judgment under circumstances, which would almost annihilate the faculties of inferior minds :—circumstances, which begin by deadening, but finish in stimulating an exalted and heroic spirit.

Those evils, which, for a time, may have cast a sombre hue on all our prospects, when beheld in a retrospective mirror, not only lose half of their keenness, but are converted into sources of present comfort. How soothing is it to reflect upon a danger escaped, or on the miseries we have endured ! And when undergoing those miseries, or escaping those dangers, let us, my friend, remember, how near a companion pleasure is to pain. Let us recollect, that roses bloom in profusion on the banks of the Tenglio¹ ; that one of the most beautifully coloured flowers, and one of the most splendid of vegetables grow near mount Hecla² ; that coral, ambergris, agates, and chrystals, are found upon a stormy coast ; that verdure adorns the bottom and sides of the burning mountain of Guadaloupe : and that porphyry hardens the more it is exposed to

¹ A river in Lapland.

Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit ; et urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est.

Ovid.

² Andromeda Hypnoides, and the Chamænerium halimifolium.

the elements. Let us reflect that the Chinese paradise is surrounded by deserts ;—that not only chrystals but insects are sometimes found within the hardest rocks, and diamonds in the deepest mines :—that the magnet, which is the hardest tempered, retains its power of affinity longer than others ; that one of the loudest of musical instruments¹ is susceptible of the softest cadence ; and the hardest marble of the finest polish.

Then let us remember, that the most bitter of all vegetables has a sweet and aromatic root² ; that the silver mines of Peru are elevated to the height of perpetual snow ;—and that medicinal waters spring even among the burning mountains of Japan ;—that vipers, so hideous and so noxious to our sight, act as restoratives to an emaciated habit ;—while mercury, so ineffective in its primitive state, when separated into particles, and combined with mineral acids, becomes, as it is administered, the most violent of poisons, or the most admirable of remedies.³ And while we recal all this to our recollection, let us not forget, that it is the consonance of discordant sounds, which constitutes harmony in music ; and that it is inculcated even on the chimney-piece of an inn, at Brisack, in the canton of Friburg,⁴ that patience is the antidote of life, and that if we would learn to conquer, we must learn to suffer. For as richness of colour is the result of repeated touches of the pencil, and as strength of mind is the concomitant result of continued dis-

¹ The serpent.

² Absinthium.

³ Vid. Art. Argentum vivum.

⁴ Antidotum vitæ patientia, sola malorum
Vicitrix.—Si bene vis vincere, disce pati.

appointment; so happiness is not unfrequently the result of our having the power of comparing our present comforts with our past misfortunes.¹

CANZONET.

FROM THE SPANISH.

The days of our happiness gliding away,
A year seems a moment, and ages a day;
But Fortune converting our smiles into tears,
What an age a diminutive moment appears;
Oh! Fortune,—possess'd of so fickle a name—
Why only in this art thou ever the same?
Oh! change!—and bid moments of pleasure move slow,
And give eagle plumes to the pinions of woe.

III.

Do we ever taste the pleasures of our fireside so highly, as when we have been exposed, for the greater part of the day, to the frost and snow without? With what joy does an old pilot, whose youth has been spent upon a rough and boisterous element, retire to the place of his nativity, to enjoy the rewards of meritorious industry! What comfort does he derive in his little hut, reared upon one of the cliffs, that overlook the ocean! Seated by his cheerful fire; and surrounded by his family, how does he delight, as he feels a few remaining impulses of a once adventurous spirit, to recount the numerous hardships, he has

¹ *Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.
Forsan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

Æneid.

Suavis est laborum præteritorum memoria.

Apud. Cic. De Finibus, lib. ii. c. 32.

endured upon a distant main! Those winds and storms, that howl at midnight, and which once were accustomed to fill his mind with apprehension, now sweeten the remembrance of affliction, and lull him to repose. Thus the halcyon builds its nest in stormy weather, to enjoy the luxury of a lasting calm.

Have we been tossed upon a bed of sickness¹? How is our frame reanimated, when, escaping from our chamber, we inhale the breath of the morning! All Nature, at that period, renders us satisfaction; the song of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the bubbling of waters, are music to our ears. Nature, dispensing, as it were, for us, the most agreeable perfumes, expands all her beauties; while every object we see, and every sound we hear, are so many inspirers of that ardent gratitude, which distends our breast.

When the mind has been weakened by severe application, when the heart, lacerated by acute sorrow, refuses even to be charmed by a changing fortune;²

¹ Les plus simples objets ; le chant d'une fauvette,
Le matin d'un beau jour, la verdure des bois,
Le fraîcheur d'une violette ;
Mille spectacles, qu'autrefois
On voyoit avec nonchalance,
Transportent aujourd'hui, présentent des appas
Inconnus à l'indifférence,
Et que la foule ne voit pas,

Gresset.

² Pectora, longis habetata malis,
Non sollicitas ponunt curas ;
Proprium hoc miseros sequitur vitium,
Nunquam rebus credere lætis,

Redeat

and when we would not hesitate to give the price even of a village for that vegetable,¹ which has the power of healing debilities, arising from those powerful causes; what can more ameliorate the influence of the one, or give a decided tone to the other, than the view of fields and meadows, peopled with rural animals, or adorned with the assemblages of rural industry? The effects of all these are equal to that of the Lydian or Eolian modes of music: they pacify the storms of ill fortune, and soothe the sallies of passion.

IV.

Have we lost a dear and affectionate friend? Has the world neglected our merits, or insulted our virtues? Do we wish to remember only the hours of our infancy? Do we desire to be lulled to the slumber of death?—What sight shall delight our eyes, what sounds enchant our ears, what odour charm our senses, like the perfumes of the fields, the music of torrents, and the gay and animated visions of Nature! These are those notes, which form that Phrygian mode of mental music, which Lactantius writes of, that seem as if they possessed the power, by leading the

Redeat felix Fortuna licet,
Tamen afflictos gaudere piget.
Nulla surgens dolor ex causâ
Hos flere jubet, sed vagus intro
Terror oberrat, subitos fundunt
Oculi fletus; nec causa subest,
Imber vultu nolente cadit. *Seneca Thyestis.*

¹ The ginseng. *Panax quinquefolia*:—a native of China and North America. Bot. Mag. 1333.

mind to a contemplation of higher agents, of administering to the heart the most elevated consolations. For in the hour of despair no scenes like those can alleviate our melancholy : rising from the couch of disease, nothing reanimates our frame like the sunshine of a vernal morning : corroded by disappointed affection, or at those times, when the world presumes too much upon our misfortunes, and anticipates too little from our courage, where shall we look for consolation, but in the cultivation of our better feelings ; in the conscious integrity of our hearts ; and in those awful and sublime scenes of Nature, which in so powerful a manner, charm, delight, and elevate the fancy ? While nothing points by stronger, or more undeceptive associations, to **ETERNAL GLORY**, than the tranquil splendour of an evening sun,—blushing in purple.

If, at any time, my friend, the distress of the moment makes days of past affliction appear days of comparative happiness, and the sorrow of the present is too much for human infirmity to bear with resolution and with constancy, range among the rocks of St. Catherine, the groves of Dynevaux, or the towers of Careg-cennon ; while the one echo with the dashing of the waves ; the other sigh with responsive whisperings ; and the last ring with portentous sounds. Climb to the summit of the mountain ; rove on the banks of rapid rivers ; or among the solitudes of a sequestered glen ; and let their melancholy consonance whisper peace to your heart. One hour, so past, is worth an age of common existence : and every step, so taken,

is one step towards heaven. Ah! my friend, how much are the feelings of sorrow subdued, and those of admiration excited in scenes, so grand and so impressive! Scenes in which while indulging, we lose in meditative silence all sense of the past; while the most serious causes of sorrow melt into insignificance! The mind, elevated above those little cares, which agitate the ambitious, the malignant, and the proud, looks up with awe; while the breast heaves with conscious gratitude, as we reflect, that the God, we contemplate in those magnificent monuments of eternity, is a father to the fatherless, and a friend to the unfortunate.

V.

Shall a yeoman esteem himself better, than his neighbour of another village, because the sun shines upon his fields to-day and not upon his neighbour's? Neither ought the fortunate to triumph over the unfortunate, because they bask in that fortune to-day, which may equally illumine the forehead of the miserable on the morrow. What honour accrues to the player of piquet, by gaining a repique? a success, having all the advantages of victory, without one particle of the honour. That labour ensures profit;—that the difficulty, attending the first acquirements in science and language, should produce delight;—that the greatest of benefits shall be attended with evil;—and the greatest of evil by some secret good;—are all exemplified in the Phenician fable of the goddess of beauty marrying the demi-god of deformity. Would you form

a ship's ropes of spider's webs? Would you weave to canvass the gossamer of a frosty morning? Why, then, attempt to erect the structure of happiness solely on the smiles of a wanton? The character of fortune is, for the most part, the character of an harlot. Build then upon the perfection of virtue! The most violent of all hurricanes has no power to disturb the serenity, which prevails in the bed of the Pacific; nor shall the calamities of life melt the foundation on which a good man builds. Honest hope shall never die like a vapour;—and when misfortunes would turn his sanctuary into a theatre of tumult and confusion, he shall repose on the bosom of his virtue, as a chaste wife shall repose on the bosom of her husband.

How sweet to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to our breast;
And lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink, at last, to rest.¹

Hammond.

VI.

In the hour of affliction, moderated by time, the imagination is frequently the best friend, we possess. But from the beauties of Nature, he will be found to derive the most perfect consolation, whose soul,

¹ From Tibullus. Sophocles has a similar sentiment; quoted by Cicero: Attic. ii. 6.

How sweet,
Under the covert of a sheltered home,
With mind serene, and eyes disposed to slumber,
To hear the pelting of the pitiless storm!

not poisoned by meretricious refinements, is untainted by promiscuous intercourse with society. For in the same manner as planets revolve with a velocity, proportionate to their proximity to the sun ; and as a poet is more estimated by those, who can boast a kindred spirit, and whose minds are capable of rising or falling in unison with his¹; so does he derive the most enjoyment from natural beauty, who possesses an elevated fancy, and corrected judgment.

In youth the love of Nature, which ever attends a cultivated imagination, is attended by lasting and most beneficial results. It contributes to inspire delicacy ; and to encourage a taste for whatever is beautiful in Nature, amiable in morals, or captivating in art. In manhood, when realities too much occupy the mind, were it not for the enjoyments, which the palate of a polite taste is enabled to relish, the journey of life would appear a weary pilgrimage. When the ignorant and unfeeling, the avaricious and the envious, possess so many opportunities to display their passions, and so much inclination to palsy the exertions of industry ; tortured by anxiety, we should be ready to exclaim with the highly qualified Cicero, that were the gods to offer to repose us, once more in the cradle of infancy, we would renounce the boon. But, captivated by the sweet allurements of the imagination, the misfortunes of the world are counterbalanced by the enjoyments of taste. When active life is super-

¹ *Quorum omnium interpretes, ut grammatici poetarum, proxime ad eorum, quos interpretantur, divinationem videbuntur accedere.*

seded by the imbecilities of age; and the old are no longer flattered by the credulities of hope;—if they no longer derive health and comfort from exercise, nor perceive the brilliancies of colour; if they extract no satisfaction from novelty, nor melt with the tenderness of love; conscious that the storms of ill fortune have subsided; and being unreprieved by conscience; they enjoy a rich consolation in the approving whispers of an honest heart. Feeling no aching void;—remembering no unworthy deed;—the fairy visions of hope are succeeded by agreeable recollections; sympathy diffuses its spells; and anticipations of a better station modulate their feelings to profound repose.

INSCRIPTION.

(SCENE—THE VALE OF FFESTINIOG.)

Dost thou, oh Stranger! from the world's turmoil,
 Seek in these awful scenes a safe retreat
 From all the ills of life?—Ere thou dost build
 Thine humble cottage on the rocky banks
 Of this wild torrent, read these simple lines,
 Carved on this bark by one, who knew the world too well!

* * * * *

“ Seek'st thou Contentment in this lonely spot?
 “ Examine first the secrets of thine heart.
 “ Hast thou fulfill'd the duties of thy station?
 “ If not—return thee to the world again;
 “ And, in its busy scenes, reclaim those hours
 “ Which Vice wrung from thee; for, in Solitude,
 “ No happiness awaits that wretched man,
 “ Who leaves the world, because the world leaves him.
 “ No!—He, who'd find enjoyment when alone,
 “ Must first be wise, be innocent, and good.
 “ But if, oh stranger! thou art hither driven
 “ By wrongs of fortune, or the wrongs of man

" Charm'd with the rude and awful character
 " Of these wild rocks and mountains,—look around ;
 " Scan every object with a curious eye ;
 " Let not a spot be lost ;—since SOLITUDE
 " Has built her temple here. These towering rocks,
 " These woods and mountains, and this winding stream,
 " Welcome thy coming : every object round
 " Tells thee, that here, from passing year to year,
 " No bold intruder will disturb thy rest.
 " Contentment reigns within the glen below,
 " And freedom dances on the mounta'n's top.
 " At early morn the hunter's call is heard ;
 " At close of day the shepherd's simple pipe
 " Charms the lonely valley with its rustic note.
 " — Pause, wanderer, here then, go no farther on !
 " And near this spot, which overlooks the glen,
 " Erect thy home :—for here, in happy hour,
 " What time the sun had shed his evening ray
 " O'er all the prospect rude, a gentle MAID
 " (Form'd in kind Nature's best and happiest mood),
 " In all the sweet simplicity of heart,
 " Call'd this '*the sweetest spot that she had ever seen.*'

VII.

When we have been annoyed by the defects of
 imbecility, the conceit of ignorance, the dulness
 of pedantry, the arrogance of unlettered pride,
 the offensive impertinence of a fool :—When we ob-
 serve men, gifted with fine talents, more solicitous
 to gain a wide, than an honourable reputation ; and
 eager to prostitute their integrity, by becoming pan-
 ders to all the base passions of the rich :—When we
 are disgusted with the malice of man to man, and
 irritated, in beholding the baseness of woman to
 woman :—When, in our intercourse with the world,

we perceive societies, whose folly is their pride, and whose ignorance is their satisfaction, forming conspiracies against taste, learning, and genius, and becoming, as it were, scavengers to the lowest dependants of malignity :—When among the high, the intermediate, or the abject orders of vulgarity, we observe men (whose information extends no farther, than to the refuted follies of their associates, and whose industry is exerted only in the propagation of their errors), when we observe men of this contemptible proportion actively employed, in a vain endeavour to reduce the consequence of others to the disgraceful standard of their own littleness,—let us turn to the vale, the valley, or the glen, and listen to their echoes !

VIII.

When you behold genius and virtue destitute of bread, and ignorance and vice, rolling in chariots, and honoured by the world :—When you see men, sliding into indecent age, without having derived one practical maxim from experience, and without enjoying one solid comfort from a retrospect of the past :—When you observe characters, to whom the world has long looked up for consistency of conduct, bartering an honest independence, for the meretricious splendour of a title :—When men, the greatest liars on whose lives and characters are the ironical mottoes on their escutcheons, catch a fugitive importance from a dignified employment :—When the rector, filling an honourable and a sacred station, and belonging to that highly respectable order, who are the ministers of that admirable master who said, “take my yoke upon

you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart;”—When the rector, offensively inflated with imaginary consequence, “plays such pranks before high heaven, that e’en the angels weep:”—When you see envy, inverting the order of nature, by weeping when others rejoice, and rejoicing, when others weep:—When you see folly smiling with rapture at the occasional weakness of genius, and the unconscious misconceptions of excellence:—When men, whose only qualifications arise from wealth, from influence, or from rank, usurp the chair of magistracy, and stretching or relaxing the laws, as best accords with passion or convenience, induce you to regret there is no college for magistrates:—In those moments of pity, disgust and mortification, my Lelius, descend to the margin of the river, which washes your domain; and, catching impressions from the emblem of eternity before you, resign your thoughts to meditation; and in the day-dreams of your fancy anticipate exemption from all recollection of the past, and increased enjoyment from a contemplation of the future!

ODE.

Written at a Fountain, near Cader-Idris, Merionethshire.

I.

THE winds are hush'd;—the woods are still;
And clouds around yon towering hill,
In silent volumes roll:—
While o'er the vale, the moon serene
Throws yellow on the living green;
And wakes a harmony between
The body and the soul.

148 *Distinction between Pleasure and Happiness.*

II.

Deceitful calm !—You volumes soon,
Though gilded by the golden moon,
Will send the thunder's roar ;—
Gloom will succeed the glowing ray ;
The storm will range with giant sway ;
And lightnings will illumine its way
Along the billowy shore.

III.

'Tis thus in life from youth to age,
Through manhood's weary pilgrimage,
What flattering charms infest !
We little think beneath a smile,
How many a war, how many a wile,
The rich, confiding, heart beguile,
And rob it of its rest.

IV.

Then let me near this fountain lie ;
And let old time in silence fly,
Stealing my youth away !
Far from the riot of the mean,
Oh ! let me o'er this fountain lean ;
Till death has drawn the darksome screen,
That hides eternal day.

CHAPTER III.

As conscience sooner or later, revenges herself upon those, who have had the folly to wound her ; so does happiness revenge herself upon all those, who have presumed to confound her name and her qualities, with the name and the qualities of pleasure.—Pleasure and happiness, my Lelius, are as distinct from each other, as pedantry is from learning, and oratory from logic :—between all of which, though by the vulgar they are so often confounded,

there is as wide a difference as between earths and plants, insects and animals. Pleasure consists in the indulgence of the senses; happiness in the cultivation of the mind, and in the right direction of our passions. While the one soothes us into content, the other intoxicates, as the bird of paradise becomes intoxicated with the strong scent of the nutmeg; and, as was finely observed by Tertullian, stings us to death. Philosophy, teaching the knowledge of things, as language teaches the knowledge of words, like an argument ending in a just corollary, never fails to reward her followers with a commensurate measure of happiness. For as the Saracenic architects multiply and combine arches in every possible direction, so virtue and philosophy open a thousand inlets to happiness, multiply our capabilities, and teach us that useful and acknowledged truth, that as one philosopher is worth a thousand sophists, so one moment of real happiness is to be preferred to a thousand of illegitimate pleasure.

He can never be esteemed an honest well-wisher of society, who would teach us to indulge in pleasure; who would take fear from the eyes of the base; or who would rob unmerited misfortune of its best and cheapest consolation. Who robs us of our purse, steals that, which is of little value;—who robs us of our reputation steals that, which may be again recovered;—but he who weakens and undermines our faith in the justice and the love of heaven, takes from us all consolation for the past, all happiness for the present, and all hope for the future. Were

I a Mahometan, I should wish to believe in Mahomet, till the man, who told me he was an impostor, gave me a better and a nobler creed than his. Why will our sceptics rob us of our diamonds, and give us pebbles in return?

II.

True philosophy, despising those dogmas, which, resting on secondary causes, would undermine the happiness of millions, without leaving an adequate value in return, is as grateful to the soul, as it is one of the highest enjoyments of life, to meet with objects, worthy of our esteem, and capable of exciting an honourable admiration. Naturally inducing mildness of manners and an enlightened enthusiasm, you will find in the cultivation of it, enjoyments which no wealth can purchase; of which neither treachery nor envy can deprive you; and which has this peculiar excellence, that the more the world seeks to render you miserable, the more will she struggle to render you happy. It was a knowledge of this, that enabled Colonna to reply to a waspish kind of neighbour, who occasionally annoyed him:—"Nature has endowed me, Sir, with such a disposition for happiness, that I should be in danger of losing all appetite for enjoyment, had she not kindly blest me with such an enemy as you, to act as an occasional pungent to my palate." Philosophy, my friend, like other great and good characters, has been much mistaken by the weak, and wantonly injured by the subtle.—As the wolf is fabled to have borrowed the fleece of the

sheep, so have the artful and designing, of every age, assumed the robe of Philosophy ; and sparkling with fictitious splendour, imposed upon the credulity, and insulted the faith of the ignorant and imbecile. And to such an extent has this imposture been carried ; and with such success has the empiricism been attended ; that Philosophy herself,—pure and immaculate as she is,—having so long been associated with such dishonourable companions, has been in urgent danger of a total dissolution. As the palm-tree, however, when burnt to its root, rises again more beautifully than ever ; so Philosophy, elevating herself above every difficulty, rises, like the phoenix, from her own ashes. Deceived by the gravity of the pedant,—a gravity which is the essence of imposture ! —the world, undervaluing precision of thought, and a consequent perspicuity of style, has long conceived philosophy to be dull, obscure, and mysterious. Totally ignorant, that real science is simplicity personified, they mistake mystery for depth ; and an affectation of knowledge for the quintessence of learning : not being sufficiently advanced in the grand school of Nature to know, that mystery and pedantry are nothing but hiding-cloaks for the concealment of ignorance and nonsense. Hence arises the spurious association of real with fictitious philosophy. The latter, always at war with truth, like an inverted pyramid, stands upon a slender basis, and must, of necessity, be difficult of comprehension :—while the former never becomes obscure, till, ceasing to be solid, it degenerates into the latter ; which, in all ages, has been ac-

tive in the propagation of error, and industrious in the composition of fools.

III.

There is no one, who has not heard of the clown, that was lost in astonishment, when he discovered his sovereign to be a man like himself. In the same manner, those, who conceive Philosophy to be abstruse, would be equally astonished to find how elegantly simple she is.¹ To find her so, however, it is, of course, necessary to seek her in the proper road, and after a proper manner. The man, desirous of learning Greek, consults his grammar before he turns the pages of a lexicon; and a mechanic, before he presumes to erect a steam engine, thoroughly acquaints himself with the nature and properties of heat. No one must aspire to enter the temple of phi-

¹ "When men," says Professor Stewart,* "have succeeded at length in cultivating their imagination, things the most familiar and unnoticed disclose charms, invisible before. The same objects and events, which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul: the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man, who, after having lost in vulgar occupation and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth. —

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale;
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

* Philosophical Essays, 4to., p. 509.

losophy by the cupola;—there is but one entrance, and that entrance is the vestibule.

Well was it observed by Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, “that though a man may not be a logician, or a naturalist, yet he is not the less so, for being either liberal, modest, or charitable.” For his mind is not the less philosophic, who, making allowances for the natural imbecility of human nature, and knowing the influence of opinion, cultivates the respect and the admiration of the world at large. In this experiment, however, never will he be anxiously solicitous. An over-weaning desire of obtaining the esteem of every man we meet is a sure indication of mental imbecility. He is not, at all times, the best of men, of whom the generality of mankind speak well: for, in its estimate of character, the world, captivated by appearances, too often overlooks motive; and too frequently, associating fortune with virtue, mistakes ostentation for charity, in the same manner as it mistakes license for liberty, and freedom of morals for liberality of sentiment.

IV.

Neither is he to be esteemed the worst of men, of whom a certain description of persons speak ill. Vice and virtue will no more willingly associate with each other, than seeds will germinate in oil; mercury amalgamate with iron; or exotics naturalize in Egypt. The votaries of the one, therefore, are, of necessity, enemies to the other; with this remarkable distinction;—that virtue (from the excellence of its own nature) is not capable of hating vice to the excess, that vice is capable of hating virtue. To

minds of a common stamp, talents and genius are unpardonable provocations; for, speaking by a synecdoche, the world makes war upon excellence, and almost induces us to call those unfortunate, who dare be eminent in any thing. Reputation, therefore, which is sometimes gained without merit, is as frequently lost by the exercise of our virtues, as of our vices;—our good qualities, as one of the first moralists of the age has truly observed, often exposing us to more hatred and persecution, than all the ills we do. To the malignity of vicious men, my Lelius, employ the expressive eloquence of silence. When they smile upon you, remember that the serpent sometimes assumes the innocence of a worm, and the condor the gentleness of a dove. When they would play upon you, recal to your memory that fine assertion of Young, that “affronts are innocent when men are worthless.” And yet—listen to their reproaches! Amid all their folly and extravagance, like the ass in the fable, they will sometimes stumble upon truth by accident. That truth will do you more essential service, than all the promises of a friend at court. But mean, and grovelling, and contemptible is he, who bears with every one’s humour; simpers in every coxcomb’s face; shakes every villain by the hand; and looks, and smiles, and flatters every wretch he meets, for the indigent satisfaction of wearing the honours of what the world contemptuously denominates, “*a good sort of man!*” To be universally well spoken of, we must either possess a vast fund of good-nature; be inordinately weak; or inordinately vicious. We must crawl to the great; stoop to the

rich; flatter the weak; and listen to the calumnies, which every unworthy knave, if he has not the baseness to invent, has the constructive baseness to circulate, without a look of abhorrence, or a smile of contempt! We must be rich; and, above all, we must not aspire to independence of character!

V.

Three of the principal reasons, why men of enlarged and liberal minds are beloved so little by the world in general, arise from a certain degree of fear, with which they are regarded by the vulgar; an acknowledged sensation of awe, with which the great observe them; and from the circumstance of their being so difficult to be played upon by ordinary minds. They frequently require a master's hand to draw from them harmony, melody, or even euphony. The touch of vulgar fingers elicits nothing but the discord of sincerity. For, measuring every object by its proper standard, it is with difficulty they conceal their utter contempt of pride and vanity, vulgarity and ignorance. Independence of character is a quality, therefore, which few have the magnanimity to forgive; though few are so base, but they are capable of admiring. Whither, in this wilderness, shall men of such superior order turn for comfort? For they have virtues, which prompt them to love mankind; sympathies, which need only to be awakened to draw most exquisite music; and though they respect, admire, and love but few, those they do respect, admire, and

love, may play upon their nerves just what stop they please.

In this world of selfishness and error, where all the homage of a general respect is usurped by the rich and the dignified, whither shall they turn for comfort? Is any comfort to be found, my Lelius? You pause!—Yes!—Even in this world comfort—excellent comfort—can be found. For though, for the most part, men, who are lost in hopeless insignificance, hate genius with as much cordiality as the ugly and deformed hate beauty,¹ there are nevertheless a few,—a noble and discriminating few,—scattered through the world, to cultivate whose esteem; to deserve whose love; and to excite whose admiration; who would not climb Mount Etna, even in the midst of winter? or toil through all the sands of Ethiopia, even in the midst of summer? The esteem of such men as these—one friend—one mistress—and one God! Oh! this world, this vain and anxious world, my Lelius, is a paradise after all!

Six things my heart abhors.—A treacherous lawyer; a proud priest; a partial magistrate; a man of low cunning; a woman of a flatulent tongue; and one who speaks irreverently of his benefactor. Seven

¹ We may compare the conduct of persons of this description to that of an ourang-outang: a species of beings, who shew no mercy, when they unfortunately get a MAN into their power. While they are kept in awe and subjection, they are tame and submissive; but the moment an opportunity arrives, their malice is inveterate, and their vengeance is complete.

¹ Tria in uno.

orders of men my heart respects.—A peasant, who loves his children, regards his master, and his interests, and honours his God :—the prince, who loves his people's ease, better than false glory :—a high-minded man, steeped in misfortune :—a man of genius, undeformed by eccentricity :—the man who fights for liberty in the senate ; he who bleeds for it in the field ; and he who, in the midst of obloquy, still pursues an honourable purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

Gifted with an exalted fancy, the admirer of Nature feels all the raptures of a poet, though ungifted with his inspiration ; and, without the talent for poetry, possesses, at intervals, something of the *vaticinatio furentis animi*, which, in all moments, elevated the genius of Plato and of Cicero. Those elegant men were lovers of the sublime and beautiful, to an unlimited extent. But Cicero, though he combined the most refined taste with the noblest genius ; and though he was one, who, as Quintilian observes, received not the waters of heaven, but whose waters flowed from himself, as from a living fountain, was ungifted with poetic fire.¹ Plato, whose writings formed two of the finest of poets, arrived at no eminence as a poet himself :—and Burke, that splendid but eccentric genius, who, in many of his works, displayed a mind superlatively gifted ; and

¹ Virgillum illa felicitas ingenii in oratione soluta relinquit : ciceronem eloquentia sua in carminibus destituit.

who joined to the nicest sensibility an imagination, at once grand, vigorous, and creative, confessed his inability to aspire to the soft and delicate touches of the muse. Thus we find, that though one art may have a necessary connexion with several others, as oratory has with poetry, and poetry with music, yet a different genius is required for each. Handel could never equal Gray in poetry ; nor could Virgil equal Hortensius or Cicero in eloquence.

But though all admirers of Nature are not poets ; all poets are admirers of Nature. They people every grove ; deck every object, whether animate or inanimate, in glowing colours ; and having formed a captivating picture, become, like Pygmalion the sculptor, enamoured of their own creations. For this faculty they are indebted to the powers of a brilliant imagination ;—that noble quality of the mind, which gives alluring colours even to the most abstruse of sciences ;—and which in consequence exalts its possessor far above the common standard of humanity. The imagination is the mistress of the mind ; reason its sovereign :—the powers and pleasures of the former of which, as Plato said of the soul, are like the harmony of an harp, invisible, immaterial and divine. And in personifying which, Apelles would have selected Urania for his model ; in describing her, Ariosto and Spenser would have employed the utmost power of their genius ;—and Palladio, in erecting to her a temple, would have laid the foundations on a rock, commanding, on one side, the Ionian Islands ; while the shades of Athens, the ruins of Corinth, and the plains of Argolis, decorated the other. In delineating her charac-

ter, *Marcellus Tyrius* would have dwelt, with enthusiasm, on the brilliancy of her colours, the intensity of her feelings, the beauty of her sentiments, and the nobleness of her designs.

II.

As a foil to these beauties, and to these virtues, *Locke* would sometimes have doubted her representations; suspected that her mansion is a labyrinth; her charms meretricious; her plans visionary; and her brilliant promises so many harbingers of disappointment. Not insensible to the objections, which may be raised to the cultivation of the fancy, the deference which we pay to the judgment of *Locke*, we will not extend to his taste; and since the imagination, well-governed, ameliorates inquietude, enlivens retirement, and expands the affections; since it mellows love, dignifies friendship, and sublimates virtue, who would not be proud of possessing so admirable a quality?—A quality, like *Chloris*, scattering roses, travel where it will.

While indulging its poetic attributes, a hermitage seems more beautiful than a palace; visions of happiness melt into the heart like marmalade; affection acquires a more dignified impression; every scene is converted into a sentiment; the heart glows with a mild and contemplative rapture; and the world's pleasures and the world's jargon sink into ridicule: while the sober and satisfying delights of the mind lengthen in effect, as shadows acquire longitude the nearer the sun approaches the horizon in the west. And while

160 *Imagination ;—Youth, the Season of Enterprize.*

the mind loses all its wish for wandering, past sorrows operate as harbingers of future benefits. And every object, speaking to the imagination in language tender, glowing, and eloquent, the mind recognizes its birthright of immortality, since *ESTO PERPETUA* appears to be engraven on every sensible sign.

III.

In youth, the imagination arrays hope in fairy forms and brilliant colours. At that period, when every joy is in perspective, no bound is fixed to our projects or our wishes. One height, climbed, presents others, yet more high to overcome; and one desire gratified becomes a mean, by which youth expects to indulge another, more expanded and more promising. Present difficulties fly before the resolution of a young and ardent mind:—animated with the *vis vivida animi*, it rushes boldly on, climbs the mountain, nor stoops to enjoy the landscape, it has left behind. The horse of Statius¹ is not more eager and impetuous.

Such are the aspirations of those youth, in whom the God of Nature has implanted a faculty of perceptive elegance, or an innate sense of harmonic feeling. For, in the same manner as the wind, fluttering upon the wires of an Æolian harp,² produces the most

¹ Stare loco nescit, pereunt vestigia mille
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis angula campum.

² For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains ;—&c. &c.

tender and bewitching music, so has Nature's hand

To certain species of external things
Attun'd the finer organs of the mind.

When youth has lost somewhat of its elasticity, the effects of joy and of sorrow upon minds, so tuned, are far different from those, which affect men of ordinary feeling, and of common capacity. Joy produces a soft, mellow, pathetic solemnity of thought; sorrow a chastened dignity of manner, which raises man to the rank of a Petrarch; and woman to the elevation of a Madonna. With Nature for their friend, her flowers, her odours, her real and aerial landscapes, have power to charm, when the world has wounded their feelings, or fortune divested them of her favours. —Stretched upon a rock, lulled to reveries beside the

Akenside seems to have caught this idea from a passage in one of Moliere's comedies:—*Mademoiselle*, says Diaforius, *ne plus, ne moins que la Statue de Memnon rendoit un son harmonieux lorsqu'elle venoit à être éclairée des rayons du soleil: tout de même me sens-je animé d'un doux transport à l'apparition du soleil de vos beautés.*

Le Malade Imaginaire, act ii., sc. 5.

There is a passage in some degree allied to this in Lope de Vega's heroic poem of "La Hermosura de Angelica."

Que coma con la musica se haze,
Concorde son, &c. &c.

For as in music concord is produced
By various different sounds, that symphonize,
And from their union harmony is born;
So in the human frame harmonious parts
Compose one perfect whole; and touch the keys,
That wake such sounds melodious, as entrance
The hearer with delight.

Southey.

fall of a fountain, beholding Nature here rough and untutored, wild and majestic ; there soft or gay, elegant or enchanting ; feeling her separate and contrasted charms whisper peace to their hearts, they resemble travellers, who, having, for a long time, wandered over dreary and pathless deserts, find themselves, on a sudden, in a narrow, winding defile, where the perfumes of aromatics, wholesome fruits, and clear springs, invite to enjoyment, to admiration and repose.

But I think I hear you, my Lelius, whisper, that the imagination must be chastised by the sober dictates of judgment ; and that those pleasures, which it undoubtedly affords, lead only to disappointment, if, in giving unlimited sway to our fancy, we indulge in all the wild varieties of its nature ; and wanton, free and unfettered, in all the enjoyments it promises. Doubtless, my friend, your argument is correct. I promise you, in the cultivation of the imagination, no solid satisfaction, unless it be corrected by reason, good sense, order, and propriety. So corrected, the imagination is ever pointing to something beyond the limits of our present state of imperfection.

IV.

It is this invincible love of grandeur, which prompts the mind to the contemplation of those objects, which raise our thoughts in gratitude and admiration ; and which, even from the pre-existence of time, are supposed to have had the love of the Deity himself. For,

—as Akenside observes, in the true spirit of Plato, and with all the sublimity of Milton and Lucretius,—

— Ere the radiant sun
Sprung from the east, or midst the vault of night,
The moon suspended her serener lamp ;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorned the globe,
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;
Then lived the ALMIGHTY ONE! :—Then deep, retired,
In his unfathomed essence, view'd the forms,

¹ This passage seems to have been conceived from a few lines in a poem, containing an insufferable degree of bombast with some portion, and more imitation, of Miltonic fire.—It is entitled *The Last Day* ; written by J. Bulkeley, Esq., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, who died September 1718, in the 24th year of his age. His poem was published in 1720.

Ere Titan learn'd to shower his golden streams,
Ere clouds adorn'd the air, or stars the void,
Nature droop'd dormant, in the bosom lost
Of savage chaos.
Rude rocks, mishapen hills, and globes uniform'd.
When rose the ALMIGHTY, &c. &c.

B. ii, c. 64.

This poem seems to have furnished Akenside with many of his cadences ; and some of those diamonds, which by polishing he knew so well how to make his own. Blair, too, seems to have been under some obligation to it.

It is not improbable, also, that Akenside read Georgius.—

Unus perfectus Deus est, qui cuncta creavit,
Cuncta fovens, atque ipse fovens super omnia in se:
Quis capitur mente tantum, qui mente videtur ;—
&c. &c.

Franc. Georg. in lib. de Hermo de Mund.

The forms external of created things;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
 And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
 His admiration ; till in time complete,
 What he admired and loved, his vital smile
 Unfolded into being.—Hence the breath
 Of life, informing each organic frame ;
 Hence the green earth and wild resounding waves,
 Hence light and shade, alternate ; warmth and cold ;
 And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
 And all the fair varieties of things.

There is a singular coincidence of thought between this fine passage and a beautiful one in an Hindoo hymn to “the spirit of God;” translated by Sir William Jones. There is also a similar idea in a fragment of Orpheus, quoted by Proclus ;—and another in the Edda of Sæmund.

V.

But however agreeable the visions of Nature may be, the imagination has the power of forming scenes more captivating to our fancy, than any she unfolds to us. Not that scenes, so drawn, are in reality more beautiful ; but they are more adapted to our peculiar ideas ; every person having the power of comparing and associating for himself, in a manner, most conformable to the justness or viciousness of his taste, and in a measure proportioned to the width and compass of his own mind.

From this argument, and from a consciousness, that the painters more frequently delineate what they wish to see, than what they do see, we might be tempted to infer, that the pictures of the poets, the more substantial creations of the painter, and the more splendid visions of the imagination, are, in reality, more beautiful, than the productions of Nature herself. But, though this arises from the circumstance of our taking only a superficial view of colours and forms, and from our inability to view Nature in detail and in combination too, and thence tracing the beauty of contrivance to the importance of its end, we will admit of the argument for the sake of the corollary.—A proof, a decisive, as well as an argumentative proof, of the ETERNITY OF THE MIND is established by it!—For, as man can never be supposed to have arrived at his proper sphere in the universe, while he is capable of conceiving objects more grand, or more beautiful than those, which Nature has thought proper to set before him; the very circumstance of his ability to conceive a combination of objects superior is, in itself, a sufficient ground for conviction, that the ETERNAL ARCHITECT HAS OTHER SCENES TO EXHIBIT TO HIS ADMIRATION. The proper sphere for immortality is that, in which no objects can be imagined superior to those, presented. If, when our friend Harmonica has arrived at the third heaven, she is capable of imagining something superior even to that, I would instantly declare, in the face of all the sceptics in the world, that there was a FOURTH HEAVEN. The state of absolute perfection is

that, in which the mind, having lost the faculty of imagination, finds sufficient exercise in the contemplation of its own beatitude.

CHAPTER V.

Through the medium combination of scenery frequently appears to have the power of partaking our delights, or of sympathizing in our misfortunes. As are our feelings, so does all nature seem to accord. Are we cheerful and gay? Every bird, every field, and every flower, are objects of delight. Are our spirits worn down with sorrow? Melancholy

round us throws
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose.
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades every flower, and darkens all the green;
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

Inanimate objects thus become, as it were, associates in our grief; and, not unfrequently, by the lessons they prefer, administering angels of consolation. When Cicero lamented the death of his daughter, Tullia, SERVIVS SULPITIUS wrote him a letter.—“Once,” said he, “when I was in distress, I received a sensible alleviation of my sorrow from a circumstance, which, in the hope of its having the same influence upon you, I will take this opportunity of relating. I was returning from Asia; and as I was steering my course, I began to contemplate the surrounding country. Behind me was Egina; Megara in the front: the Piræus occupied my right hand,

and Corinth my left. These cities, once flourishing, were now reduced to irretrievable ruin. 'Alas!' said I, somewhat indignantly, 'shall man presume to complain of the shortness, and the ills of life, whose being in this world is necessarily short, when I see so many cities, at one view, totally destroyed?' This reflection, my friend, relieved my sorrow."

Such was the influence of scenerial accompaniments on the mind of the elegant Sulpitius; and such, it may be presumed, was the consolation, derived even by the sanguinary MARIUS among the ruins of Carthage:—where, as LIVY² finely observes, Carthage seeing Marius, and Marius Carthage, the one might serve as a consolation to the other.

The answer of Marius to the prætor of Africa is one of the finest indications of a strong mind; recorded in history, and is well suited to our argument. Oppressed with every species of misfortune, Marius, after escaping many dangers, arrived at length in Africa; where he hoped to have received some mark of favour from the governor. He was scarcely landed, when an officer came to him, and addressed him after the following manner:—"Marius, I am directed by the Prætor to forbid your landing in Africa. If, after this message, you should persist in doing so, he will not fail to treat you as a public enemy."

¹ Cic. Ep. ad Famil. lib. iv. Ep. 5.—Pausanias has a similar reflection, lib. ii.

² *Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginiensium toleravit, cum Marius inopitens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri posset esse solatio.*

—Struck with indignation at this unexpected intelligence, Marius, without making any reply, fixed his eyes, in a stern and menacing manner, upon the officer. In this position he stood for some time. At length, the officer desiring to know whether he chose to return any answer ;—“ Yes,” replied Marius, “ go to the Prætor, and tell him, that thou hast seen the exiled Marius, sitting among the ruins of Carthage.”¹

II.

How often, my Lælius, when sauntering along the gardens of Kew and Kensington, leaving the giddy throng with our admirable friend, Agrippa, have we desired him once more to traverse the shores of Greece and Egypt!—Then he has described to us the awe, with which he stood on the spot, which the natives had assured him was that, on which the city of Memphis² formerly stood. A city, which was destroyed before Nineveh ; and the fate of which was so freely foretold by Ezekiel and Jeremiah.³ Then he has glanced to Thebes ;—the ruins of which are still visible at the village of Luxor ; and at the

¹ Plut. in Vit. Mar.—The picture of Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa, at Rainham, in the County of Norfolk, is supposed by some to be a Marius :—but it has not sufficient ferocity in the character of its expression.—Among the Oxford marbles is a fine whole-length figure of Marius ;—a perfect emblem of bodily strength !—And Dr. Chauncey had a gem on cornelian ; with an expression worthy the peculiar attention of a Lavater. But there is no resemblance between this head, and that of Belisarius.

² Memphis is generally called Noph and No in scripture. Nahum, c. iii. v. 8.

³ Ezek. c. xxx. v. 13. Jerem., c. xli., v. 19.

sight of which he stood, for some time, rapt in silent astonishment. Ruins which, extravagant as the accounts which Strabo¹ and Diodorus² have left of the length and height of the temples, this city contained, have proved to be even below the truth.

Then we have desired him to revert to Greece.—To Achaia—to Corinth—to Athens, and to the shores of Lesbos and Mytelene; and to describe to us the erections, associating the styles of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides³; and the feelings, with which he visited the birthplaces of so many sages, poets, and historians; so many wise legislators; and so many celebrated statesmen. All residing in matchless scenery, rendered still more enchanting by a matchless climate.

Who could behold the ruins of the citadel, the temple of victory, and that of Minerva at Athens;—the marble fragments of the Erectheum, and the prodigious columns of the temple of Jupiter Olym-

¹ Lib. xvii.

² Lib. i., par. 2.

³ Potter,—one of our best critics,—has three beautiful illustrations. “The sublime and daring ÆSCHYLUS,” says he, “resembles some strong and impregnable castle, situated on a rock, whose martial grandeur awes the beholder; its battlements defended by heroes in arms, and its gates proudly hung with trophies. SOPHOCLES appears with splendid dignity, like some imperial palace of richest architecture, the symmetry of whose parts, and the chaste magnificence of the whole, delight the eye and command the approbation of the judgment. The pathetic and moral EURIPIDES hath the solemnity of a Gothic temple, whose storied windows admit a dim religious light, enough to shew us its high embossed roof, and the monuments of the dead, which rise in every part, impressing our minds with pity and terror at the uncertain and short duration of human greatness, and with an awful sense of our own mortality.”

plus; the column of Arcadius at Constantinople; or the various fragments, which adorn the memory of a country, whose splendour is attested by its tombs, monuments and ruins, without sympathy and melancholy? When a traveller was attended by Poussin over the ruins of Rome—a city now but a monument of itself!—Poussin is said to have gathered in his hand a small quantity of earth, in which were a few grains of porphyry: “place these particles in your cabinet,” said he, “and tell those, who see them, *Questa è Roma antica*.” With what solemn rapture did BRUCE view the ruins, which arrested his attention in Africa!—And few writers have described their emotions, with more glow of feeling, than SONNINI, when he beheld the fragments of what once constituted the city of Thebes;—than SHAW, while surveying the ruins of Barbary;—and DYER, when delineating the various fragments of ancient Rome.

No poet, ancient or modern, has described the effect of ruins on the imagination with greater grace, or with more solemn colouring, than the author of the Fleece, Grongar Hill, and the Ruins of Rome. How beautiful and how impressive is the passage, “Behold that heap of mouldering urns, &c.” Equally graphical is that beginning, “Fall’n, fall’n, a silent heap;”—while the contrast, exhibited in that passage of the Fleece, which relates to the siege of Damascus, is inferior to nothing, on a similar subject, in the whole range of descriptive poetry.

* Lives of the Painters—art. Poussin.

The author of "The Pleasures of Memory," too, has a fine graphic simile :—

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of time serenely fall,
On every broken arch and ivied wall ;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace.

Another poet, comparatively unknown, has beautifully connected ruins with the memory of a bad action.—It is a passage not often surpassed in these days of tinsel and affectation.

Will no remorse,—will no decay,—
Oh ! memory, soothe thee into peace ?—
When life is ebbing fast away,
Will not thy hungry vultures cease ?—
Ah no !—As weeds from fading free,
Noxious and rank, yet verdantly,
Twine round a ruined tower ;
So to the heart, untamed, will cling
The memory of an evil thing,
In life's departing hour.—
Green is the weed, when gray the wall,
And thistles rise, while turrets fall.

Nesle.

CHAPTER VI.

From the sympathy, to which we have alluded, arises the awe, which pervades every one, while contemplating the ruins of a once great and mighty city; and which renders them far more attractive to all the best feelings of our nature, than if, by a magic wand, those ruins could be gathered together, and once

more display themselves in all the method of the Doric rule, the symmetry of Ionic form, or all the splendour of Corinthian architraves. For, to the eye of taste, the ivied tower, the fragments of an embattled castle, and the ruins of a triumphal arch, are more congenial, than all the palaces of Moscow, or all the verandas of Venice.

A temple, in possession of regular symmetry, is *beautiful*; when broken into parts, it is *picturesque*: when falling into ruins it is *sublime*. For, as patience is the greatest of friends to the unfortunate, so is time the greatest of friends to the lover of landscape. It resolves the noblest works of art into the most affecting ornaments of created things.

The fall of empires, with which the death of great characters is so immediately associated, possesses a prescriptive title, as it were, to all our sympathy; forming, at once, a magnificent, yet melancholy spectacle; and awakening in the mind all the grandeur of solitude. Who would not be delighted to make a pilgrimage to the east to see the columns of Persepolis, and the still more magnificent ruins of Palmyra?—Where awe springs, as it were, personified from the fragments, and proclaims instructive lessons from the vicissitudes of fortune.

In the midst of all these evidences of change, one consolation remains:—arising from the reflection, that though the affairs of men and of empires change from year to year, yet Nature still remains the same. Lizards still bask beneath the pyramids; swans still glide upon the Euphrates; roses still delight the night-

ingales of Persia: and flowers still adorn the wilderness of St. John.

II.

How often, my dear Lelius, have I heard you desecant, with melancholy pleasure, on the ruins of Melrose abbey, and of Cadzow castle. And how often have we surveyed, with kindred rapture, the remnants of what once constituted the castles of Carisbrooke, Chepstow and Tenby; the towers of Ragland, Pembroke and Caerphili; the picturesque fragments of Druslyn and Dinevawr, in the vale of Towey; the walls of Oystermouth, rising over the bay of Swansea; and those belonging to the Earl of Bulkely, near the unequalled bay of Beaumaris!—Equally solemn and affecting have been our emotions, at beholding the sacred walls of Glastonbury and Strata Florida:—ruins, which have so strongly reminded us of Ossian's description of those of Balclutha; and of a similar passage of the Lebeid, where the poet says “desolate are the mansions of the fair, the stations in Minia, where they rested, and those, where they fixed their abode! Wild are the hills of Coul, and deserted is the summit of Rijaans.” Scenes which, presenting emblems of mourning mortality, still the tempests of the mind; awaken all the best sympathies of the heart; and quell, for a time, each tumult of the passions.

In contemplating these awful remains of former ages, how much more solemn and affecting are our emotions, when we view them with reference to the events, which they have witnessed!—When we behold the grand towers, rising over the Conway, is

it possible not to be struck with admiration? But when we call to mind the many midnight murders, they have been witness to, how is our admiration tempered with sensations, partaking of terror!

III.

How different are our feelings, when we survey the consecrated ruins of NETLEY and LLANTONY, the unrivalled abbey of TINTERN, or the Cistercian arches of VALLE CRUGIS! The first situated near the Southampton water: the second in a sombre and sequestered valley: the third surrounded by woods and mountains, on the banks of the Wye: and the fourth in a deep romantic vale, encompassed on all sides by towering rocks and mountains, which render it worthy the pen of Dyer, the harp of Taliesin, and the touch of Wou-vernemanns.

You, my Lelius, even in the scenes of active life, have never ceased to associate happiness with those lovely and romantic ruins!—Ruins, which in connexion with the vale, in which they are situated, proclaim that harmony of character, which it is my pleasure and my pride, to hope subsists between us. Years have passed over our heads, since we bathed in the river, that flows along the bottom of that valley! Many a storm has passed over my head, since that time, so innocent and so happy;—while you, on the other hand, have pursued your way to riches and to honour. The management of men's affairs, so open and so easy, as it appears to those, who see where others only see, is nevertheless beyond the reach of human intellect: whatever some may choose to thin

of it. And not till Nature shall consent to open some of her choicest secrets to our view, shall we absolutely learn, that we have as much merit in our relative success, as a seed has in reference to its flower; an egg to its bird; or a child to its manhood. Part of the time, which you have devoted to the acquirement of wealth, I have devoted to literature and science. Many are the remonstrances, you have sent me; and many are the resolutions, I have formed, to quit the bower of philosophy. Those remonstrances and resolutions, you will be sorry to hear, have been too weak in their operation, to check the bias of my inclinations; and the force, or, as you may be pleased to call it, the folly of my nature.

IV.

Few, who have witnessed the solemn beauties of Valle Crucis, can do justice to their character. Reclining among its scattered fragments, how interesting, how powerful, how captivating are the associations, which arise in the mind, when we reflect upon the storms those fragments have weathered; and on the vast numbers, who, from year to year, have experienced the same emotions, and made the same reflections with ourselves. While surveying those awful characters of ruined faith, who does not hear the solemn dirge, and sacred requiem, chaunted over the grave of a lovely, unfortunate, and lamented sister?

Departed soul, whose poor remains
This hallowed, lowly, grave contains;

Whose passing storm of life is o'er,
 Whose pains and sorrows are no more!

• • • • •

Departed soul, who in this earthly scene
 — Hast our lovely sister been—
 Swift be thy way to where the blessed dwell;
 — Until we meet thee there—farewell!—farewell!

Bailey.

Musing on this slumber of forgetfulness, with what awe do we contrast its silence and its solitude with that sacred time, when the pealing anthem and the choral hymn have echoed through the woods; and, ascending in symphonious columns, the silent and devout have listened, till the sounds, dying away in undulating murmurs, have appeared, not as if they had ceased to echo; but as if the form of humanity alone prevented the listener from gliding with them, even to the gates of heaven.

V.

Ruins affect us in various different ways. In **ENGLAND** they indicate the wealth, the power, and the pride of nobility: in **SCOTLAND** they bear evidence to the prowess of petty chieftains: in **WALES** they are monuments of irritable families—of frantic passions; of refuges from predatory excursions; of forts to annoy invaders; and of retreats to make the last stand of defence. In **FRANCE** they are witnesses of religious quarrels; and in **GERMANY** of feudal tyranny. In **ITALY** they exhibit medals of—every description: the rise and decay of taste and of genius; the splendour and the meanness of large states and diminutive re-

publics; savage amusements; elegant accomplishments; ferocious banditti; patrons of the nobler arts; the former existence of many kingdoms; the simplicity of a rude and innocent people; and a nobility of peasants¹:—the prisons of papal tyranny; the magnificence of an empire, shining in its zenith; and the pride of barbarians, striking it with their battle-axes, and reducing it to ruin.

¹ There are many persons, even of information, who will gaze with admiration, and enquire what this term means :—Colton shall illustrate the propriety of the term. “In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self denial, as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great :—an heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many, or the admiration of the few ;—yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave. A spectacle as stupendous in the moral world, as the falls of the Missouri in the natural : and like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur, only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.”

BOOK XII.

CHAPTER I.

Is it possible, my Lelius, to travel where Nature does not speak to us? If we coast the shores of the Mediterranean, or behold the sun, setting in unclouded majesty in the Adriatic; if we inhale the temperate breezes of the Levant, or drink the odours, wafted by the winds over an Arabian sea; if we measure the vastness of the Pacific, encounter the snows of the Northern, or the ices of the Antarctic ocean,—still do we behold Nature operating on her usual plan; her laws still fixed; her bounty still munificent. What ambrosial ideas of long, unbroken, universal slumbers, fasten on the mind; when, as we muse along the seashore, the waters touch the beach without a murmur; and our spirit seems, as if it were capable of gliding to eternity, on the tranquil surface of the deep! In the east, the moon, rising like an immense exhalation, tinges the edges of the clouds with many a golden tint; and reflects her serene countenance on the bosom of the waters.—All is still.—To the north a distant cloud suspends in the horizon! Its blue tints gradually shade into a deep sable; thunder murmurs in remote volumes; the sea appears, for a while, to listen; its waves at length begin insensibly

to agitate; its bosom swells; the waves break; the cliffs are whitened by the surf; while the caves and rocks re-echo with the roar! It is a scene, which the good man contemplates with awful pleasure; the conqueror with a mixture of awe and terror; the atheist with fear, with horror and dismay.

II.

Scenes, like these, observed in whatever part of the globe,—in common with ample solitudes,—create the most enlarged ideas of that infinity, in which the Eternal centres; in whom it originates; and to whom it is alone reserved to calculate its boundless measure. Extension being one source of the sublime, that science, which most expands our faculties of comprehension, is undoubtedly that, which is, in itself, the most noble and the most transporting. Nothing, therefore, can more indicate the vastness of those powers, which Nature has implanted in man, than the faculty of investigating the several branches of natural philosophy; and, above all, that most wonderful of all the sciences,—ASTRONOMY: The science of devotion; the science of an awful silence;—a silence more sublime even than that, which reigns in the bay of Port des Français, on the north-west coast of America.—These mountains rear themselves to an immense height; while no verdure, no plant, form a contrast to the snows of their peaks. All seem condemned to eternal sterility. The bottom of this bay is so deep, that no line can fathom it. The air is tranquil; the surface of the sea unruffled;

and nothing disturbs the solemnity of the silence, which reigns there; but the occasional falling of the rocks into the bay; and the voices of the various sea-birds, which build in their cavities. This bay was discovered by Peyrouse. The olive-coloured inhabitants of the adjacent country have no priests, no temples, nor any place of public worship. Their religion is that of the heart: and the sun seems to be the great object of their gratitude, admiration, and idolatry. But they will lean for hours over the peaks of these crags, and gaze with an interest, like that of fascination, upon the stars, reflected on the bosom of the sea below.

There might we woo SIMPLICITY,—the maid
Whom wisdom loves, and innocence adores.—
No more by wild and angry passions tost;
No more by ill-placed confidence betray'd;
No more by envy's low-bred cunningorst;
There might we hail the hour when ~~love~~ shall rule,
And bland affection bind the willing world.

The Fall of the Leaf.

III.

When the poet beholds the evening star, he dwells upon the fate of Hesperus, who, journeying up Mount Atlas to observe the motions of the planets, and never returning, was fabled to have been transformed into the star of evening. When the eye glances over the group, forming Cassiopeia, we remember that splendid star, which appeared in its arena in 1572, with a size and a brilliancy equal to Jupiter, and which gradually disappeared in eighteen months:

having during that period been an object of surprise and terror to every part of Europe. When we watch, in the middle of August, for the emersion of the dog star from the rays of the sun, we reflect, that from the rising of this,—the largest and the brightest of all the stars,—the Egyptians and the Ethiopians calculated the beginning of their year. When Arcturus first rises from the sun's sphere, we listen in imagination to the lyre of Iopas, singing the causes of the sun's eclipses; the varied motions of the moon; whence proceed showers and meteors; whence the rainy Hyades, and whence the bright Arcturus. When we observe an eclipse, we behold the gigantic, yet ruined, form of the lost archangel,

————— proudly eminent,
Standing like a tower !—

When we mark the rising of a comet, the imagination wings into the regions of infinite space; and on its return from the excursion, dwells on the mortal comets, with which the world has occasionally been pestered: Cambyses, in Ethiopia; Alexander in India; Brennus in Greece: Attila in Italy; Odin in Scandinavia; and Cortez in Mexico. All of whom, to the astonished nations, they invaded, seemed like comets,

————— Which from their horrid hair
Shake pestilence and war !

Then glancing with a poet's eye, through all the circle of the hemisphere, a splendour dazzles the

imagination, far more transcendent than the magnificence of Theodoric, when he appeared in the amphitheatre of Rome, with his guards, his nobles, and his clergy, in the midst of all that was great and glorious in the world. Fulgentius gazed in silent astonishment and admiration on this splendid exhibition. "If earthly Rome," exclaimed he, at length, in an ecstasy, "is so glorious as this; how much more glorious and magnificent must be the heavenly Jerusalem!—And if men are capable of being so much transported with the pomp and grandeur of this world, how much more glory and delight must the saints derive, in the pleasure they enjoy, in the contemplation of the God of Truth!"

IV.

What were the awful raptures of a Galileo, a Descartes, a Copernicus, or a Newton, no one, but those, who are conscious of a flight as soaring, are capable of conceiving. But from the smaller impulse of an humbler mind, I am persuaded, my Lelius, that they assimilated in a much higher degree, than ourselves; with those of the Eternal mind. You, my friend, have a high delight, as I have often heard you declare, in the cultivation of astronomical science. For my own part, I am ready to confess, that, after venturing into the ocean of infinity, I desisted for some time out of pure cowardice. Satellites, planets, and suns, hanging on their centres in the arched void of Heaven by a single law; and systems, connected

to each other by the revolution of comets,—all floating in the vast ocean of infinity,—were far too vast, too mystic and magnificent, for a mental ray, so limited as mine.¹—Passing the bounds of place and time (*flammaria mœnia mundi*), I could glance from earth to Heaven, and give to the various orbs their various appellations, and calculate their courses,—But when I began to perceive, that the work of creation is always going on;² that the alteration of one system produces the germination of another; that though light travels with an almost incredible swiftness, there exist bodies, which, from their immensity of distance, have not yet visited the eye of the astronomer; when I began to perceive, that even if it were possible to transport myself to the most distant of those orbs, which are unmeasured suns to immeasurable systems, I should then be only standing in the vestibule of Nature, and on the frontiers of the creation, imagination ceased to have the power to soar: feeling became painful; and the faculty of thought, by being too much extended, wasted into nothing.—By seeking to know too much, we voyage out to sea without a compass, and become bewildered

¹ “The progress of astronomy,” says Laplace, “has been the constant triumph of philosophy over the illusions of the senses.”—In some studies, the imagination can supply what is wanting to perfection:—in astronomy, imagination is in itself nothing:—it is, as it were, less than nothing.

² Vide Herschell's paper on the Sidereal Heavens. Philosoph. Trans. for 1814, p. 248.

and confounded!—Like the peasant of the Alps, we gain nothing by our search:—

“Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”¹

I have searched the depths of caverns; I have thrilled beneath high and impending rocks; I have contemplated the vastness of the ocean; and climbed one mountain, while the sun has risen from behind another, and all around has been one continued scene of wonder and glory. In those moments, I have been lost in admiration and astonishment, at the power of that tremendous Being, who alone was capable of forming such gigantic works as those. But what are high and impending rocks; what are the giant heavings of an angry ocean; and what the proudest summit of the Andes; when placed in the scale of such interminable vastness, as the creating, balancing, and peopling of innumerable globes?—In contemplating systems, so infinite, who can forbear exclaiming,² “What a mole-hill is our earth, and how insignificant are we, who creep so proudly on her surface?”—

¹ *Scienter nescius, et sapienter indoctus.*

Grotius has a similar passage:—

Nescire quædam magna pars sapientiæ est.

St. Gregory said of St. Benedict, “*Recessit scienter nesciens, et sapienter indoctus.*”

* Lambert.

CHAPTER II.

How many are the enjoyments, which the progress of the seasons affords us!—What can be more delightful, than that season of the year, when Nature, weary and exhausted by her own efforts, clothes every object in renovated gladness; when the snows are melted away, and the trees are bursting with leaves; when the flowers are painting themselves with every variation of colour; the rivers rolling with temperance; and when every hill and every thicket ring with the modulation of various notes. At this season, the mind, enraptured, seems as if it were capable of building castles in the ocean, and pyramids in the skies.

If *SPRING* is the most delightful season to the poet, because it affords him a greater multitude of images, *SUMMER* is no less so to the contemplatist, than the season of *AUTUMN* is to the enthusiast. What can be more transporting, than the splendour of the rising sun at this season of the year, with all the scene of rural industry it unfolds; when subjects for the poet and the painter are as infinite as they are transcendent?

An evening and a morning sun, when skirted with bold masses, is said to have fired Barry with ungovernable rapture.—Virgil, in his picture of Elysium, says that the sun has a purple light at all times. And it is from this beautiful appearance of the sky, before and after sunset, that we associate the idea of

beauty and grandeur with purple :—hence purple has, in most ages, been esteemed a royal and imperial colour.

Sensible of these glories of early day, the disciples of Pythagoras, after the manner of their master, prostrated themselves, as soon as the disk of the sun was seen above the horizon. Whenever they saw it, they recognized the splendour of the Deity. Actuated by the same awful admiration, Aristippus, when at the point of death, directed his friends to carry him to the city gates, and to place his couch immediately opposite the lattice, that he might, even to the last of life, enjoy the verdure of the fields and the splendour of the setting sun. While Caniz, one of the German poets, upon the bed of death, requested to be raised from his couch, in order to take a last look of that glorious luminary.—“ Oh,” said he, with sublimity of enthusiasm, “ if a small part of the Eternal’s creation can be so exquisitely beautiful as this ; how much more beautiful must be the Eternal himself ! ”

II.

So enthusiastic an admiration had Eudoxus² for this luminary, that he would willingly have suffered the fate of Phaeton, for the delight of approaching it. He prayed, therefore, to the gods, that he might once be permitted to see it so closely, as to be able to comprehend its form, its magnitude and beauty, and then to die by the heat of its beams.

It is curious yet melancholy to observe, with what atheistical horror some theologians listen to argu-

¹ Max. Tyrius, Dissert. xiv.

² Plutarch.

ments, derived from Nature. An instance of this kind occurred, some little time since, in Spain:—where a prisoner, we are told,¹ was gagged at an *auto de fé*, merely because, after being confined many years in prison without seeing the light of the sun, he was struck with such rapture, at again beholding it, that he exclaimed, in the ardour of his enthusiasm, “How is it possible, that men, who see that glorious orb, can worship any other Being, than the one, who created it!”

Rousseau in his last illness was heard to ejaculate, “Oh! how beautiful is the sun! I feel as if he calls my soul towards him!”—Indeed the sun is so glorious a body, that it can excite no wonder, that, in the more early ages, it should have received the honours of deification.—Josephus informs us, that the people of Judah issued out of the eastern gate of the city to salute the sun on its first rising.³ The sun, as well as the moon, was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians,⁴ Germans,⁵ and British Druids.—The Persians worshipped it also; but they did not

¹ Southey's Letters from Spain and Portugal, p. 317.

² This naturally calls to our recollection the passage in Tasso, where Olinthus and Sophronia are represented, as being tied to the same stake.—Sophronia enquires of her friend, “why dost thou lament?—Behold yon sky!—How beautiful it is!—Look, too, at the sun—oh! how he consoles my heart!—He looks, as if he summoned us to his glory.”

³ Vide also 2d Kings, c. xliii.

⁴ The Egyptians of ancient times, says Diodorus, the Sicilian, contemplating the arch of the Heavens, and admiring the harmony which prevails in the universe, esteemed the sun and moon deities. The one they called Osiris, the other Isis.

⁵ Cæsar de Bell. Gall., lib. vi. c. 21.

for many ages permit any symbol to be made of it.¹ Such was the creed of the first Zoroaster² (*Zerdusht*); the second, however, decreed the erection of temples, and the institution of the sacred fire. The fire-worshippers of Persia and India do not, however, believe the sun to be the Deity; but that his throne is centred there.

III.

In Egypt the sun was hieroglyphical of the fructifying power; in Greece it was an emblem of human life; and in Rome of the sovereign majesty of the empire. In the finest of all soliloquies,—that of Satan on beholding the splendour of the sun,—the hatred of the fiend does not debar him from acknowledging how worthy that luminary is of being worshipped as a deity.

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Looks from thy soles dominion, like the God
Of this NEW WORLD: at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads: to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams;
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell;—how glorious once above thy sphere.

¹ Xenoph. Cyrop. viii.

² There appear to have been five Zoroasters: 1st. Chaldean; 2d. Bactrian; 3d. Persian; 4th. Pamphylian; and 5th. Armenian.

³ This word is obscure. Perhaps we may render it less so by referring to a passage in Boethius:

Quem quia respicit omnia so'us,
Verum possis dicere solem.

Lib. v. Metr. 2.

The Persians worshipped the sun under the name of Mithras: a deity, who, in the respective times of Statius and Claudian, was venerated at Rome. On his altar was inscribed *Soli Deo invicto Mithræ*. But there existed in Persia a sect, which thought higher and more nobly. When they looked at the sun, therefore, they frequently ejaculated, "Oh, thou master of yon glorious orb! enlighten my mind; and keep me this day from evil."

The Massagetæ also worshipped the sun. This people dwelt in tents; had their wives in common; and were accustomed, not only to kill their parents at a certain age, but to eat them. They are mentioned by Herodotus, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, Justin, and Maximus Tyrius. In fact, the sun seems almost universally to have been venerated in ancient times as a God. The Chaldeans worshipped him under the name of Baal: the Egyptians called him Osiris; the Syrians Adonis; the Greeks and Romans Apollo. The Massagetæ, the Scythians, and the Romans, sacrificed white horses to him; the Greeks, wolves, lambs, bullocks, and hawks; and with him Alexander¹ offered up the elephant, which had fought so bravely in his war with Porus.

The Peruvians were accustomed to dip the tip of their fingers in cups, then lift their eyes to heaven, and give the sun thanks for the liquor they were about to drink. The sun was their principal deity.

¹ Philostrat. in Vit. Appollon. l. i. c. xii.

It was once worshipped, too, in Macassar : the natives of which also venerated the moon, and the stars. One of their kings, however, at length became weary of this national worship ; in consequence of some Christian and Mahometan missionaries having arrived in that island. The king having listened with attention to both orders, ascended a high mountain, accompanied by a great multitude : and stretching out his hands to heaven invoked the Deity ; declaring, at the same time, that he would adopt that religion, the ministers of which should first arrive in his dominions : and as the winds and waves rose and fell by the express power of the Deity, the Deity would himself be to be blamed, if, under these circumstances, he should embrace an erroneous doctrine. After this declaration he sat down, and with his people waited the result from heaven. Mahometan missionaries soon after arrived ; and the natives of Macassar immediately embraced the religion of Mahomet, in which faith they continue to this day.

IV.

We are told, that when a native of Sumatra beheld a clock, and was made sensible of its uses, he said, “the sun is a machine of a similar construction.”—“But who winds it up?” required one of his companions. “Who but Allah?” was the reply. The Numidians, who counted time by nights and not by days,¹ worshipped both the sun and the moon. The Druids of Ireland also worshipped the same luminaries ; and

¹ Nic. Damascenus in Excerpt. Vales. p. 521.

many are the remains, yet in existence, on the summits of those mountains, called (*Cnac Graine*,) hills of the sun. The Athenians¹ took great delight in basking in its beams ; and no one, who has ever been in Cumana, but retains a grateful remembrance of the hours, he has passed under an atmosphere, which the sun colours with tints, worthy the imagination of the finest poet. On the other hand, there was once a people, near Mount Atlas,² who were accustomed to curse the sun, every morning and evening, for the scorching power, which it possessed. And while some Ethiopians, in common with the Sabæans of Arabia Felix, consecrated to it the cinnamon tree, others³ esteemed it their implacable enemy.

The Arabs of South Barbary pray five times a day⁴; and though they no longer pay adoration to the sun, they are regulated by its motions in the observance of their religious duties. At the first blush of morning, they thank heaven for the repose, they enjoyed during the night : at the rising of the sun they pray to be blessed through the day, begun : at noon they pray that the day may finish to their profit : at the setting of the sun they give thanks for the day past : and at evening they pray for a calm and quiet sleep.

“ Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath.”⁵ Alluding to this command of St. Paul, Bishop Horneck⁶

¹ Philostrat. in Vit Apollon. lib. vi. c. 6.

² Herodotus. ³ Diodorus Siculus.

⁴ Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Oswego, p. 145.

⁵ Ephes. c. iv. v. 26.

⁶ On the fifth chapter of St. Mathew, vol. ii, p. 64.

relates, from ecclesiastical history, that two bishops, having quarrelled in a most intemperate manner, one of them sent to the other the following message:—"Brother, the sun is going down." Upon receiving this message, the offended bishop forgot his anger, ran to the house of his episcopal brother, fell upon his neck, and kissed him.

V.

Milton compares the joy, succeeding the melancholy of the fallen spirits at the council of their chief, to the pleasure elicited, when the sun shines suddenly over a darkened landscape. Lord Kaims and Mr. Burke present also two very fine similies. "We see," says the former,¹ "in the history of mankind, frequent instances of the progress of nations from small to great; but we also see instances, no less frequent, of extensive monarchies being split into many small states. Such is the course of human affairs; states are seldom stationary: but, like the sun, are either advancing to their meridian, or falling down gradually till they sink into obscurity." The simile of Mr. Burke,² referring to the morning star, not less just in its application, is even more beautiful; since it touches one of the finest chords of the heart,—“It is now sixteen years,” said he, “since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles: and surely never lighted on this orb, which it hardly seemed to touch,

¹ Sketches, vol. ii. p. 270.

² Reflections, p. 112.

a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere, she just began to move in : glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy. Oh ! what a revolution ! and what an heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall."

VI.

Among the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes still remains a fragment of that basaltic¹ statue of Memnon, which, many writers attest, sent forth harmonious sounds, when first touched by the rays of the sun ; as the fountain of Chindara is said to have elicited music at the rising, mounting, and setting of the moon.—The fact being supported by Strabo, Pliny, Juvenal,² Pausanias, Tacitus, and Philostratus, it is assuredly not to be doubted³ :—Though the art, by which the mysterious symphony was produced, still remains an enigma, notwithstanding many ingenious attempts at solution.—The first injury, this

¹ Philostratus says it was of black marble. In Vit. Apol. vi. c. 4.

² *Dimidis magicæ resonant ubi Memnone Chordæ.*

³ There are many inscriptions on this statue, commemorative of the persons who had heard the sounds :—Among which are those of the Tribune Mithridates ; Sabina, the wife of Adrian ; and Publius Balbinus. As the colossal head of Memnon, now in the British Museum, bears no resemblance to that of the musical Memnon, it is only sufficient to observe, that it is a noble monument of Egyptian, or, perhaps, of Grecian art.

statue received, was from Cambyses; who caused it to be sawed in two,¹ in order to get at the secret. It was afterwards thrown down by an earthquake.

Memnon who was fabled to have been the son of Aurora, the younger sister of the Sun and Moon, was represented on Roman gems, as being drawn by white horses in a rose-coloured chariot, opening the gates of heaven; pouring dews upon the earth, and quickening the growth of herbs and plants. Of Memnon little certain is known. That he was a king of Ethiopia is probable; and that he was not at the siege of Troy, as many writers assert, is certain. Of his virtues nothing remain:—but his ability is amply attested² by his almost miraculous invention of the alphabet.

Some have supposed, that the sounds, alluded to, were produced by the mechanical impulse of the Sun's light. Others that, being hollow, the air was driven out by the rarefaction of the morning, which occasioned the elision of a murmuring sound. Some even affect to assert, that it saluted the morning and evening sun differently:—the former with animating sounds; the latter with melancholy ones.—Darwin, in the true spirit of poetry, describes this statue as sending forth murmurs of indignation, at the ravages of Cambyses.

Prophetic whispers breathed from Sphinx's tongue;
And Memnon's lyre with hollow murmurs rung.

¹ Pausanias.

² Plin. Nat. Hist. vii. c. 56.

In another passage, equally poetical, he makes it view with delight the waters of the Nile, rushing from the cataracts of Ethiopia :

Gigantic Sphinx the circling waves admire ;
And Memnon bending o'er his broken lyre.

VII.

In many parts of the east the custom still remains of proclaiming the sun by the sounding of instruments. That similar signals were given in Egypt is not to be doubted, since the custom is almost as old as solar adoration itself. That the Sun was worshipped in that country is equally established: both being rendered the more certain by the ceremony of sounding harps at sunrise having been introduced into Italy by Pythagoras, who had long sojourned with the Egyptian magi. The sounding of Memnon's statue, then, might have been an artifice of the priesthood; to effect which many methods might have been adopted.¹ Either the head of Memnon contained wires, like the strings of an Æolian harp; or the sounds might have been pro-

¹ Extract from a London Journal, Dec. 17, 1820.—“The British ambassador at the court of Rome has received a letter from Sir A. Smith, an English traveller, who is at present at the Egyptian Thebes. He states, that he has himself examined the celebrated statue of Memnon, accompanied by a numerous escort. At six in the morning, he heard, very distinctly, the sound so much spoken of in former times; and which has been generally esteemed fabulous. “One may,” he says, “assign to this phenomenon a thousand different causes, before it could be supposed to be simply the result of a certain arrangement of the stones. The sound proceeded from the Pedestal.”

This account wants confirmation.

duced by the touching of a stone.¹—The observance of the effects of air upon strings is of high antiquity. Horace alludes to it; and the Babylonian Talmud assures us, that the harp of David, being every night touched by the North-wind, warbled of itself. Phutarch and Lucian record, that when the Thracian bacchanals murdered Orpheus, his harp was thrown into the Hebrus, with his bleeding head resting upon it. The harp, breathed upon by the wind, elicited a solemn melody. Borne by the current of the river, it arrived at Lesbos; where the inhabitants, taking it up, buried the head of the poet in the temple of Bacchus; and suspended the lyre in that of Apollo. To this circumstance Spenser alludes in his ruins of time.

Descending to a later period, we find Ossian and Cassimir² observing the same enchanting effect.—“The blast came rustling through the hall,” says the former in Darthula, “and gently touched my harp; the sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb.”——“My harp hangs on a blasted bough;” (in Berrathon) “the sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp; or is it some passing ghost?”—In supposing that the head of Memnon

¹ Part of these observations I sent, some years since, to a periodical publication, and they were afterwards inserted in a small essay, written by the Poet Bloomfield, on the Eolian Harp; entitled “*Nature’s Music.*”

² *Sonora buxi filia subtilis,*

Pendebis alta, barbite, populo,

Dum ridit ær, et supinas

Sollicitat levis aura frondes :—&c.

Cassimir, lib. II. Od. III.

³ Also in Temora :—“Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of death. The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill.

elicited sounds, because strings might have been placed in the throat, or in the mouth of the image, an objection might be raised, that if such were the cause, the image would send forth sounds at other times, as well as in the morning. Authorities are not wanting to prove that it did so. One string would act as well as five, in this instance ; for modern experience assures us, that a single string will sound all the harmonic notes besides the unison. But if the wind were not permitted to perform this office, the hand of a priest, who might regularly conceal himself every morning for that purpose in the statue, most certainly might ; and this is, doubtless, the more likely of the two : for Pausanias says, that the sound was similar to that of a bow-string ; breaking with too much tension. It is no argument to say, that it is not probable, such an artifice should be practised from the time of Strabo to that of Philostratus (two hundred years) ; since the hereditary practices of priests have descended from Lama to Lama, in Tartary, China, and Japan, for thousands of years.

VIII.

But it is more probable, that the sounds proceeded from gently knocking a stone, enclosed at the base, or in the bosom of the statue :—some stones naturally emitting sound upon being struck by any other body. In the labyrinth of Alcatous was a stone, that elicited sound, upon being struck ever so lightly ; Grosier relates, that some streams abound in stones, which

sound on being touched¹; and that they were frequently strung into beads, in order to form a kind of musical instrument. Pausanias also relates, that he saw at Megara a stone, which, when struck, produced a note like the vibration of the string of an instrument. And in one of the pyramids there is still a sarcophagus resembling an altar, which emits a peculiar sound when struck with any hard substance. I have myself seen an instance of this kind, near the chapel of St. Gowen, situated in an amphitheatre of marine rocks, in the county of Pembroke. This idea is rendered more probable by an assertion of Strabo, assuring us, that the sound issued from the pedestal, and that it resembled that produced by striking something on a hard body. From these accounts it would appear, that the actors in this pontifical drama did not always strike with the same force, nor with the same material.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the sun has quitted the world with reluctance, and the glow of heaven sits, as it were, upon the mountains; and the whole concave is robed in purple majesty and splendour:—and when

— in some sequestered vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal.

¹ Humboldt having heard of stones, which the missionaries of the Oroonoko call *Laxas de Musica*, gives rather too fanciful a probability for the music of Memnon's statue. Vide *Personal Narrative*, vol. iv. p. 560.

how soft, how lulling and serene, are all the objects of the vast creation!—Then, while the eye and the imagination are indulging in the contemplation of progressive twilight, the heart vibrates with many a gentle impulse; the passions modulate to divine repose; and the soul, partaking of the general hush of Nature, and awed by its solemn imagery, exalts its meditation far beyond the orbit of the visible creation: and appearing susceptible of an earthly immortality, anticipates the sacred character of that golden age, to which the virtuous will be called.

For then the serene faculties of the soul are awake, and feed on thoughts worthy of paradise. Time seems to be our own; we meditate with satisfaction on the evening of life, of which the scene is an emblem; and we feel even capable of exclaiming, “The portals of eternity are opening; my life seems closing; my heart swells with transport; and my soul feels, as if it were already starting into a new existence!”—As to men of the world!—Let them slumber in the midst of these hallowed associations:—

—— And be their rest unmov'd
By the white moonlight's dazzling power:—
None, but the loving and belov'd,
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

Moore.

An evening calculated to elicit emotions and reflections, commensurate with these, is described by Homer (or rather by his translator), in a passage, which, for its solemnity, pathos, and picturesque imagery, can never be sufficiently admired!—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll ;
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole :
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head :
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 And floods of glory burst from all the skies !

Such a scene as this impregnates the imagination with the unity of a sublime and pathetic moral. For when the mind is enriched and diversified with science, every object has its beauty ; and every beauty adorns itself with the colouring of moral eloquence :—

The passions, to divine repose,
 Persuaded yield : and love and joy alone
 Are waking :—love and joy, such as await
 An angel's meditation.

II.

To worship JEHOVAH, under the hope of receiving rewards for the homage, is insulting to his benignity, and deserves, for an age of adoration, an eternity of disappointment.—Such is not the religion of the heart ; nor is it the religion, that astronomy teaches us to acknowledge. The faith of astronomy insinuates itself into the soul, like the soft vibrations of the most delicate music, emanating from amid the compass and grandeur of the noblest and sublimest of harmonic sounds.

In this repose of the passions, evening diffuses a fascinating charm ; and every star, as it were, become

the mother of devotion. Watching the emersion of Jupiter's satellites ; contemplating the two thousand five hundred stars in the constellation of Orion ; or viewing the whole capacious firmament ;—every system, that we see, hymns, as it were, a perpetual hallelujah. The mind is ravished and the soul transported.—Harmonizing with all the nobler passions, love assumes a chaster character ; and we turn with delight to that beautiful passage in Milton, where Adam and his companion, arriving at their shady lodge, and beholding “the moon's resplendent globe and starry pole,” burst out—

—— Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day !

Recalling this sacred passage, the fragment of Sappho, preserved by Demetrius Phalareus,¹ sinks into nothing !—And, gazing on the vast concave of the hemisphere, what are all the mausoleums, the triumphal arches, the palaces, and the pyramids in the world ?

WRITTEN IN A GLEN, NEAR VALLE-CRUCIS ABBEY, IN
THE COUNTY OF DENBIGH.

TIME ;—*Sunset.*

HERE let me rest !—In this sequestered glen,
Far from the tumults of a giddy world,
The joys, the hopes, the energies of life,
Pleas'd, I'd resign. —————
Those mountains rude, which rear their heads so high,

¹ Vesper omnia fers ;
Fers vinum, fers capram,
Fers matri altum.

And those dark woods, that screen their giant sides,
 Should shield my monument from northern snows ;
 And that wild stream, which rolls unseen below,
 Should murmur music near my humble grave.
 As in oblivious silence I reposed,
 Ah ! how delighted were my peaceful spirit,
 Should some sweet maid, at midnight's solemn hour,
 (Led by the radiance of th' approving moon,)
 Approach that spot, where long in soft repose,
 Pleased I have slept ; and water with her tears
 The rose and jasmine, that around my tomb
 In chaste, in generous, circling clusters grow.
 While from her lap she scatter'd flowers around,
 Cull'd in the evening from the cottage door
 Of some good peasant.—All around would smile ;
 And sigh to know, what dear, enchanting maid,
 Could be so chaste, so faithful, and so good !
 While from my tomb, with pleasure and regret,
 My heart would whisper, it was—JULIET.

III.

When the evening star sinks gradually behind the
 hill ; and when, rising from among clouds, the moon
 has thrown her solemn mantle over all nature ; who
 is there with soul, so abject and depraved, that does not
 elevate his thoughts to heaven, and deify its architect ?
 The soul acknowledges the powers of poetry ; and
 while the various orbs are advancing with silent
 rapidity through the repose of night, how often do
 we recur to the sublime descriptions of the sacred
 writers !—In Milton, we behold one of the archan-
 gels leading his radiant files, nightly, through the
 confines of heaven, dazzling the moon with their
 splendour ;—and in the Apocalypse¹ a woman, wear-

¹ Rev., c. xii.

ing twelve stars upon her head, as a crown; while the sun and the moon are standing at her feet. In one passage of the *Paradise Lost*, we behold Satan steering his course among the constellations; and pursuing his voyage through the kingdom of Chaos, and the vast regions of space, while a bridge is thrown over the infinite void. In the *Revelations* a great burning star falls and embitters the third part of the waters¹:—in another passage a star falls from heaven to whom are given the keys of hell²; then at the sound of an angel other stars fall³; the sun, and moon, are smitten and darkened,⁴ as was threatened to Egypt in the days of Ezekiel,⁵ to Babylon in those of Isaiah,⁶ and as written to precede the second coming of the Christian Messiah.⁷ Then, reverting to the description of the Evangelist, we behold a picture of the new Jerusalem⁸:—walls of jasper; gates of pearl; streets of transparent gold; walls with emeralds, sapphires, beryls, and amethysts;—all illumined with a light, far surpassing that of the sun.

IV.

AUTUMN,—the most solemn and affecting season of the year,—succeeds: and the soul, dissolving, as it were, into a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm, acknowledges that silent pathos, which governs without subduing the heart. For Nature, as it were, robes herself in a

¹ Chap. viii. v. 10, 11.² Ch. ix., v. 1.³ Ch. vi., v. 13.⁴ Ch. viii., v. 12.⁵ Ezekiel xxxii., v. 7.⁶ Isaiah xlii., v. 10. Joel ii., v. 31, iii., v. 15.⁷ Acts ii., v. 20.

Matt. xxiv., v. 29.

⁸ Rev. xxi.

more sober mantle; the mountains assume a deeper hue; the torrent a bolder swell; the woods vary themselves with every tint; and the clouds roll themselves into a thousand magnificent volumes.

This season, so sacred to the enthusiast, has been, in all ages, selected by the poet and the moralist, as a theme for poetic description, and moral reflection: since now, all nature, verging towards old age, reminds the young, as well as the old, of the shortness of life, and the certainty of its decay. This reflection gave occasion to many of the ancient poets, to draw a comparison between the regular march of the seasons, and the progress of the life of man:—and, since they were unenlightened on the argument of futurity, the subject in their hands became pensive and ungrateful. Melancholy allusions to the renovation of natural objects and the eternal sleep of man, are, therefore, but too frequent among the ancient poets. A striking instance of which occurs in the poem of Moschus on the death of Bion, so well imitated by Horace, in the eighth ode of his fourth book. To these complaints the whole doctrine of the christian testament furnishes a beautiful reply, and in no part of that consolatory book more than in the writings of St. Paul. Whatever may have been his reading, and whatever may be his faith, we may triumphantly challenge the boldest of critics to produce a poem, more admirable in the choice of language; more abounding in that union of the solemn and magnificent in manner; and more productive of sublimity of feeling, than the 15th Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. Had it been written by Mahomet,

even Louth must have confessed, that Mahomet had exceeded the sublimity of Job ; and been touched with holier fire, than even Isaiah himself. To us, whose hopes of immortality rest upon a firmer basis, AUTUMN, presenting nothing from analogy, that ought to excite our fears, or to weaken our attachments, affords additional argument for our hopes, by animating our prospects with the promise of eternal spring.

V.

Awed by the progress of time, WINTER, ushered into existence by the howling of storms, and the rushing of impetuous torrents, and contemplating, with the satisfaction of a giant, the ruins of the year, still affords ample food for enjoyments, which the vulgar never dream of, if sympathy and association diffuse their attractive spells around us ! In the bosom of retirement, how delightful is it to feel exempt from the mean intrigues, the endless difficulties and tumults, which active life ensures ; and which retirement enables us so well to contemplate through the telescope of recollection. When seated by the chearful fire among friends, loving and beloved, our hopes, our wishes, and our pleasures are concentrated ; the soul seems imparadised in an enchanted circle ; and the world,—vain, idle, and offensive as it is,—presents nothing to the judgment, and little to the imagination, that can induce the enlightened or the good to regret, that the knowledge, they possess of it, is chiefly from the report of others ; or from the tumultuous murmur, which, from a distance, invades the tranquillity of their retreat, and operates as a discord in a

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soft sonata. These are the moments, which affect us more than all the harmony of Italy, or all the melody of Scotland ;—moments, in which we appear almost to emulate the gods in happiness.

CHAPTER IV.

- Perpetual changes glide on in eternal continuity. Plants spring up spontaneously among the ruins of conflagrated cities ;—vallies rise to mountains ;—mountains sink to vallies ;—the ending of Summer is the beginning of Autumn ; and in the womb of Winter are secreted the embryos of Spring. Flowers acquire new colours, as they expand ; red changes to blue ; blue to yellow ; yellow to white ; and white to purple. The ocean leaves a sandy shore and gains upon a rocky one¹ : where once it rolled with violence now bloom innumerable flowers : and fields, formerly waving with harvests, now vegetate with marine plants and fossils.

Shells from a slimy liquid harden into pearls ; from pearls they crumble into dust. The chrysalis, as some one has elegantly observed, is the cradle of the butterfly, at the very moment, that it becomes the tomb of the caterpillar. “ Change is the great Lord of the universe,” says Feltham² ; “ and time is the agent, which brings all things under his dominion.” Em-

¹ A great portion of the Coromandel coast was gradually formed by the retirement of the sea ; and the lower districts of Bengal have also the same origin.

² In his *Resolves* ;—a neglected book, which, with all its quaintness, is worth a thousand ingots of gold. Vide also Spenser : *Faerie Queene*. b. vii.

pires, like men, move also in funeral procession; and systems of philosophy, with the exception of those relating to morals and geometry, have experienced a similar fate; from Zoroaster to Aristotle; from Pythagoras to Bacon; from Des Cartes to Newton.

Islands have immersed out of the bosom of the sea¹; whole continents have, on the contrary, been torn asunder; rocks have been shattered into precipices; and cities melted into lakes: while the largest monument of human industry and pride constitutes a tomb!

There have not been wanting some even to suppose, that mountains may lose at one time, and recover what they lost at another²; either after the manner of vegetables, or by the operation of internal volcanoes.—Ælian says, that it was the general opinion, in his time, that Mounts Parnassus, Olympus, and Etna, had much diminished in size; and it is an undoubted fact, that one of the Downs, in the Isle of Wight, has decreased in height within the knowledge of many persons in that island. On the other hand, Euripides calls Etna “the mother of mountains³,” and the epithet is applied with singular felicity, if we may credit the assertion of Kircher, that the quantity of matter, expectorated by that mountain, exceeds

¹ In 1707 a new island rose out of the sea near Santorine, with several volcanic explosions of great violence. *Payne's Geographical Extracts*, p. 252:—and what is still more curious, an island, which was thrown up in 1783 at a little distance from Iceland, in 1785 totally disappeared.

² Theophrastus—in *Philo.* p. 513.

³ Monte Victoria “the most beautiful of her children.”

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twenty times the original size of its own bulk¹! The birch tree, in a similar manner, bleeds, when deeply wounded, so copiously, that the matter is said to equal the weight of the whole tree and root.

II.

The shepherds of Abruzzo drive their flocks to the plains of Apulia in winter, as they did in the days of Horace and Varro; but what a mighty change has time effected in the general aspect of the country! "Change is indeed the Lord of the universe." Such is the fate of the earth; such the fate of vegetables; such the fate of animals; and such the fortune of towns, cities, countries, and empires!

In many parts of Egypt, Syria, and the East, little is there to relieve the eye, but ruined towns and villages, lying like skeletons of large animals. Where is GAZNA? —once the capital of a mighty empire? In vain do we

¹ Kircher:—Mund: v. i. 202. Borellus of Pisa having visited Mount Etna in 1669, in order to analyze the matter expectorated, calculated that if it had been extended in length and breadth upon the surface of the terraqueous part of the Globe, it would, taking 1000 paces to a mile, have more than four times covered the earth. Burnett, ii. 82. Dion Cassius says, that the ashes from Vesuvius, during the eruption in the reign of Titus Vespasian, were carried over the Mediterranean not only into Egypt, but into Syria—Lib. lxvi. Signor Reepero calculated, that the lowest lava of Mount Etna must have issued from that mountain upwards of 14,000 years ago. Brydone relates, that a Sicilian writer of credit, Signor Massa, had visited a bed of lava at Catania eight years after the eruption of 1669, and that in many places it was still warm.*

* Travels, Sicily and Malta, p. 81.

search for it in the map of Asia. NAZARETH is dwindled to a village.¹ CAPERNUUM, in former times the metropolis of Galilee, has fulfilled the prophecy, and now consists of only six fishermen's huts ;—and where flows the waters of the lake Asphaltites, once flourished more than thirteen cities.² TRIDAT, formerly the most delightful spot in Cyprus, and breathing every charm of pastoral comfort, is now a dreary, cheerless, and infectious marsh. The territory of CAMPANIA,³ producing a double spring of flowers, and once so fruitful, that Pliny called it, “ the work of Nature in the height of her felicity,” is now desolate : and ENNA, once so fruitful, that Diana and Minerva were fabled to inhabit it six months every year, is now a marsh, full of toads and water-reeds. The LEONTINE fields, so

¹ This village will be long remembered for a conversation between Dr. Clarke and an Arab, whom the Franciscan Friars had taught Italian. “ Beggars in England are happier, far better, than we poor Arabs.”—“ Why better ?”—“ Happier,” returned the Arab, “ because they live under a good government ; better, because they will not endure a bad one.”

² Strabo, lib. lxxvi. In the reign of Tiberius, says Suetonius, twelve cities of Asia were destroyed by an earthquake. *Suet. in Vit. Tib.* vi.—This was the great convulsion of nature, which is recorded in the Gospel of St. Matthew, as occurring at the time of the Crucifixion. *St. Mat.* ch. 27. v. 51. The fact is confirmed by Tacitus : *Ann. lib.* 10. c. 47. and by Pliny : lib. 11. cap. 86.

³ Thus Lucius Florus.—*Omnium, non modo Italid, sed toto orbe terrarum pulcherrima Campaniæ plaga est : nihil mollius calo : denique bis floribus vernat ; nihil uberius solo : ideo Libéri Cereisque certamen dicitur.* *L. Flor.* lib. i. c. 16.

highly extolled by Cicero, and now called the plains of Catania, are little frequented, less cultivated, and present a curious and melancholy medley of every description of flowers, growing among miniature forests of weeds and thistles.

Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe
Soothe the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
The shepherd's kingdom.

The Fleece, book i., p. 521.

The nation of SOLYMI?—so entirely was it destroyed, even in the time of Pliny, the naturalist, that no traces remained of it. Its vineyards had become desolate, and its sons had perished. The city of VÈII has been a solitude, for nineteen hundred years ;—ETRURIA, once the scene of heroic achievements, is now a desert ; and the roses, so celebrated by Ausonius, no longer decorate the ruins of *Pæstum*.¹ Shapeless masses—monuments of the power of Genseric, king of the Vandals,—now occupy the spot, where Hannibal lost the fruits of victory, among streets, palaces, and public buildings, which even surpassed those of Rome itself.

III.

CORINTH?—a comparatively modern city, in which only two capitals remain of that order, to which its name was given : and in vain the Nereids lament its destruction in the epigrams of Perdiccas.

¹ Capua.

This fate attended ancient cities, much more frequently than modern ones. Hence arose the minuteness, which gives such value to Herodotus. "I shall, as I proceed, describe the smaller cities and larger communities," says he;¹ "for many of these, at present possessed neither of opulence or power, were formerly splendid and illustrious: others, even within my own remembrance, have risen from humility to grandeur. From my conviction, therefore, of the precarious nature of human felicity, they shall all be respectively described." SPARTA?—It is occupied by the hut of a goatherd, whose wealth, says Chateaubriand, consists in the grass, that grows upon the graves of Agis and Agesilaus. Sparta no longer remembers Lycurgus;—while in the solitudes of ASIA, innumerable cities, whose fabrics were beautiful and magnificent, have pulverized like the dust of insects.

VENAFRO has been twice destroyed by earthquakes; once by fire; and twice depopulated by the plague. In what condition is the city of DELOS, and the island, on which it was situated: an island, so celebrated by Pindar and Callimachus, and once the richest in all the ancient world? The city is a confused mass of rubbish; and the island totally destitute and abandoned:—without a temple—and without a hut! All that remain of the ancient part of Tentyra, are two gates and four temples; while the isle of ELEPHANTINE is covered in its south part with ruins half buried beneath the soil.

¹ Clio v. Beloe.

IV.

A multitude of palaces are still to be seen, at the bottom of the sea, in the neighbourhood of *Baia* and *Puteoli*; and *Gaurus*, once the most fruitful mountain in all Italy, now smokes with sulphur: while *HERCULANEUM* and *POMPEII* lie concealed beneath large beds of lava. Dion Cassius informs us, that these two cities were destroyed in the first eruption of Vesuvius; the endeavour to investigate the causes of which occasioned the death of the elder Pliny. From the silence of Pliny the younger, however, the account of Dion Cassius has been made a subject of doubt.¹ But this silence is no argument. For it was not the duty of that orator to give Tacitus a general description of the *whole* catastrophe, attending that remarkable eruption; and of which Tacitus was, there is little doubt, as well informed as himself; but only that part of which he was a witness, (*quorum pars fuit*;) and which affected him in so serious a point as the loss of an uncle. The portion of Tacitus, in which this event was recorded, has been lost.²

¹ Some have attempted to prove, that neither Pompeii nor Herculaneum were overwhelmed by the lava of Vesuvius; but by a rising of the waters of the Mediterranean; which deposited over them stratified rocks.*

* That historians should still assert, that this eruption of Vesuvius was the first visitation, with which it had been agitated, will be sufficiently curious to those, who will take the trouble to consult critically, the following referential passages.—*Diod. Sic.* lib. v. c. 21.—*Vitruvius*, lib. ii. c. 6.—*Strabo*, lib. v.—Should the reader entertain a wish to form

If we are to doubt the evidence of historians because their facts are not confirmed by others, we may call in question many of the most important events, recorded in the history of the world. Several incidents, related by Suetonius and Velleius Paterculus, are passed over by Tacitus ; and Livy gives no account of innumerable particulars mentioned by Plutarch :—while the conflagration of Alexandria, which is so particularly described by Abulfaragius, is not even alluded to by Eutychius. Voltaire omits a multitude of important events in his general history ; Robertson is exceedingly deficient, both in facts and authorities ; and Plutarch, in his life of Cæsar, overlooks all the events, related in the third and sixth books of that great general's Commentaries. Quintilian omits the name of Polybius, in his enumeration of historians ; and Dion Cassius himself, who records the eruption, that gave occasion to these remarks, has omitted the event of Hadrian's voluntary resignation of Trajan's conquests :—one of the most important instances of prudential policy, recorded in history !

form some adequate idea of the ornaments of Herculaneum, he may consult with advantage, *Di Bronzi di Ercolano*, published at Naples, in nine volumes, folio. He will find it in the library of the London Institution. A Neapolitan writer insists, as we have observed in the preceding note, that no eruption of Vesuvius took place at the time alluded to ; and that Pompeii and Herculaneum were most probably destroyed by an overflow of water, which covered them with a bed of papillo ; similar to that which is formed every day by the waves on the shore of the Bay of Naples. It is certainly very curious, that in the imperial library at Vienna there should be a map of the Itinerary of Theodosius, of the fourth century, in which are set down on parchment the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum ;—supposed to have been destroyed three centuries before.

V.

Ferrara was so ruined in the time of Misson,¹ that it was said to have had more houses than inhabitants : and so poor and desolate, that it could not be seen without compassion. The once powerful city of TARQUINII is sunk into a field for corn ; and the plough frequently turns up medals, intaglios, and fragments of inscriptions. On the sea-shore, near Puzzoli,² are also found seals, coins, cornelians, and agates ; bearing impressions of ears of corn, grapes, and vine branches ;—ants, eagles, and other animals. These are thrown up by the waves after violent storms ; and commemorate the magnificence of a city, now forming part of the great bed of the ocean.

What were the feelings and reflections, my Lelius, of your friend Eustace, among the ruins of POMPEII ? Can any thing be more beautiful than his description of them ? It is a passage assuredly uniting all the enthusiasm of Petrarch to the delicacy and elegance of Cicero. “ The ruins of Pompeii,” says he, “ possess a secret power, that captivates and melts the soul ! In other times, and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages, would have enchanted us ; nay an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column was beheld with veneration :—but to discover a single ancient house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond

¹ Misson, vol. i. p. 315.² Misson, vol. i. p. 439.

but hopeless longing. Here not a temple, nor a theatre, nor a house, but a whole city, rises before us, untouched, unaltered, the very same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets ; tread the very same pavement ; behold the same walls ; enter the same doors ; and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects ; and out of the same windows we contemplate the same scenery. In the midst of all this not a voice is heard ; not even the sound of a foot, to disturb the loneliness of the place, or to interrupt his reflections. All around is silence ; not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation ; the silence of a great city without one single inhabitant :

“ Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.”¹

The streets are paved with lava ; the houses are richly inlaid with Roman and Mosaic pavements ; and even the names of their ancient inhabitants still remain inscribed over the doors.

VI.

Little more than a few huts, rising among ruins, denote the splendour of ancient SARDIS² ; and UR-JEUSH is now lost in dust³ ; though it was once the capital of the kingdom of Karasm. In the year 1221

¹ Virg. *En.* book ii. Eustace, vol. iii. p. 57. 8vo.

² Chandler's *Travels in Asia Minor*, p. 253.

³ The sands of the Lybian Deserts, driven by the west winds, have left no lands capable of tillage on any parts of the western banks of the Nile, not sheltered by mountains. The encroachment of these sands on soils, which were formerly inhabited and cultivated, is evidently seen.

the Mungols put one hundred thousand of its inhabitants to the sword¹; and in 1388 Tamerlane² caused it to be razed ; and the land, on which it stood, to be sowed with barley. DAMASCUS is the oldest city in the world, that bears its original name. It was in existence in the time of Abraham ; and Josephus says it was built by Uz, the son of Shem, the grandson of Noah. It still retains much of its ancient beauty. The ancient splendour of LAMBESE, however, is attested only by its Corinthian pillars ; its amphitheatre ; and its temple of the Ionic order. Who, in the village of Balbait, would recognize the city of BUSIRIS ? Its ruins, proud as they are, and exhibiting exquisite specimens of beauty, as they do, are but faint outlines of its celebrated temple.

VII.

TYRE, of “ perfect beauty,”³ whose merchants were princes,⁴ and styled “ the honourable of the

M. Denon informs us in the account of his travels in Lower and Upper Egypt, that summits of the ruins of ancient cities, buried under these sands, still appear externally ; and that, but for a ridge of mountains, called the Lybian chain, which borders the left bank of the Nile, and forms, in the parts where it rises, a barrier against the invasion of these sands, the shores of the river, on that side, would long since have ceased to be habitable. Nothing can be more melancholy, says this traveller, than to walk over villages, swallowed up by the sand of the desert, to trample underfoot their roofs, to strike against the summits of their minarets, to reflect, that yonder were cultivated fields, that there grew trees, that here were even the dwellings of men, and that all has vanished.”—*De Luc, Mercure de France, Sept. 1807.—Jameson.*

† La Croix, Hist. Genghis Khan, p. 256.

* Hist. Timûr Bâk, vol. i p. 306. ‡ Ezeziel, ch. xxvii. v. 3.

† Their ships were frequently of cedar ; the benches of ivory ; fine
em-

earth,"¹ once the emporium of the East and a mart for the West, is now a rock for fishermen to dry their nets upon !—Such is its condition, and such was the prophesy of Ezekiel.²—In a similar state of decay is SIDON, the most ancient of maritime cities ; illustrious for its wealth ; for the sobriety and industry of its inhabitants ; for the wisdom of its councils ; and for its skill in commerce, geography, and astronomy. Who can trace the power and splendour of ancient CARTHAGE, once, as Strabo informs us, forty miles in circumference, and which took seventeen days in burning, in the small village of Melcha?—Not a column of porphyry or of granite remains.

SYRACUSE, at one time manning powerful fleets, and raising large armies within its walls, is little more than an extensive heap of ruins and rubbish.—Where, too, is the city of MEMPHIS ?—*Etiam periire ruinæ.*—No three travellers agree as to the place on which it stood : while a solitary obelisk alone, overlooks the fragments once belonging to the Egyptian HELIOPOLIS. Fragments, attesting, with most Egyptian ruins, a people, who loved peace so well, that they kept armies only for their defence ; whose learning and arts brought even Greece for a pupil ; and whose empire, says Bossuet,³ had a character, distinct from every other.

embroidered linens of Egypt was used for sails ;—and their canopies were of scarlet and purple silk.—Ezekiel, ch. xxvii.

¹ Isaiah, ch. xxiii. v. 8.

² Ezekiel, ch. xxvi. v. 5, 14.

³ Univ. Hist. part iii. Progression of Empires.

218. *Ruined Cities;—Ephesus ;—Balbec ;—Thebes.*

EPHESUS, called in ancient times “ the most illustrious;” a city once possessing a temple, adorned by Scopas and Praxiteles, and boasting of pillars, formed by the manual labour of kings, is now become the habitation of a few herdsmen and shepherds, who find a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, beneath its mighty masses of crumbling walls :—awful and affecting monuments of sublunary grandeur !—BALBEC has long been employed as a miserable receptacle for a few poor, who cultivate maize, water-melons and cotton. There is not a column of marble among its fragments, that does not tell a melancholy history. They present the boldest plan ever exhibited in architecture.¹—The hundred gates of THEBES?² awful and magnificent

¹ Vide Ruins of Heliopolis. London, 1757, p. 6, fol.

² “ Very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, even from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers.—It is absolutely impossible to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas, that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins ; for such is the difference, not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples, as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller, at once, one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains, that project to a great height above the wood of palmtrees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphynxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once

are they in their ruins!—PERSEPOLIS?—Its majestic pillars attest its pristine splendour; its fragments afford innumerable nests and dens for beasts and birds of prey, for toads and serpents, and other noxious reptiles.—When a learned orientalist, now living, first beheld these ruins, he assured me, he was for some time unable to speak. The “proud NINEVEH,” and the “Golden BABYLON,” the most populous and most magnificent cities, that ever adorned the earth, retain not even a stone to tell the melancholy history of their fate!—Babylon, “the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of Chaldees, shall never be inhabited, nor shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation.—The Arabian shall not pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their folds there; but wild beasts of the desert shall be there; and their dens shall be full of doleful creatures.”²—Babylon, built by

of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among the wonders. The temples of Gournon, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c. are all objects, worthy of the admiration of the traveller; who will not fail to wonder how a nation, which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion, that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.”—Belzoni's Narrative, p. 37, 38.

¹ “He will stretch out his hand against the north, and destroy Assyria: and will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness: and flocks shall lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations.”—Zephaniah, ch. ii. v. 12, 13.

² Isaiah, ch. xlii. v. 19, &c.

Semiramis, was first injured by Cyrus, who, diverting the Euphrates, converted the neighbouring country into a morass.—Darius Hystaspes lowered its walls and demolished its gates: gates formed of brass; and walls so thick, that six chariots could run abreast.¹—Then followed the building of Seleucia, and the conflagration of the Parthians. In the time of Pausanias nothing remained but the ruins of its walls and temples. It became a park for those kings of Persia, who succeeded to its ruins, after the Parthian empire was destroyed, to keep their wild beasts in²: in 1173, some ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace only remained³; in the days of Texeira, these were reduced to a few footsteps:—now, even the dust, into which its fragments pulverized, have long been wafted to the Deserts.—Its site has neither name nor remnant.⁴—The country, round this city, was once a paradise. The soil, says Quintus Curtius, and Niger, was so fruitful, that it produced corn twice a year:—and the herdsmen were accustomed to drive

¹ As the walls of Pekin are seventy-five feet high, and so broad, that it is guarded by sentinels on horseback, should Pekin gradually experience the fate of Thebes, Memphis, and Nineveh, it will present, for a series of ages, a mass of ruins, the most wonderful, that ever the world saw.

² St. Jerome, *Comment. in Isaia*, cap. 13, 14.

³ Benjamin's de Tudela. *Itinerarium*, p. 96.

⁴ Since this was written, Mr. Rich has published two volumes on Babylon. He found the whole face of the country covered with vestiges of buildings, brick walls, and a vast succession of mounds of rubbish: among which is only one tree; which is an evergreen, resembling the *lignum vitæ*. The ruins commence at Moliawil, nine miles from Heliah, and about thirty-eight miles from Bagdad: and these ruins, he says, are the ruins of the ancient Babylon.

their cattle from pasture, lest they should die of satiety. Strabo asserts, that it was covered with palms; and “as for its millet and wheat,” says Herodotus, who travelled thither, “the former grows to the height of a tree, and the latter produces more than two hundred fold. Of all regions, that I have seen,” continues he, “this is the most excellent.”

VIII.

PALMYRA, once a paradise in the centre of inhospitable deserts, the pride of Solomon, the capital of Zenobia, and the wonder and admiration of all the East, now lies “majestic though in ruins!” Its glory withered, time has cast over it a sacred grandeur; softened into grace. History, by its silence, mourns its melancholy destiny; while immense masses and stupendous columns denote the spot, where once the splendid city of the desert reared her proud and matchless towers. Ruins are the only legacy, the destroyer left to posterity. Beholding, on all sides, a wide and abandoned waste, that loses itself in an interminable horizon, the eye rests on disfigured capitals, entablatures, and pilasters, all of Parian whiteness; which, exhibiting, in various quarters, broken and disjointed skeletons of a city, once the seat of a mighty empire, the imagination luxuriates in a thousand elevated contemplations.—The dream of life assumes a more sublime character;—and, beholding the noblest labours of man, the pride of his heart, and the finest monuments of his genius, lying prostrate and in ruins, desolate and deserted; the mind recog-

nizes the progression of time ; and, reposing on these last witnesses, as it were, of human duration, the memory glides, in solemn awe, to dwell on the walls of BABYLON ; the ramparts of NINEVEH ; the hundred gates of THEBES ; the seven-fold walls of ECBATANA ; and the solemn wrecks, that still survive the fortune of PERSEPOLIS.

IX.

Indulging these associations, the soul, impressed with sublime imagery, loses itself in the unfathomable depth of infinite duration. Striking,—august,—romantic, and magnificent,—they form at once a sepulchre of human labour, and a monument of human genius :—affording the noblest subjects for meditation in the vastness of their bulk, and in the greatness of their manner :—yet bearing ample evidence of inevitable ruin.

The melancholy and interesting fate of JERUSALEM has a character of its own. Once the pride of Western Asia, it has often sat, as it were, silent, solitary, and desolate, amid the ruins of her walls and temples. Judah, being led into captivity and rendered tributary, Jerusalem, as the prophet Isaiah most affectingly expresses it, “sat as a widow; the tears were on her cheeks; and her daughters were in bitterness.” Though often ruined, and once furrowed with the plough, fortune has never entirely forsaken her! She has risen from her ashes, and still lives; “shorn of her beams,” it is true, but deriving consolation from her former greatness. The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus! History pre-

sents no parallel. Previous to the siege, the city was a prey to the most intolerable anarchy; robbers having broken into it, and filled almost every house with thieves, assassins, and broilers of every description. The best citizens were thrown into prisons, and afterwards murdered: without even so much as a form of trial. At this time Titus appeared before the gates; a vast multitude having previously arrived in the city to celebrate the feast of the Pass-over. During this celebrated siege there were no less than three earthquakes; and an aurora borealis terrified the inhabitants with forms, which their fears and astonishment converted into prodigies of armies, fighting in the air, and flaming swords hanging over their temple. They were visited with a plague, so dreadful, that more than one hundred and fifty thousand were persons were carried out of the city, at the public charge, to be buried; and six hundred thousand were cast out of the gates and over the walls!—A famine ensued; and so horrible was the want, that a bushel of corn sold for six hundred crowns: the populace were reduced to the necessity of raking old excrement of horses, mules, and oxen, to satisfy their hunger; and a lady of quality even boiled her own child, and ate it!—a crime so exquisite, that Titus vowed to the eternal gods, that he would bury its infamy in the ruins of the city. He took it soon after by storm:—the plough was drawn over it; and with the exception of the west wall and three towers, not one stone remained above another. Ninety-seven thousand persons were made captives; and

one million one hundred thousand perished, during the siege.¹ Those, made captives, being sold to several nations, were dispersed over a great portion of the ancient world; and from them are descended the present race of Jews, scattered singly, and in detached portions, in every province of Europe, and in many districts of Africa and Asia. Thus terminated this memorable siege!—a siege, the results of which meet the eye in every Jew we see.²

¹ Vespasian, to immortalize the sacking of Jerusalem, stamped several medals in silver and gold, in which Titus and himself were represented on one side, and a female on the other, sitting in a melancholy attitude under a plane tree; and with the spoils of the city decorated the temple of peace. Trajan erected an arch to Titus, in memory of this victory. Under this arch the Jews never pass:—It still remains; and is said to exhibit a thousand beauties. In the grand picture of the Prophets, in the Sistine Chapel, Jeremiah is represented, as exhausted by lamentation, mourning over the ruins of Jerusalem. —It is alluded to by Fuseli, p. 128.

² Solomon's Temple was built in the year 1008 before Christ;—The second temple was finished under Darius in 515;—the third by Herod in 19. This temple was destroyed by Titus, A.D. 70; and Julian attempted to rebuild it in the year 363. After the destruction of Jerusalem, Adrian rebuilt the city A.D. 130, and changed its name to *Ælia Capitolina*. Two years afterwards the second Jewish war commenced, which lasted three years; and finished in the final banishment of the Jews from Judea. Previous to the destruction of their city, the Jews were a remarkable people. We are told by Philostratus, that they were aliens to the rest of the world; and that even their neighbours were less strangers to the people of Susa and Bætica, than they were to them. Even Josephus bears testimony to the impracticability of his countrymen. So many villainies prevailed in the city, that the Jewish historian says, in the sorrow of his heart, "I verily believe, that had not the Romans come up against Jerusalem, as they did, the earth would have swallowed

* Philost. in Vit. Apol. lib. v. c. 33. Olearius: Lat. Ed.

CHAPTER V.

The Pythagoreans derived the greatest consolation from that everchanging aspect of material objects, to

swallowed it; another deluge would have overwhelmed it; or fire and thunderbolts would have fallen from heaven to destroy and consume it.* From this period to that of Arcadius and Honorius,† the Jews became contemptible to all men:—from the east to the west; and to the very extremity of the known earth. Moses himself seems to have predicted this ruin:—“Thou shalt plant vineyards and dress them,” says he, “but shalt neither drink the wine, nor gather the grapes.—*** Thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all the nations.”‡ It is curious, however, to observe, that when the city had been sometime rebuilt, and a large portion of it peopled with Christians, it was taken, during the reign of Heraclius, the sixty-first Emperor of the Roman succession, by Chosroes, king of the Persians; when he sold no less than 90,000 Christians to the Jews; who reeked their vengeance by inflicting upon them barbarities, scarcely to be paralleled in the history of the most savage nations.

The associations, connected with this sublime city, would lead us into a field more hallowed, than I feel myself qualified to enter upon. I shall therefore merely remark, that a picture has been painted, within these few years, which, if I mistake not, exhibits a promise of future excellence, which England has hitherto been entirely unaccustomed to. I allude to HAYDON's picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. We might well confess to me, one day, as I was observing him at work upon his celebrated picture of Christ Rejected, that there was an artist, he understood, rising amongst us, whose fame might, as far as he knew, eclipse them all.—A magnanimity, worthy the genius of that amiable character!

When I first saw this picture, I was far from being satisfied with the principal figure.—It was not a likeness!—There was neither an imitation

* De Bell. Judaic, lib. vi. c. 16.

† Chrysostom, orat. ii., Contra Judæos.

‡ Deut. ch. 28.

which we have alluded. There is not a finer passage in all Ovid, than that wherein he makes his celebrated

of Caracche, nor of Raphael :—it was neither of heaven nor of earth. But upon a more mature reflection, I became reconciled to the propriety of this apparent anomaly.—And I now esteem it the most wonderful countenance, that was ever sketched by the hand of man. It could only have proceeded from a genius of the first pictorial order.

In the portraits, however, there are two lasting errors :—and one of these the painter, with all the humility of true genius, confessed to me, one evening, in conversation, when I alluded to them. He has introduced Newton, Voltaire, and Wordsworth.—Wordsworth is a fine poet, —he is one of the true sons of Nature : but Milton—Milton ought to have represented the Christian cause in a picture like this.—But the great error is the anachronism.—It turns a real scene into an imaginary one.

From a fine poetical picture to a fine picture of poetry : and this, too, from one of those, who, neglected and comparatively unknown, are far more worthy of being so, than many of those, who force their way to public notice by friendly criticisms, or criticisms written by themselves.—Indeed the neglected poetry of this country constitutes a mine of secret wealth, entirely without a parallel, either in France, Italy, Germany, or Spain.

The mourner* speechless and amaz'd,
On that mysterious stranger gaz'd ;
If young he wefe, 'twas only seen
From lines, that told what once had been ;—
As if the hand of time
Had smote him ere he reach'd his prime.
The bright rose on his cheek was faded,
His pale fair brow with sadness shaded—
Yet through the settled sorrow there,
A conscious grandeur flash'd—which told
Unswayed by man, and uncontroll'd,
Himself had deign'd their lot to share,
And borne—because he will'd to bear.

Whate'er

* The Widow of Nain.

digression from Numa, to give a history of the natural and moral philosophy of Pythagoras¹: The founder of the Copernican system of astronomy and the

Whate'er his being or his birth,
His soul had never stoop'd to earth ;
Nor mingled with the meaner race,
Or shared or swayed his dwelling place :
But high—mysterious—and unknown
Held converse with itself alone.

And yet the look, that could depress
Pride to its native nothingness,
And bid the specious boaster shun
The eye, he dared not gaze upon,
Superior love did still reveal.
Not such as man for man may feel—
No!—all was passionless and pure ;

That godlike majesty of woe,
Which counts it glory to endure—
And knows not hope nor fear below ;
Nor aught that still to earth can bind
But love and pity for mankind.

And in his eye a radiance shone :
Oh, how shall mortal dare essay,
On whom no prophet's vest is thrown,
To paint that pure celestial ray ?

Mercy and tenderness and love,
And all that finite sense can deem
Of him, who reigns enthron'd above,
Light—such as blest Isaiah's dream,
When to the awe-struck prophet's eyes,
God bade the star of Judah rise.
There heaven in living lustre glow'd ;
There shone the SAVIOUR—there the God.

Dale ;—the Widow of Nain.

¹ For a representation of a fine bust of this philosopher in the Vatican, vide *Statue del Museo Pio Clementino*. Tom. vi. pl. 26.

greatest man, if we except Homer, Aristotle, and Newton, Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, that ever graced the annals of the human mind!

The passage alluded to¹ was, doubtless, Beattie's prototype.

Of chance or change, oh! let not man complain;
 Else shall he never, never, cease to wail;
 For from the imperial dome, to where the swain
 Rears his lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel the force of fortune's fickle gale;
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
 Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale;
 And gulphs the mountains mighty mass entomb'd;
 And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

Beattie.

The sea now separates Britain² from France; Sicily from Italy; Terra-del-Fuego from Patagonia; Suma-

¹ Lib. xv. l. 262.

² The chalk cliffs of Calais in many essential points resemble those of the coast between Dover and Folkstone. Vide Phillips' paper read to the Geological Society, Nov. 6, 1818. In the time of Diodorus Siculus, Lib. v. s. 22, the shore was so shallow between the Isle of Wight and the main land, that at low-water it was dry. The parts of Tornéa, Uléaborg, and others in the Northern Gulf of Finland, on the contrary, lose water every year:—while an old map of Heligoland³ attests the evidence of temples, citadels, villages, rivers, and woods, now no longer in being.

The recession of the sea on the coast of Chili is very evident. Even some way up the western declivities of the maritime mountains, grottoes are seen hung, as it were, with shells and spars. On the coast of Juana in Japan the sea is retiring, every year, from the great accumulation of shoal, mud, and sand-banks. Many parts of New Holland, too, exhibit evident marks of having been recently covered by the sea.

³ Clarke, 'Scandinavia,' 8. 4to.

tra from Malacca; Haman from Quantong; Ceylon from the Carnatic; and the Island of Madagascar from the Continent of Africa. It is more than probable, that all these islands were separated from the main land by some vast convulsion of Nature; and Herodotus even conjectures, that all Thessaly was anciently an entire lake; while Pallas conceives that, in remote times, the Crimea was an island, and that the Black Sea surrounded it. Java, Sumatra, Bali, Sumbaya, and Parang¹ are also believed to have formed one continent; and to have been separated by an earthquake². Indeed almost all the Asiatic clusters may reasonably be supposed to have been severed from the Asiatic continent. Some have even supposed, that from the circumstance of similar bones having been found in the the alluvial soils of Cerigo, Cyprus, Italy, Sicily, Santorini, and Iceland, that the whole space from Iceland to Cerigo was anciently one entire continent.

II.

That the sea once covered the earth is clearly established by bones of animals, petrified fishes, strata of shells, and beds of vegetables, under those marine substances, having been found in many countries, in

¹ Parang was separated from Sumbaya A. D. 297. Its separation is recorded in the Javan annals. In 1506 there was a great earthquake in Java:—in 1575 a great inundation and the appearance of a comet:—in 1586 another comet is recorded: and in 1594 and 1657 great eruptions of volcanoes.

situations much higher than the sea ; and not unfrequently on the sides and even summits of mountains. Some mountains in Chili¹ are formed entirely of shells ; few of which are in a state of decomposition : and on the Descaheyado,² one of the Andes, not much inferior to Chimborazo, are oysters and periwinkles, calcined and petrified.

Bivalve shells have been also found on Mount St. Julian in Valencia, enclosed in beds of gypsum, surrounded by detached pieces of slate : and petrified sea substances in a mine of virgin mercury in a steep hill near San Felipe. And in a crag of marble on Mount Olympus³ have been observed petrified fishes, three hands long, and three fingers broad, with gills clearly discernible.

Though shells have been observed in all ages to be component parts of mountains, Bernard Palassy was the first, who asserted them to be real shells ; and that they had once been inhabited by fishes :—and he defied the schools of Paris and all the arguments of the followers of Aristotle to prove the contrary.—These beds of shells are sometimes discovered in positions horizontal, undulated and vertical : and so thick as not only to check, but to suffocate vegetation.

They are frequently divided into strata, the lower one consisting of shells, unlike those now found in the sea ; the upper resembling those generally known. The latter circumstance fully refutes an argument, which might be drawn from the supposition, that the

¹ Molina, i. 52. Ulloa.

² Molina, i. 50.

³ Turner / Levant. iii. 185.

former were the remnants of earthly animals now unknown. These antediluvian monuments a French writer would call "medals, commemorating the deluge."

III.

In Iceland, large logs of wood have been found in soil of considerable depth; and in Ireland have been dug up enormous antlers of an elk, extending fourteen feet from tip to tip¹. This is an animal now entirely unknown.

The jaw of an elephant was found in Iceland: two teeth of an hippopotamus were discovered thirty feet beneath the soil at Brentford, in the county of Middlesex; and the remains of an elephant were also discovered imbedded in a rock, which fell over the beach at Mundesley in the county of Norfolk. Teeth of sharks, too, have been found at Hindershef in Yorkshire; in the mines of Cornwall large timber trees, even at the depth of fifty fathoms: and bones of the crocodile and the mammoth have been discovered in the Isle of Wight.² In Siberia³ bones of the Arctic elephant are found by persons digging wells:—and at the foot of a mountain of ice in North-West America, Kotzebue found fragments of animals, with

¹ The French geologists will not allow these to belong either to the elk, or rein-deer; but to a wholly unknown class:—also the deer of Scania; and the large buffalo of Siberia. The Irish antlers were found in alluvial earth beneath peat moss.

² Phil. Mag: vol. lli. p. 68.

³ Nov. Comm: de ossibus Siberia fossilibus.

teeth similar to those seen in such vast quantities in Siberia, and on the shores of the Tartarian Sea.

In the coast of Lincolnshire are large relics of submarine forests. The skeleton of a species of crocodile,¹ now in the British Museum, was dug up in Nottinghamshire; a similar skeleton in a quarry near Caen in Normandy; and fossil bones of an immense lizard have been dug up near Maëstricht: in Sweden, leaves of pine and cones of fir have been found imbedded even in iron ore.

On the clefts of the calcareous rocks of Gibraltar² are found breccia, penetrated with bones of carnivorous and herbivorous animals;—elephants' bones near the Toledo gate at Madrid, and in the village of Concul,³ as well as in many other parts of Spain, have been dug out of the earth fossil bones of various descriptions. Indeed, many rocks of that country seem to be almost entirely composed of river and oceanic shells, mixed with bodies beneath other rocks in beds

¹ Philosoph. Trans. vol. xxx. p. 963.

² Cuvier* has some curious remarks on the osseous conglomerate, or breccia, found in the limestone rocks and hills of Gibraltar;—Cette;—Nice and Antibes;—Corsica;—Dalmatia;—Corigo;—Concul in Arragon;—and in the Vicentine and Veronese districts. Upon these phenomena he remarks, that the osseous breccia, not formed by a tranquil sea, or by a sudden irruption of it, are posterior to the last resting of the ocean on our Continent;—that the well-ascertained bones belong to herbivorous animals:—and that the greater number belong to animals, now existing in the neighbouring country.

³ Dillon's Trav., p. 227. 4to. 1780.

* Professor Jameson, p. 294.

of blackish earth. Even *coraus ammonis*, which are natives of very deep oceans, have been found in elevated regions. On the calcareous strata, near Bessieres in France, are large beds of oysters:—and an assemblage of marine petrifications has been discovered in the heart of a marble quarry near Aix,¹ fifteen miles from the Mediterranean; and 648 feet above its level.

Large masses of sea shells have been found on the surface of plains in several parts of Asia;—and groups of tall trees under the great basin near Calcutta. At Dum-Dum not only trunks of trees, but the bones and horns of deer² in a soil of great depth. Fossil bones of deer have been discovered, also, in a deep bed of gravel on the Kylas mountain, one of the Himalaya range:—16,000 feet above the sea.

In the region between Rochester and Chester,³ in the United States of America, are several organic remains, indicating the former dominion of the ocean: on the Missouri⁴ back-bones of a fish, forty-five feet long, petrified: and bones of the mammoth in soil not above six inches deep, at Goshen, Orange Country, sixty miles from New York. From the anatomy of these bones, the animal, to which they belonged, seems to have been larger than the elephant:—it has, therefore, been called the great mastodonton. Among

¹ Muirhead's Trav. p. 352.

² Asiatic Journal, vol. ii. p. 57.

³ For particulars see Dr. Mitchell's letter to Dr. Clinton, May 27, 1817.

⁴ Gair's Travels through the Interior of North America to the Pacific, 8vo. p. 52.

the rocks between the Zand and the Orange river, north-west of the Cape in Africa, petrifications of shells are seen; some of which lie in situations one hundred and fifty¹ feet above the level of the sea.² And as a still further corroboration of some vast change, it may be remarked, that in many places, where pebble strata have been examined, some have been found broken, whose pieces lie very near each other. A circumstance, which proves to demonstration, that at some distant time, they have suffered a violence, which broke them into pieces; and in the very places, too, where they have been found.

IV.

At the foot of Glyder Vawr, on the banks of Llyn Peris, are large fragments of stones, in which marine

¹ Paterson's Travels in Africa, 4to. p. 110.

* It is curious that Linnæus, having a knowledge of these circumstances, should assert, that he perceived many vestiges of a former world, but none of a deluge!—But Cuvier,—the Newton of this science,—says, “I am of opinion with M. Deluc and M. Dolomieu, that if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than five or 6000 years ago;—that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by men, and by the other animals that are now best known;—that the same revolution had laid dry the bed of the last ocean, which now forms all the countries, at present inhabited;—that the small number of individuals of men and other animals, that escaped from the effects of that great revolution, have since propagated and spread over the lands then newly laid dry; and that the countries, which are now inhabited, and which were laid dry by this last revolution, had been formerly inhabited at a more remote era, if not by man, at least by land animals.

shells are imbedded. No volcanic specimens have ever yet been discovered in North Wales, where Llyn Peris lies; but detached places bear striking evidence of fluidical power. The hills of quartz, on the Congo, also, exhibit similar appearances.

Shells have often been discovered in English clay-pits. Among which are the *conchæ anomie*; and the *nautilus græcorum*;—materially altered from their original state, by being impregnated with stone and clayish particles: near Wakefield, in alluvial soil, shapes of muscle shells in a fossil state, lying in a stratum of block limestone. The marbles and limestone in the neighbourhood of the caves in Yorkshire are described, as being made up of testaceous and piscaceous relics: and some have even supposed that all the chalks, marbles, gypsums, and limestone of this kingdom are formed of marine shells and animals:—An extravagance scarcely to be credited: yet Hut-ton¹ extends the idea even to the supposition, that the earth is, in a great measure, composed of the exuvie of marine animals. Dr. Fisher, on the other hand, believes that shells, thus discovered, are real stones: and the plants stone plants, formed after the manner of figured stones. And Misson inclines to the probability, that those shells never contained animals; but were generated, where they now are, in the same manner that chalks and other substances are:—a position contradicted by all the rules of analogy and experience; as well as by the certainty, that the veins of coal, called

¹ Winch's Letter to the London Geological Society.

coal pipes, were originally small branches of trees. Indeed a large tree with its branches has lately been dug up, with its leaves, in a bed of fire-stone at High Haworth, near Newcastle.—Its trunk and larger branches were siliceous; but its leaves and twigs had been converted into coal. At Ardrossan, in Scotland, a tree was also discovered, by the blowing up of a rock; changed into an appearance of white stone. Even the colour of its bark and branches were distinguishable.

Coal-pits and slate quarries frequently exhibit impressions of vegetable substances. Even the trap rocks of Sweden are evidently of aqueous formation; impressions of ferns and fishes having been discovered in them. On the Ohio¹ are found leaves, insects,² and marine shells mixed in limestone; in the caves of Green Briar,³ in Virginia, the bones of the *megalonix*; and in the alluvial soil of Teneriffe⁴ clayey calcareous tufa, containing similar imprints. Trunks of palm-trees⁵ have even been thrown out of volcanoes:—and in the fissure of a lead-mine at Pontpian,⁶ near Rennes, a beech was discovered among a few sea-shells; the centre of which had been converted into coal;—the bark into pyrites; and its sap-wood into jet.

¹ Palmer's Travels, p. 67.

² A superb specimen of zoophyte, three feet long and two feet wide, was lately discovered in blue lias formation, at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire.

³ Americ. Transact. No. xxx.

⁴ Humboldt's Voy. Equinoct. vol. i. p. 237.

⁵ Mém. of M. de Fleurian, Humboldt, Voy. Equin. vol. i. p. 238.

⁶ Journal de Physique, Mai, 736.

V.

In Touraine,¹ there are 130,680,000 cubical fathoms of shells, unmixed with either stone, sand, or other extraneous matter, thirty-six leagues from the sea.—The farmers manure their land with them. The environs of Paris afford, too, many striking phenomena. There bones of unknown animals occupy whole districts: near which lie remains of animals, now natives of other climates. Vast collections of marine *exuvie* have been discovered, in the very neighbourhood of which shells of fresh water fish are deeply imbedded. Let us examine the manner, in which these phenomena bear reference to each other.

I. The first formation is that of chalk, in which are unconnected flints disposed in beds. There are also organic remains, of which twenty-two species have been described by Cuvier and Brogniart.² II. This stratum of chalk is covered with a bed of plastic clay, containing no calcareous, but some siliceous matter. It is, in some places, seventeen yards thick; in others not above three inches. III. The stratum in succession is that of coarse limestone:—sometimes separated from the clay by a bed of sand. In this formation have been found six hundred species of fossils. These have been described by De France and De la Mark. IV. The fourth stratum consists of siliceous limestone, lying parallel with the above: but no or-

¹ Buffon, vol. i. p. 222.

² *Essai sur la Géographie Minéralogique des Environs de Paris.* 1811. 4to.

ganic substance whatever has been discovered in it. V. Lying upon the siliceous limestone is a formation of alternate beds of gypsum, and of calcareous and argillaceous marls. In which have been discovered scattered bones, and entire skeletons of unknown birds and quadrupeds; and a few shells, evidently of a fresh water kind.

A little above these remains have also been found the bones of a tortoise, and of a crocodile; of a Parisian opossum; a fine species of paleotherium¹; five of anoplotherium²; a species of hog, and of a Parisian dog; a few fishes, and four unknown species of birds.

VI. The sixth formation is of marl; in which have been discovered not only the remains of shells and fishes, but of a palm-tree. And immediately above these, in marl of marine origin, twenty-six species of fossil remains. VII. The seventh stratum consists of sand and sandstone without shells: over which is found—VIII. Sandstone, containing objects of marine formation; sixteen³ of which have been de-

¹ Palæotherium magnum.

———— medium.

———— crassum.

———— curtum.

———— minus.

² Anoplotherium commune.

———— secundarium.

———— medium.

———— minus.

———— minimum.

³ Oliva mitriola.

Fusus?—

Cerithium cristatum.

Cerithium lamellosum.

———— mutabile?

Solarium?

Melania costellata?

Melania?

Pectunculus pulvinatus.

Crassatella compressa.

Donax retusa?

Citherea nitidula.

———— lævigata.

———— elegans?

Corbula rugosa.

Ostrea flabellula.

scribed by French geologists. IX. Is that of Buhr, used for millstones. X. Consists of marl and millstones,¹ in which are found shells, belonging to rivers and lakes; with twenty species of seeds, reeds, siliceous wood, and other vegetable substances. XI. The eleventh formation is a stratum of what is technically called "travelled earth;" consisting of marl, rounded pebbles, pudding-stone, clay, sand, gravel, and peat moss. In these substances were trunks of trees, and the bones of oxen, rein-deer, elephants, and other large mammalia.²

¹ It is interesting to remark, that part of this formation* (fresh-water) extends not only into the departments of Cher, Allier, Nievre, Cantal, Puy de Dôme, Tarn, Lot, and the Garonne, but the same has been recently found in the Roman States, and in Tuscany; in the vicinities of Ulm, Mayence, and Silesia;—and in several districts in Spain.

² Webster has lately observed a series of rocks of the same general nature, resting on the chalk formation in the south of England: for a minute account of which the reader is referred to the Geological Transactions. The succeeding list of organic remains will sufficiently confirm the propriety of the inferences, which may be drawn from the existence and dispositions of organic with geological substances.

Organic Remains in the lower Marine Formation above the Chalk in England.

Names given by De la Mark.

Astroitæ.	Oliva.
Calyptra trochiformis.	Voluta spinosa.
Conus.	—— musicalis.
Cyprea pediculus.	—— bicorona.
Terebellum convolutum.	—— crenulata.
	Buccinum

* Jameson.

VI.

Upon minute investigation, Cuvier ascertained, that of the fossil remains, comprising seventy-eight diffe-

Buccinum undatum.

Harpa.

Cassis carinata.

Costellaria macroptera.

Murex tripterus.

——— *tricarinatus.*

——— *tubifer.*

Fusus longævus.

Murex clavellatus.

——— *rugosus.*

Pyrala nexilis.

Pleurotoma ?

Cerithium giganteum.

Trochus agglutinans.

——— *maquiller.*

Solarium canaliculatum : or

Delphinula ?

Turritella terebellata.

——— *imbricatoria.*

——— *multicaulenta.*

Ampullaria patula.

Dentalium elephantinum.

——— *entalis.*

——— *dentalis.*

——— *straitulum.*

Serpula.

Nautilus imperialis.

——— *pompilius.*

——— *centralis.*

Lenticulina rotulata.

Nummulites lævigata.

Pinna, two species.

Mytilus modiola.

Pectunculus pulvinatus.

Cardium porulosum.

——— *asperulum.*

——— *obliquum.*

Crassatellata lamellosa.

Venericardia planicosta.

Capso rugosa.

Chama lamellosa.

——— *calcarata.*

——— *sulcata.*

Ostrea edulis.

Pyrus bulbiformis.

Caryophyllia.

Teredo navalis.

Jaw of a crocodile.

Turtle.

Fish teeth, supposed to belong to the shark.

Molar teeth of the bufonites.

Palates of several fish.

Tongue of a ray.

Tail of a sting ray.

Scales of fish.

Vertebrae of various species of fish.

Twenty species of crabs.

————— *lobsters.*

————— *prawns.*

Wood, often pierced by the teredo navalis, and filled with pyrites or calcareous spar.

Fruits, branches, excrescences, ligneous seed vessels, and terries impregnated with pyrites.

Organic

rent quadrupeds, forty-nine are of species distinct from any, known to naturalists of the present day.¹ Eleven or twelve species are now known; and sixteen or eighteen belong to others bearing considerable resemblance to known species. He ascertained, also, that the remains

Organic Remains in the Upper Marine Formation in the Isle of Wight.

Cerithium plicatum.	Ancilla subulata.
———— lapidum.	Ampullaria spirata.
———— mutabile.	———— depressa?
———— semicoronatum.	Murex reticulatus.
———— cinctum.	Bivalve of the genus Erycina.
———— turritellatum.	Helicina?—
———— tricarinatum:	Murex nodularius.
Cyclas deltoidea.	Melania.
Cytherea scutellaria.	Natica Canrena.
Ancilla buccinoides.	Ostrea, approaching to Deltoidea.

In the same Formation at Harwich.

Patella spirorostis.	Ampullaria rugosa.
Fissurella labiata.	Natica canrena.
———— emarginula.	———— glaucina.
Calyptra sinensis.	Mactra.
Eburna glabrata.	Venericardia senilis.
Murex cornus.	Lucina.
———— erinaceus.	Pholas crispata.
———— contrarius.	Pecten plebeius.
Trochus sulcatus.	———— infirmatus.
———— alligatus.	Balanus.

Upper Fresh Water Formation.

Planorbis, four species.	Linneus acuminatus.
Ampullaria.	———— cornus.
Cyclostoma.	Gyrogonites, the petrified seed of
Linneus longiscatus.	a species of chara.

¹ Vide the second volume of this work, p. 214, &c.

of oviparous animals are found in more ancient strata, than those of the viviparous class. From these data it would appear, that, in the formation of one hundred and ninety-six yards, being the depth from the top of the eleventh to the lowest point of the chalk, there have been no less than ten¹ geological epochs; in which the sea appears to have twice covered that part of the globe; and twice retired from it.²

¹ It is to be remembered that the third and fourth strata lie parallel with each other.

² The laws, which associate the unknown species of animals with the strata in which they are imbedded, are thus developed.

"It seems clearly ascertained, that the remains of oviparous quadrupeds belong to more ancient strata, than those of viviparous quadrupeds. The crocodiles of Honfleur and of England are underneath the chalk. The lizards of Thuringia are still more ancient, if the slate in which they are contained is to be placed, as some mineralogists suppose, among the most ancient of the secondary formations."

"The earlier appearance of fossil bones seems to indicate, that dry land and fresh water existed before the formation of the chalk strata.—But it is not till we arrive at strata of a far more recent date, that we come to the fossil remains of mammiferous land quadrupeds.—We begin, indeed, to discover the bones of mammiferous sea animals, such as the lamantin and the seal, in the shell-limestone, which immediately covers the chalk strata in the neighbourhood of Paris; but no bones of mammiferous land animals are to be found in that formation, nor till we come to those, which lie over this limestone stratum: after which the bones of land quadrupeds are discovered in great abundance."

"Thus we are led to conclude, that the OVIPAROUS QUADRUPEDS began to exist along with the FISHES, at the commencement of the period, which produced the secondary formations, and that the land quadrupeds did not appear till long afterwards."

"There is also a determinate order observable in the disposition of the bones of this latter kind, with respect to the strata in which they are found.—The genera, which are now unknown; as the *palmotheria*,
anaplo-

VII.

Leaves of trees, trunks of bituminous wood, vast quantities of shells, with bones of fish and other marine animals, are perpetually found among the Sub-Apennines of Italy. On the sides of Monte Sarchio, between Rome and Naples, are found shells mixed with blue marl. Similar remains have been discovered in Monte Tabor. At the feet of the Ligurian mountains a tract of breccia is found, agglutinated scales of mica, and pieces of quartz, in which are imbedded shells, bivalve, and univalve; and a profusion of madrepores. Similar organic substances have been found on the Superga, near Turin; two thousand and sixty-four feet above the level of the sea; and along the Apennines overlooking Modena, Parma, Piedmont, and Placentia. In Modena, the waters of the wells spring from beds of gravel mixed with marine shells. These shells are more than sixty

anaplotheria, &c. are found in the most ancient of the formations of which we now speak, or those which are directly over the coarse limestone.—They are chiefly what occupy the regular strata, deposited from fresh water. Along with them are found some lost species of known genera, but in small numbers.”

“The most remarkable of the unknown species belonging to known genera, as the fossil elephant, rhinoceros, and mastodonton are never found along with those more ancient genera; but are contained in alluvial formations of a later date, and never in the regular rocky strata.”

“Lastly, the bones of species, apparently the same with those now living on the earth, are never found, except in the very latest alluvial depositions, such as are either formed on the sides of rivers, or at the bottoms of ancient lakes, or marshes now dried up. These bones, though the most recent of all, from being nearest to the surface, are the worst preserved.”—*Ouvier*.—*Kerr*.

feet in depth ; and yet more than one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

VIII.

The shells, thus found, have a general analogy with each other ; though many of them belong to species, long supposed to be natives of other oceans. Subsequent investigations, however, have proved, that many of those shell-fish, which have for ages been supposed to belong only to the Indian, African, and Northern Seas, the insulated recesses of the Caspian, the bays of Nicobar, and the coasts of South America, have not only been found in the neighbourhoods of Naples and Ravenna, but, as above described, imbedded in strata of blue marl in the bosom of the Sub-Apennines ; sixty feet below successive strata of black earth mixed with vegetable substances.

On a hill, distant about twenty miles from Verona, are found stones, disposed in slates ; which, being split, discover in each the half of a fish. Its species is known by the head, the eye, the spine, and the tail. Many of these were preserved in the collection of Vincenzio Bozza of Verona ; who formed a collection of petrified fishes, taken from Mount Bolca :—some of which the Abbé Fortis identified with fishes on the coasts of Otaheite. The borders of Mount Baldo, on the lake Du Garda, exhibit large pieces of greyish marble, full of sea-shells, converted into a substance of white spatha¹:—near the sanctuary of Corona, flints mixed with fragments of star-

¹ Il Mercurio Italico, Volta. 1789.

fishes; and on the side of the Altissimo marks of fishes in calcareous stone. The walls of Megara were formed of stones containing cockle-shells, dug out of a neighbouring quarry. Entire skeletons of animals, supposed by some to be whales, have been dug up in Tuscany, Bologna, Piedmont, and Placentia, out of strata of blue marl. Indeed so many of these fossil remains have been found in the Superiore Valdarno, that Targione is said to have called it "the Cemetery of Elephants." In this district also have been discovered bones of rhinoceroses, and hippopotami; as well as near Leghorn, Viterbo, Verona, Rome, Naples, and in Calabria.¹ They lie, for the most part, not more than a few feet below the surface; but in one instance, near Rome, those of the elephant lie imbedded twenty feet deep in volcanic tufo. Some of those, found so near the surface of the earth, may, however, have been buried by the Romans, who were accustomed to collect great numbers of Asiatic and African animals for their savage exhibitions.

Those dug up in Valdarno Superiore and near Placentia were incrustated with oyster-shells²; which

¹ Immense beds of bones have also been found, between the mouths of the Lena and Indigerka, of mammoths, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses.—A vast multitude are also seen in the caverns of the German mountains. These mountains form a chain, two hundred leagues in extent. The cave most rich in remains is that of Gayleureuth, in Franconia. Most of the bones are in a shattered state; and exhibit the anatomy of a bear, the species of which is no longer known. None of them exhibit any resemblances of marine formations.

² For a descriptive catalogue of the fossil shells of the Sub-Apennines, vide Bracchi's *Conchiologia Fossile Sub-Apennina con osservazioni Geologiche agli Appennini sul Suolo adjacente*. Vol. ii,

adhered so closely to them, that to break the bones was to break the oyster-shells at the same time. But it is probable, that as these bones are found among marine shells, they are really not the bones of elephants, but of some marine animals resembling their anatomy.

It is to be observed, that the fossil shells, found near Paris, are, for the most part, totally distinct from those of the Sub-Apennines.

The ruins of Agrigentum stand upon a mountain composed of a concretion of sea-shells, as hard as marble;—and a stratum of bones has been found in Istria and Ossaro, under rocks of marble, forty feet in thickness. Marble itself, also, has been found in Egypt, Italy, and Scotland, in which sea shells are compactly indurated in the quarry. Elephants' teeth, too, have been dug out of a marble quarry in Saxony: they are preserved in the Royal Museum of Copenhagen. It is possible that these marbles were once of a soft nature, like mud; and that they have become hard by the retirement of the water.

IX.

Tournefort believes, that the Black Sea has been separated from the Mediterranean.¹ Herodotus and

¹ Relation du Voyage au Levant, tom. i. p. 80; ii. p. 63-4.—The ancients even insisted, that the Mediterranean itself is but of comparatively recent formation:—That there was a time, when the whole space, it now occupies, was dry land; and that it was formed by the Atlantic rushing in between the opposite promontories of Ceuta and Gibraltar.

Diodorus the Sicilian, state it as their opinion, that Egypt, particularly the Delta, formed once a part of the same sea. Many changes are recorded along the coasts of Greece¹; while in 1446 the sea broke in at Dort, in Holland, and destroyed upwards of one hundred thousand persons. Oxyrinchus, near the Lybian range of mountains, was swallowed by the sands of the Desert: while part of the deserts in the neighbourhood of the Caspian once formed a sub-portion of the ocean itself.

The inhabitants of Cashmere have a tradition, that the whole of their country was once a vast lake. Abbé Fortis supposes, that Spain was once joined to Africa. The space between the shore of Kamtschatka and the neighbouring islands was probably once dry land. Indeed the Kurili and the Aleuthian Islands, with the whole Northern Archipelago, with the islands of Corea, may be esteemed as so many vast mountains, whose bases are imbedded beneath the ocean. The Phillipine Islands once formed a continent; their seas are shallow:—And that some capes of North West America, on the contrary, were once islands, there are many presumptive proofs.

America and Africa may even have formed one vast continent, notwithstanding the Atlantic flows between them. The sailors of Columbo, when they beheld the collection of weeds, four hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Islands, believed the land to have sunk.—It is not impossible, but that it may

¹ See particularly *Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*;—also a remark of Galbano; *Hist. Mar. Disc.* p. 13.

have done so ; for the rocks of the Congo are primitive, and resemble those on the opposite shores :— and Sienite at the falls of the Yellala, being covered by a thin black crust with a shining surface, composed of oxides and manganese, like the effects of the waters of the Oronoko, Konig¹ conjectures, that the mountains of the Congo and the Loango were primevally connected with those of Rio and Pernambuco.

Whether America is really separated from Asia, or whether the two continents actually join, has not yet been ascertained¹ (1820).—But an union would be no more extraordinary, than that subsisting between Asia and Africa, at the isthmus of Suez. The points, which mark the two hemispheres, are flat ; and the sea more inclined to shallowness than depth. Volcanic matter has been found on the shores of Behring's Straits : and it has, therefore, been reasonably conjectured, that if the two continents do not connect at present, they may have done so formerly. Earthquakes are frequent in Kamschatka ; and some vast visitation of that nature may have rent asunder the isthmus that united them.

Sea shells are witnessed on Perdu, more than ten thousand feet above the waters of the ocean. Among the mountains of Castravan are seen great varieties of fishes ; on the summit of one of the mountains of Arsagar are seen the bivalve shells of the Caspian²;

¹ Letter to Barrow, Nov. 5, 1817.

² The Caspian loses by evaporation the quantity of water, it receives from the rivers, that flow into it,—Between this sea and the Black Sea,

and rings for cables are still observed in the rocks near Sevastopole in Tartary; where the inhabitants insist the sea once flowed. Thus, while fossil shells have been discovered in the quarries of Flanders, and among the Alps behind Genoa, the Pyrenees, the Caucasus, Athos, Lebanon,¹ Ararat, the Riphæan Ridge, the steep mountains of New Ireland,²—the Andes, and the Cordilleras, present strata, either of shells, sea-weeds, or skeletons of fishes, amphibia, and other animals, not only at their feet, but in their girdles, and near their very summits. Indeed, multitudinous are the evidences, in almost all parts of the globe, that what is now dry land, quarry, rock, and mountain, have, at some distant period of time, been in a state of liquidity.

X.

From these phenomena it would appear, that all systems, founded upon the doctrine of universal formations, must be wrong at the root. For it is evident, that all the instances, hitherto adduced, refer only to particular districts: and they all seem, most forcibly, to oppose the idea, that any formation circumvolved the globe. But it may be remarked, that

the Caucasus rises like an immense wall; yet M. Olivier imagines the two seas once to have communicated towards the north of the Caucasus.—Pallas inclines to the same opinion; and M. Dureau de la Malle has also shewn the probability of its having once had a communication with the lake of Ural.—Tournefort has suggested a probability, that the Euxine and the Mediterranean were separated at the time of Deucalion's Deluge.

¹ Herodotus, Euterpe. xii.

² Labillardiere, Voy. in Search of La Perouse, vol. i. p. 258.

the formations, to which the Parisian strata apply, were made at different epochs of time; that each stratum was once the surface of that part of the globe in which it is now situated; and that the animals, found imbedded, there lived, and there perished. It is, indeed, said, that some species lie in a stratum, which extends several hundred miles, unmingled with the other strata above or below. Now this is very possible; and there ought to be little doubt expressed as to the fact; but we are no more to apply this comparative greatness of extent to the whole globe, than the natives of the deserts of Asia are to suppose, that deserts pervade the entire surface of the earth.

Strata, containing vegetable remains, seldom discover marine shells or bones. Little can be accurately inferred from this; the whole subject being wrapped in ambiguity; but it is not improbable, that each successive epoch has been marked by phenomena, peculiar to itself. And it is no great stretch of reasoning to suppose, as others have supposed, that the whole has several times been peopled with animals and vegetables, different from those now in existence. From this probability has arisen the supposition, that there may be a succession of animal and vegetable species, as, in the course of years, there are individuals.

XI.

In the survey, hitherto taken by geologists, it has been observed, that no organic remains have been discovered in the interior substances, of which the stones of primitive mountains are composed. They

being found only in those mountains, called secondary : which rest on the sides, and which sometimes even cover the summits of primitive ones. It has also been observed, that all fossil remains of viviparous land animals have been found in alluvial soil ; or near the surface of the earth :—and that as no remains of the human species have yet been discovered in ancient alluvial ground, it may reasonably be inferred, that the changes, so frequently alluded to, took place before the present race of man¹ was formed. Skeletons have been dug up in various places : but from no position invalidating the correctness of this argument ; for they have been evidently imbedded and

1 “ When I assert,” says M. Cuvier, “ that human bones have not been hitherto found among extraneous fossils, I must be understood to speak of fossils or petrifications properly so called :—as in peat depositions or turf bogs, and in alluvial formations, as well as in ancient burying grounds, the bones of men, with those of horses, and other ordinary existing species of animals, may readily enough be found :—but among the fossil palæotheria, the elephants, the rhinoceroses, &c., the smallest fragment of human bone has never yet been found. * * * Every circumstance, therefore, contributes to establish this position :—that the human race did not exist in the countries in which the fossil bones of animals have been discovered, at the epoch when these bones were covered up ; as there cannot be a single reason assigned why men should have entirely escaped from such general catastrophes ; or, if they also had been destroyed and covered over at the same time, why their remains should not be now found along with those of other animals. I do not presume, however, to conclude that man did not exist at all before these epochs. Perhaps even the places which he then inhabited may have been sunk into the abyss, and the bones of that destroyed human race may yet remain buried under the bottom of some actual seas ; all, except a small number of individuals, who were destined to continue the species.”—*Cuvier ;—Theory of the Earth.—Jamieson.*

agglutinated at no very distant period of time. In the villa Ludovici, near Rome, is a skeleton, encrusted with stone; and in the British Museum is a fossil human skeleton found in Guadaloupe, imbedded in limestone. At the founding of Quebec, a savage was dug up, petrified, from the lower strata; with his arrows and his quiver. A skeleton was, also, found in a lead mine, mixed with stags' horns, in 1744; and in a mine at Falun, in Sweden, two human bodies were, at different times, found impregnated with vitriol of iron:—at Andrarum impregnated with sulphur: and in Norway impregnated with copper, on a bed of loadstone. Others have, also, been found in mines, wearing a mineralized appearance.

X Whether the changes, we have alluded to, took place, prior, or subsequent to the formation of man, it is now impossible to ascertain. What is now sea, as we have before observed, was once dry land; and what is now land was, probably, in great part, an entire ocean.¹ This supposition involves difficulties of the first importance; but it is the only rational one, that, in the present state of geological science, can reasonably be entertained. Future discoveries will produce more correct data²: and time and unwearied application to the general subject may render that evident, which is now mys-

¹ The Egyptians told Herodotus, that since the creation the sun had altered his course four times: and that the earth and sea had as often changed into each other.—*Herod. lib. ii. c. 123. Diod. Sic. lib. i.*

² “Collect facts,” says Bacon, “with judgment; and describe them with exactness and fidelity. After a thousand years we may systematize.”

terious :—this science, like many others, being still in its infancy. An analogy is, however, offered to us in the changes, presented in Jupiter's belts : for these belts frequently exhibit appearances, as if the sea quitted the land, and returned to it again.

That a vast deluge has, in remote times, paralyzed vegetation and desolated the earth, is evident. It is recorded in history¹; it is recorded in the traditions of all nations²; and, above all, it is recorded in the natural history of the globe. But neither historical record, nor tradition, nor conjecture, can at present fathom those awful operations, which exhibit instances of power, to contend against which were mere waste of resolution; and to attempt to fathom were mere waste of strength. And as an example of the magnificent extent of Nature's operations, we may close these remarks with observing, that in two years more than eighteen thousand square miles of ice disappeared from the Greenland seas : and as a singular coincidence, it has been observed, that this great change occurred at the time, when the magnetical variation to the westward became stationary.

¹ It has been remarked, and with great ingenuity, that if in the first chapter of Genesis *time* is adopted instead of *day*, it would assist the geological student very materially.

² Even in America.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*, vol. iv. p. 472.

CHAPTER VI.

THE effects of volcanoes¹ are generally known; it is not, therefore, our intention to enter into a history of them; but we may just state a few of comparatively recent occurrence. A great part of the Passandayang in Java was swallowed in 1772, with explosions more than equal to the heaviest cannon. Forty villages were destroyed; two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven inhabitants; and fifteen² miles in length and six of breadth ingulphed. The terrible catastrophes in Borneo have been amply described³; and the convulsions in 1766, in which the whole city of Cumana was overturned; and a subsequent one at Carraccas, in which nine-tenths of that city was destroyed, and ten thousand persons buried under its ruins, are described in Humboldt's best manner.⁴

1 "Vesuvius," says Dr. Clarke, "is in all respects, as to its chemical nature, a vast gas blowpipe; corresponding in all its phenomena, with the appearances and effects, the explosions and detonations, the heat and the light, exhibited by the apparatus, which bears this name; and differing from it only as the mighty operations of Nature in the universe differ from the puny imitations of the chemist in his laboratory."

No volcanic eruption takes place without the agency and decomposition of water. "Hence," says Dr. Clarke, "before any great eruption of Vesuvius, not only does the water disappear in all the wells of Naples, Portici, Resina, and other towns at the foot of the mountain, but even the sea itself retires."

² Batavian Transactions, vol. ix.; Raffles' Hist. of Java, 4to. vol. i. p. 15.

³ Pennant's Outlines, vol. iv. p. 52.

⁴ Personal Narrative, vol. iv. p. 12.

Earthquakes are frequently fatal in Peru; where entire districts are devoted, as it were, to incessant volcanic impulses: and the natives perpetually behold new territories lying on the wrecks and fragments of old ones. In 1600 a volcano in Peru covered an area of ground above thirty-four thousand square acres, with sand, ashes, and other matter. Bouguer seems to think, that from the multitude of caverns and volcanoes, the solidity of the Cordilleras by no means corresponds with their bulk. It is curious to observe, that while volcanoes spread such wide and incessant destruction in South America, they are totally unknown in the Northern part of the American continent. Nor have any data yet been discovered, which can, in any way, lead to the conclusion, that there ever has been any.

Java, one of the finest islands in the world, is, on the contrary, almost entirely volcanic. Dr. Horsfield visited one of the craters. "Every thing," says he, "contributes to fill the mind with the most awful satisfaction. It doubtless is one of the most grand and terrific scenes, which Nature presents; and afforded an enjoyment, which I have no power to describe." In that island there was an eruption in 1586,² which killed ten thousand persons. But a more extraordinary one was that of Tomboso, a mountain situated in the island of Sambawa, in the year 1815. So tremendous was this explosion, that its effects extended over the Molucca Islands, Java, a large

¹ Batavian Transactions, vol. ix.

² Burnet's Theory, vol. ii. p. 80.

portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of a thousand miles from its centre, by tremulous motions; and the report of the explosions¹ was heard at Java (three hundred miles distant) and inspired as much awe, as if the volcano were present; while showers of ashes fell upon the island² and totally darkened the atmosphere. The ashes, too, laid an inch and a half deep at Macassar, distant two hundred and fifty miles. The sea was, for many miles round Sambawa, so covered with pumice-stone and trunks of trees, as to impede the progress of ships³; and the atmosphere was for two entire days in darkness equal to that of the darkest night. The wind was still; but the sea much agitated. The explosions were not only heard at Java and the before mentioned islands, but at Banca and at Amboyna⁴: the latter eight hundred and ninety miles distant, the former nine hundred and eighty-six.

In 1783 a volcanic eruption broke out in Iceland: and for two months spouted out volumes of matter to a height of two miles; covering in its fall a tract of square land to the amount of three thousand six hundred miles! In this island, volcanoes have all the dreadful accompaniments with those of Italy: but few of their benefits. In Iceland they produce little fertility; but in Italy, volcanoes, during their periods of repose, seem to rest for the purpose of concentrating

¹ Raffles' Hist. Java, vol. i. p. 26.

² Batavian Transactions.

³ Asiatic Journal, vol. i. p. 92.

⁴ Asiatic Journal, vol. ii. p. 117, 125, 166 and 167.

their power of producing new empires. The fertility, they impart, atone, in no small degree, for their previous desolation.

II.

If we recur to earthquakes, the scene of change widens to an astonishing extent. The high mountain, Picus, in one of the Molucca islands, has been changed into a lake, of a shape answering to its base: St. Culphernia in Calabria, and all its inhabitants, were overwhelmed by one earthquake: while by another (A. D. 1692-3), not only fifty-four towns and cities, besides villages, were damaged, or destroyed, but sixty thousand persons perished.

The earthquake of Lisbon!—Not more astonishing were its effects, than the extent of its operation:—at Lisbon and Oporto; in every province of Spain, except those of Valentia, Arragon and Catalonia; at Algiers; in the kingdom of Fez; in the empire of Morocco; in the Madeira islands, and in those of Antigua, and Barbadoes in the western hemisphere. It was felt also in Corsica; at Bayonne, Bourdeaux, Angouleme and Havre in France; in many parts of Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Holland; England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Norway.

In China a whole province of mountains sunk into a lake; and it is said, that an earthquake, in the year 1663, overwhelmed a whole chain of Canadian mountains, extending to the distance of three hundred miles!

A. D. 1556.

Thus Nature periodically assumes new attitudes; but in those changes seldom does she outstep the harmony of her own decisions.—Doves still reside upon the island of Cythera; snow still covers the summit of the Caucasus; sands still rise in volumes over the deserts of Ethiopia; grapes and apricots are still abundant near the city of Damascus; and myrtles, lavender, and the rose of Jericho, still grow upon the mountains of Keswarân. The Danube, the Wolga, the Tigris, and the Ganges, still wind their serpentizing lengths along; nightingales still delight the gardens of Persia and bees still frequent the rosemary of Narbonne.¹

CHAPTER VII.

THE highest order of poetical minds seems to have been that, which originally conceived the idea, that matter exists only as it is perceived.—Though Berkeley has been esteemed the father of this dogma, it is

¹ Lord-Byron has a passage, beautifully illustrative of these reflections. Speaking of the fallen condition of Greece.—

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;
Thine olives ripe, as when Minerva smiled;
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free born wanderer of thy mountain air:
Apollo still thy long, long, summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mende's marbles glare.
Art, glory, freedom fails:—but Nature still is fair.

of Eastern origin. It was taught by Vyasa, an Hindoo poet and philosopher, who flourished in the eleventh century :—and, not improbably, it has a higher antiquity even than that. Indeed, I think, it may be traced even to Plato.—But opinions, manners, customs, laws, languages, and governments,—all have their striking changes and vicissitudes. Stability is not the quality, or the fortune, of created things. Even what we call science partakes of the same fluctuating character :—and art, having attained its zenith, retrogrades.—One system of philosophy falls before the ingenuity, or extravagance, of another ; and hence it arises, that no small portion of a contemplative life is lost in detecting the errors of former observers, reasoners, and hypothesists.—Geometry seems alone to be the science of eternity.

Living in an age, which has witnessed the temporary overthrow of all, that was esteemed great and permanent, and crowded with events, equal in magnitude and interest, to those of the ten preceding centuries ; the whole, even in this recent stage of its history,

“ Seem like the relics of some splendid dream.”

In this period Nature has presented to us new ruins to engage our attention ; and has introduced us to minerals, plants, insects, fishes, birds, and quadrupeds, of which our forefathers knew nothing. And not only all these, but new stages of society ; and almost every variety in the present capacity of the human mind to contemplate. Opening, as it

were, new empires, which, constituting continual triumphs of civilization over barbarism, and knowledge over ignorance, open a magnificent panorama to the mind; and exhibiting to men, who now live, undoubted evidence, that the very best of their attainments, whether in art, in philosophy, or in the science of legislation, are but the rudiments of future knowledge.

II.

Nature—secondary to that Being, “of whom, through whom, and to whom, are all things,”—not only changes shapes and properties herself, but she has delegated to man a power of operating in a similar, though in a limited, degree. By observing the properties of vegetables, the qualities and affinities of minerals; and, having gained a knowledge of the effects of fire, water, and fermentation, he produces, at will, the most curious transformations in bodies; determines the limits of quantities; and decides the nature of qualities; by all the different methods of solution, deliquation, and depuration; by precipitating, distilling, and evaporating; by the arts of chrystallization, sublimation, and exsiccation; and by pressure, pulverizing, fusion, and calcination. While, by the uniting of bodies, he is capable of combining the most volatile of all fluids; and by the application of acids and salts, of dissolving the most obstinate of all minerals.

The Stoics, (who were ignorant of the power, which electricity possesses, of giving life,) and it were,

to the four elements of matter), resolved air, earth, fire, and water into each other¹ : and as magnetism is said to have the faculty of suspending gravitation, so they imagined (as Nature delights in circles and ellipses), that there existed a quality, which had the power of suspending the progress of events ; and which, after a certain era, caused them to revert into their respective original channels² : as water resolves into vapour by heat ; and vapour resolves into water by cold. So that every accident and event was supposed to be bound perpetually to recur ; the same number and description of plants, insects, birds, and animals, again to animate and adorn the earth ; and the same beings, feeling their prior passions, again to exercise the same virtues and vices, and to be liable to the same calamities and disorders, to which they were subject, in their state of antecedence.

It is certain, that no new plant, fish, animal, or mineral, has been introduced into the world's economy since

¹ Hence Milton speaks of elements, "that in quaternian run."—Book v. v. 180.

² Speaking of the changes of civilization and barbarism, Tacitus remarks, that the world is subject to changes and vicissitudes, the periods of which are unknown to us ; but their revolution is by alternate succession of rudeness and politeness, civilization and barbarism, ignorance and knowledge, as the sun is attended by alternate succession of seasons. It is curious, that the Abbé du Ros* should quote the passage, of which this is an abstract, in detail, as conclusive of his argument in respect to climate : whereas, if it apply to climate at all, it militates against the influence, which the Abbé supposes it to have on the mental vigour of ages.

* Reflect. on Poetry, Painting, and Music, vol. ii., ch. xx.

the first creation of its present form, though it has subsisted for such a multitude of ages. This is sufficient to prove, that the world is perfect in its *kind* :—and, as the whole system of Nature is founded upon the principle of motion, and upon a system too extended even for the doctrine of fluxions, it is not absolutely absurd to suppose (though from such a state of immortality, may righteous Heaven defend us !), that there may be a circle¹ for the movement of events and passions, as well as for bodies : and as they are drawn to one end of the circle's diameter by an attractive force, they may be thrown back by a repulsive one :—in the same manner, as globes ascend and descend by a centripetal and centrifugal necessity.

This opinion was maintained by the Brahmins,² the Egyptians, and the modern Siamese. Plato and Virgil³ admitted it, with some modifications. It is implied in Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy,⁴ and is fully described in the Dabistan.⁵ The period of revolution is supposed to close, and another to begin, when all the planets are in conjunction ; alternately in the signs Cancer and Capricorn :⁶—at which time another impulse will be given, and a new circuit will commence.

¹ Vide Herodotus, clio. ccvii.

² Philos. Trans. confirmed by Geeta, p. 94.

³ Virg. En. vi. 74. Ecl. iv. 5.

⁴ Lib. iii.

⁵ Asiat. Miscel. p. 99.

⁶ The Druids believed in these periodical changes,* which were sometimes to arise from the power of fire; and at others from that of

* Strabo, lib. iv. p. 197.

The Jews believe, that when the world has attained the age of six thousand years, there will be an eternal sabbath.¹ Newton appears to have coincided with the idea of a complete period, and the beginning of a new era,² so far as to suppose, that the fabric

water. Cicero entertained a similar belief; as well as Seneca.† Berossus taught, that when all the planets meet in Cancer,‡ the world is changed by a conflagration; and when in Capricorn by a deluge.

Nicias believed, that the sun during the space of eleven thousand years had changed his place of setting from east to west, and from west to east. Some have taught, that in twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty years, the north pole will be viewed as the south pole; and that in twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty years, it will again revert to the north.

Ptolemy, Tycho, Riccioli, and Cassini, believed our system to have a fixed period of career, varying from twenty-four thousand eight hundred years to thirty-six thousand years: Copernicus to two hundred and fifty eight thousand.

It has been calculated, that from the time in which Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are next in conjunction, they will be in conjunction again after a period of two hundred and eighty thousand years;—after making the following revolutions.

Saturn	9,516 years.
Jupiter	23,616
Mars	148,878
Earth	280,000
Venus.....	455,122
Mercury.....	1,162,577

¹ This prophecy is received from Elias, the Cabbalist. Two of these before the law: two under the law: and two immediately under the guidance and protection of the Messiah.

² The Scandinavians believed in the destruction of the world,

* In Somn. Scipionis. † Epist. ix. ‡ Senec. Nat. Quæst. iii. 29.

of the universe cannot subsist for ever without being renewed by the hand of the Creator. This idea was started by Hipparchus, immediately upon discovering the recession of the equinoxes. Timeus, on the other hand, insisted, that the universe was perfect in beauty ; and that it would never stand in need either of correction or renewal.

III.

It is remarkable, that though we see change to be the law of the globe, yet in the heavens all appear to the naked eye to retain unvarying aspects. The sun rises and sets ; the moon exhibits her periodical changes ; planets perform their stated courses ; and their satellites undergo their respective series of eclipses. On earth every object has its period of decay : but the planets and the fixed stars seem

which they called the "twilight of the Gods ;" and in the renovation of it. Then sprang into existence another universe, of a far more perfect formation ; another earth, springing from the cause of causes, emerging from the bosom of the ocean, rolling in the blue expanse, and producing, with a voluntary impulse, every description of flower and fruit.

This renovation was believed by the ancient Brachmans, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and the Persians. Orpheus imported the hypothesis into Greece ; and Pythagoras transplanted it into Italy. Chrysippus calls it *apocastasis* ;* Marcus Antoninus *palingenesia* ;† and Numerius‡ resurrection and restitution. The natives of Pegu also believe in an eternal succession of worlds.

* Lactant : lib. vii. c. 23.

† Euseb : *Præp. Ev.* lib. vii. c. 23.

‡ Burnet—*Theory of the Earth*—4l. p. 211.

formed for eternity. And though there are portions of the heavens,—particularly in the southern hemisphere,—attesting ample space for new creations, yet no new creations are observed to be formed.

But the monotony, observable to the eye, is not a monotony to the reason. Nature never withdraws the veil from her womb, while she creates, or is teeming. She never dies; and never waxes old.—Ever various in the midst of simplicity in form and colour;—ever active even in the midst of apparent repose;—the glass of the astronomer discerns globes, or bodies, wearing an appearance of recent creation. How large—Herschell, Saturn, Jupiter, and the Sun may assist us to imagine;—how small, Venus, Mercury, and the Asteroids.

Changes, too, in other instances, are evident to the eye of philosophy. The ring of Saturn varies in breadth; and is sometimes even invisible:—the belts of Jupiter and the zones of Mars have motions, and are variable:—the Moon has its volcanic eruptions:—and the sun has spots so large, that they are visible to the naked eye; and sometimes so numerous, that fifty may be seen at the same time. These do not move parallel with the equator, nor have they equal velocities. Many of what we call fixed stars, too, have motions, and periodical variations in their lustres and apparent magnitudes. There were many stars, known to ancient astronomers, now invisible; and others are

1 19,628 miles in diameter. Spots on the Sun are said to have been first discovered by Galileo or Sobajner: but, if I mistake not, Longinus alludes to them in his treatise on the Sublime.

visible, which were not so formerly. Some have appeared only for a short time; and some have gradually increased in brilliancy as others have gradually decreased.

Several stars have appeared, and subsequently disappeared; in Cassiopeia; in Serpentarius; in the neck of the whale; in the head and breast of the swan; in Andromeda's girdle; in Leo, and in Argo.—Montaner asserts, that he had observed more than an hundred changes in the fixed stars. Modern science supports the assertion. There was formerly a tradition in the east, that, in the reign of Ogyges, the planet Venus not only changed its colour; but its diameter and its orbit.¹ The Pleiades, assuredly, once exhibited to the naked eye seven² stars instead of six:—Justin relates, that, at the time of the birth of Mithridates, two comets appeared, so large, that the sun was eclipsed in the meridian of his splendour; and that for seventy days they covered the fourth part of the heavens. In the year 218, also, we are told, that

¹ This is no doubt a fable. The Arcadians had a tradition, that their ancestors were older than the moon. In the time of Hezekiah the sun is said to have gone backwards; and in that of Joshua to have stood still.

² Amos. ch. v. v. 8.—Though the naked eye discovers only six stars in this constellation, the astronomer sees 188;—and 2000 in that of Orion; whereof twelve comprize the single star in the middle of his sword; and 28 the nebulous star in his head. The nebulous star, Præsepe, consists of no less than forty. And how vast the multitude in the various strata of the heavens may, in some measure, be conceived from the circumstance, that 116,000 stars passed over the field of Herschell's telescope within one quarter of an hour!

two other comets appeared; the course of one of which had the wonderful variation of moving from east to west. Olbers has also calculated, that a comet will, after a lapse of 83,000 years approach as near to us as the moon : and that it will gravitate within 7700 geographical miles of the earth in 4,000,000 years, when, if its attraction is equal to that of the earth, the waters of the ocean will rise not less than 13,000 feet !

Since first the penetrating eye of man
Beheld thee * rising o'er the balmy skirts
Of blooming Eden, thou art still the same ;
And all now gaze on that, which Adam saw !—
Adam and Moses, Thales, and the man,†
Who first taught Nature to th' astonish'd sons
Of western regions.—Oh ! transporting thought !
To think that these unhallow'd eyes have seen
What Adam, Moses, and great Newton saw !—

But all beneath the constant moon decay !—
All change !—all spring from infancy to age ;
And at the appointed season of decay,
Melt into dust :—to be reform'd again.
Reform'd in splendour more magnificent,
Than eye has seen, or ear has ever heard !—
And by that power OMNIPOTENT, whose name,
Inscrib'd on all the universe, proclaims
HIM PAST, HIM PRESENT, FUTURE, AND SOLE CAUSE,
SOLE POWER, SOLE LOVE, SOLE WISDOM, AND SOLE END !
Hymn to the Moon.

* The Moon.

† Pythagoras.

CHAPTER VIII.

There is no animal, vegetable, or even mineral, but what sustains increase or diminution of weight every moment. They are either expanded by heat; contracted by cold; or affected by the substances, with which they are combined. It is no proof of the contrary to this position, that many of these changes are neither visible to the human eye; nor sensible to human touch. Animals and vegetables sustain these changes even oftener, than every thousandth part of a second. Gold, platina, and silver are less liable to change than other metals: but even their changes are frequently apparent. The ten simple earths are not only incapable of being analyzed into other bodies; but they are equally unsusceptible of being converted into each other. They are also incombustible and infusible: and they enter into the composition of all substances that fill up the space, beginning with gems, and finishing with the smallest grain of sand. Even these have perpetual increase and diminution. Some minerals impart their virtues without losing any of their sensible weight;—but they lose weight nevertheless. It is only insensible to us.

The diamond is the most unchangeable of earthly bodies, when remaining in its quarry; and yet this hardest of all bodies is a combustible substance, and furnishes pure charcoal:—and charcoal itself, the most obstinate of all bodies, may be melted by the gas blowpipe.

The apparent changes in mineral bodies are exceedingly curious and beautiful. If nitric acid is poured on copper filings, the particles of copper will combine with those of the acid, and form a new body, distinct from either.

Mercury will dissolve in vapour in the common temperature of the atmosphere; or be shaken into dust. Iron is burnt by pure oxygen gas; and, when applied to a roll of sulphur, becomes obsequious and pulverizes. Gold and silver may be reduced to a calx; and then reclaimed to their primitive nature and form: and all bodies resolve themselves by chemical analysis into earth, water, salt, sulphur, or mercury. Shells, wherever found, in the sea, in rivers, or on the backs of animals, will ferment with acids and burn into lime.¹

Silver is generally found combined with lead, antimony, and sulphur. Copper with many substances; iron mostly with sulphuric and carbonic acids:—pyrites with iron and sulphur:—tin with sulphur and copper:—lead with sulphur and silver. Mercury is found among ores, stones, and clay; Nickel with iron and arsenic;—zinc with carbonic and sulphuric acids;—arsenic with iron, gold, and silver; and cobalt with arsenic and sulphuric acids. Of these gold and platina are the most unchangeable;—they are dissolved by oxygenated muriatic acid;—silver and other metals by nitric acid; and they all burn readily in oxygen gas.

¹ Limestone is formed by a combination of water and carbonic.—When a limestone rock appears, therefore, we may rest assured, that water once flowed there. Indeed the whole form and disposition of the earth prove, that it was once in a state of fluidity.

Sulphur, plumbago, the several bitumens, coal, jet, and amber, are combustible; and, therefore, freely change their forms and nature. The harder metals are combined by the force of chemical affinity; and decomposed by the same principle;—a power, supposed to arise from positive and negative electricity.

II.

Some have even affected, not only to separate the component parts of objects—the science of chemistry—but even to change one body into another. The industry of alchymists took this direction:—hence their endeavours to discover a menstruum, which, being cast upon metals in a state of infusion, would convert their true mercurial parts into gold. This menstruum they called the powder of projection. The possibility of metals being transmuted into gold was entertained by Bacon; and, in some measure, countenanced by Boyle and Newton. The changes of mineral bodies may be supposed to arise from an union of the combined effects of electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont took a less objectionable ground, when they insisted, that in Nature there existed a fluid, which has the power of reducing all bodies into their original elements.¹ The existence of such a fluid is doubtless not impossible; but it has never yet been discovered: and if it really exist, it

¹ Davy affirms, that elementary bodies are but few; and that even those few may, possibly, be only one under different forms.

will, most probably, be given to accident to discover. Nature has trusted no animal with fire, but man; an universal dissolvent would be too powerful an agent for men to be entrusted with. The time may, however, come, when Nature may condescend to speak a more intelligible language, and entrust posterity with greater prerogatives. Indeed the time seems rapidly approaching: for M. Lussac has discovered the means of rendering the most inflammable substances combustible without flame or fire. By means of the gas-blowpipe rock crystal may be melted into a substance resembling pure mercury; rubies, sapphires, and emeralds may be melted into one mass; and even magnesia and pure carbonate of lime, long supposed to be the most refractory substances to fuse, may be melted by it. This astonishing power is derived, as Clarke has demonstrably proved, from the mixture of hydrogen gas with that of oxygen gas, in the exact proportion, in which they form water.¹ By this art of burning the gaseous constituents of water, all things in Nature become fusible; and, in many instances, even volatilizable.

Mercury is said to be the foundation of colours²; salt of savours; and sulphur of odours. Sulphur has such affinities, that it is found combined not only with minerals, but with vegetable and animal substances.

¹ Two parts by bulk of hydrogen gas added to one part of oxygen gas.

² Metals in a voltaic battery burn with various colours:—zinc with a bluish light, fringed with red: silver, emerald green: lead emits a purple light: copper, a bluish light with sparks. gold, white tinged with blue.

Also with hydrogen. When combined in a state of combustion with water, it produces sulphurous acid ; burning it in pure oxygen gas produces sulphuric acid.

Phosphorus exhibits another beautiful instance of change. One pound of it will melt one hundred pounds of ice. When combined with hydrogen gas, it takes fire at any temperature, upon being exposed to the atmosphere ; and when associated with sulphur it forms a compound so extremely combustible, that, when exposed to the air, it bursts into a vivid flame.

Oxygen gas assists combustion ; nitrogen gas destroys it. Fire is detected in the fat of animals ; in the wax of bees ; in vegetables ; in flints ; and in minerals : but gold has the remarkable property of enduring its greatest power, for several weeks, without any apparent diminution of its weight. Fire hardens earth, and softens metals ; vitrifies rocks ; reduces alabaster into a powder ; purifies air ; and evaporates water. It destroys vegetables ; chrystallizes ; sublimates ; and, in fact, seems to be Nature's most universal agent, not only of change and ruin, but of fructification and reproduction.

III.

The compression of air produces both fire and water.¹ Water is composed of fifteen parts of hydro-

¹ Newton observed, that all bodies, which possess high refractive powers, have an inflammable base ; and as water and the diamond possess those powers, he predicted that both those substances would one day be proved to have an inflammable base also. These predictions are now verified.

gen, and eighty-five parts of oxygen : and it is so impregnated with various extraneous matter, that none can be esteemed pure, that has not undergone the process of distillation. In fact, the four elements unite in a single drop of water : all of which may be separated at the discretion of a chemist. It is decomposed by throwing into it phosphurel of lime : while caloric forces itself in such abundance between its particles, as totally to destroy its attraction of cohesion.

Muriatic acid, on the contrary, has such an affinity for water, that whenever it meets with moisture, it assumes the appearance of a cloud ; and so great an affinity for it has muriat of ammonia, that it cannot be collected in a receiver : it is, therefore, collected over mercury. Water has great soluting qualities. All vegetable acids, whether obtained from mucilage, cork, balsam, bark, ripe fruits, lemon juice, sorrel, amber, vinegar, and tartrid of pot-ash, are soluble in it : they are, also, decomposable by heat. But copal, mastic, and the gluten of vegetables, are not soluble in water, though they are in oil : nor is magnesia ; though it is in every kind of acid.

IV.

The atmosphere is a transparent elastic body, compounded chiefly of two fluids, intimately blended ; but differing essentially in their natures. These are oxygen and nitrogen gas. Oxygen gas constitutes about one-fifth ; nitrogen four-fifths of the whole. Oxygen may be respired ; but nitrogen is destructive of respiration. Nitrogen, also, destroys combustion ; but oxygen so materially affects it, that, when pure, iron

shelter to more than ten thousand men? These, and all other vegetables, at length die ; and, at their death, are consumed by fire, or decomposed by heat and water, into hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen ; their primitive elements. Sometimes, however, vegetables, previous to this their final change, become petrified.

Petrifactions are not substances converted into stone, as many persons suppose :—they are substances, encrusted, for the most part, with carbonate of lime. Sir J. Mackenzie lately discovered a fossil Scotch pine tree in the village of Penicuik, about ten miles from Edinburgh, on the North Esk river. The strata, in which the remains of this tree stand, are slate clay ; but the tree itself is encrusted with sandstone. There is sandstone both above and below the slate clay ; but the roots of the tree do not appear to have penetrated the latter, though they reach down to it.

Whole forests, completely coated with strong or shelly substances, are found on Kangaroo Island ; as well as on the continent of New Holland. These encrustations are supposed by Mons. Perron,¹ to arise from decompositions of shell fish ; which, transported by the winds, are deposited on the trees and plants in the form of dust ; and soon become solid pellicles round the branch on which they light. This causes the gradual decay of the tree ; which, yielding to the influence of the calcareous matter, disorganizes, and, after no great length of time, becomes a mass of sandstone ; the arborescent form of which alone recalls to the eye of the observer, its former vegetable state.

¹ Voyage of Discovery to Austral-Asia, vol. ii. p. 171.

VI.

Some vegetables resemble certain animals in their annual exhibitions of change. Thus the cork tree renews its bark ; and, for eight seasons, its quality improves as the tree advances in age. The marine fan-palm has a new leaf every month ; during the same period the Indian bamboo issues a new shoot ; and many bulbous roots have concentric rings proportionate to the number of months they have vegetated : while the cocoa-tree of the Maldivé Islands every month produces a cluster of nuts. Of these, the first, says an eminent French naturalist, is in a state of incipency ; the second is coming out of its covering ; the third is budding ; the fourth is in flower ; the fifth is forming a nut ; and the last is in maturity.

Sheep, in the same manner, renew their fleece every year ; lobsters their shells ; and scorpions, serpents, snakes, grasshoppers, and many other insects, their skins. Stags, goats, and some other animals, also, shed their horns ; though not, perhaps, at stated periods. The Asiatic hedgehog loses its hair during its four months' state of torpidity ; and the peacock sheds its fine feathers in autumn, and renews them in the spring. Hence the peacock in Egypt was esteemed an emblem of the vicissitudes of fortune.

The corn-weevil undergoes its several changes in the concavity of corn. The nut-weevil deposits its eggs in a nut, while it is green and soft. This egg is hatched, when the nut is ripe, and becomes a maggot, which feeds upon the kernel. When it has consumed the kernel, it bores a hole in the

feathers are attached to their wings; and they are endowed with a trunk of exquisite formation.

The *pulex irritans* issues from an egg in the shape of a worm of a pearl colour. In a short time it hides itself; spins a thread from its mouth; and having enclosed itself in the thread for a fortnight, issues from its confinement a perfect animal, defended by a species of armour.

The lion ant¹ after remaining in its reptile state from one to two years, spins a thread, which, being glutinous, sticks to small particles of sand, in which it rolls itself up like a ball. In the concave of this it resides for six or eight weeks; and gradually parting with its skin, feet, antennæ, and eyes, bites a hole in the ball, and appears in the form of a fly;—having a brown slender body, a small head, large eyes, long legs, and transparent wings.

VIII.

The May-bug beetle deposits its egg in the earth, from which its young creeps out in the shape of a maggot, which lives in the earth for three years, feeding upon roots. While under ground it changes its skin every year; and at the end of the fourth digs itself a cell, casts its skin, and becomes a chrysalid. In the succeeding May it bursts from the earth, unfolds its wings, and flies in great numbers round the tops of trees.

The ox gad-fly deposits its egg in the skin of an ox, and produces a yellowish maggot. This maggot falls to the ground, burrows, and enters into an

¹ *Myrmica formica*.

aurelia state; whence it issues a fly of a pale yellowish brown colour, marked with dusky streaks, and about the size of a bee.

Some worms reside under the tongues of dogs; others in the nostrils of macaws; and some in the heads and even throats of Virginian deer. I once put a moth among some leaves under a glass. It deposited several eggs and died. In a few days the eggs, being placed in the sun, burst, and out of them crept insects with wings, as much unlike their parent as a turtle is unlike an elephant.

IX.

Animals are composed of gelatine, albumen, and febrine; formed out of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. Oils, acids, salts, and other substances, also, enter into the animal system. Gelatine is the chief ingredient of the skin, membranes, bones,¹ hoofs, and horns²: from a decomposition of which, in return, is obtained muriat of ammonia. Albumen constitutes that transparent, viscous, substance, which compose the nerves, the serum, and the blood; the curds of milk, and the whites of eggs. Febrine is the essential constituent of the flesh; and flesh and blood are the richest of all manures.

¹ M. Fourcroy says, that phosphate of magnesia exists in the urine of the human species, but not in the bones; though it does exist in the bones of quadrupeds.

² Black hair consists of nine substances, as M. Vauquelin has proved by analization.—Animal matter, a white concrete oil, a greenish grey oil, iron, oxyde of manganese, phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, silica, and a considerable quantity of sulphur.

As the human frame approaches old age the skin, flesh, and fibres, become more dry and hard.—Digestion is more difficult; there is less perspiration; the circulation of the blood is languid; and life fades away by insensible degrees.—This decay of the frame seems to arise out of the circumstance, that the carriers of matter for the repair of the vascular system do not carry matter wherewith to repair themselves.

It may here be remarked, that the stone, of which the ancient sarcophagi were made, was said to have the power of consuming the flesh, that was buried in them. This, however, may be questioned. But certain it is, that lime has the power of decomposing animal substances, without permitting them to undergo the process of putrefaction: and M. Mange of Paris has lately discovered, that the pyroligneous acid, obtained by the distillation of wood, prevents the putrefaction and decomposition of animal substances.

The act of converting food into animal matter is chiefly performed by the stomach: the gastric juice, found in which, constituting the chief menstruum. By a process, at once simple and intricate, food is converted into chyme; which, uniting with the bile and other juices, is formed into chyle;—a substance, resembling milk. This chyle is conveyed by the lacteal vessels into the heart. In this reservoir it begins to form blood; which, passing through the lungs, is modified and perfected by respiration: and, by one of the most beautiful of processes, is distributed by the arteries, and strained into the proper vessels; converting vegetable and animal sub-

stances into nerves, sinews, flesh, hair, bone, and every other part of the human machine : as vegetable juice is indurated into amber ; and the leaf of the mulberry converted into silk.

X.

Other changes take place in the animal system, which would lead us too far into technical peculiarities. But there is one circumstance too curious to be overlooked in a treatise on changes. It belongs to the ear. For while all the other bones of the human frame increase and acquire strength by time, those, that lie in the cavities of the ears, are perfect in the womb. They may, therefore, be said to have a longer duration in respect to perfection, than any other part of the human body. As to those changes, which are caused by the vibratory motion of the nerves, begun by external objects and propagated to the brain, they are so numerous, and so delicate, that it would require a volume of no ordinary magnitude to explain them : and then the subject would remain imperfect.

All animals are compounded of vegetable substances. For as the sea is the visible Providence, as it were, that sustains, by the medium of the sun and air, all that live ; so all, that live and breathe, are compounded of "grass." The hoof of the horse ; the horn of the cow ; the shell of a snail ; the teeth of an elephant ; the claws of a lion ; the feathers of a dove ; the wool of a sheep ; and the hair of a camel, once grew in the fields. Even the eyes with which we see ; and the ears with which we hear.—

The blood of our fathers, the milk of our mothers, the arms of our sons, and the cheeks of our daughters, all sprung collaterally from those vegetables, which, having their roots in the soil, and drawing sustenance therefrom, prove the truth of that doctrine, which teaches, that man came from "the dust."

CHAPTER IX.

THE duration of life appears far more arbitrary, than the duration of unconscious bodies.—Some plants rise from seed in the spring, flower in the summer, shed their seeds and die in autumn or in winter. Some last two years; and others three; but the principal portion are perennial: as violets and all manner of shrubs, and trees. Some blossom only for one day; others only for one night. The chrysanthemum *putescens* bears flowers for the greatest part of the year: the thuyas of China keeps in full leaf in winter and in summer: while the amaranth and the rose of Jericho may be preserved for several years. Most plants live independent of the loss of either leaves or flowers; but the death of a blade of the papyrus involves that of the bud and root attached to it. Some flowers, kept in cold water till they droop, may be restored to life and freshness, by being placed in hot water. Then if the coddled stems be cut off, and put into cold water again, they may be preserved even to a third stage of existence.

Italian cypresses live two hundred years: there is a linden tree at Basle two hundred and fifty years old:

the oak is one hundred years in arriving at perfection, and lives to the age of three hundred. Date-trees in Spain attain a similar age. Many plantains in India are one thousand years old ; and the cedars on Mount Lebanon have an age of not less than two thousand years.

In respect to insects, some have their duration in proportion to the duration of a leaf ; some to that of a flower ; and others to that of a plant. Earth worms live three years ; crickets ten years ; bees seven ; scorpions from seven to twelve ; and toads have been known to arrive even to thirty.—Wasps and spiders, on the other hand, live but one year :—an ephemeron, in a flying state, only one day.—But naturalists speak incorrectly when, after the authorities of Cicero and Aristotle, they say that those which die at nine in the morning expire in their youth ; those at noon in their manhood ; and those at sunset in their age. For, previous to their winged state, they had existed for two if not for three years. The flying state is merely a transition, which Nature has decreed to them for the greater facility of ensuring a succession.

In respect to fishes, crayfish live twenty years ; pikes have frequently attained ninety ; the carp one hundred and fifty ; and the amphibious tortoise three hundred.

Hens will live ten years ; nightingales sixteen ; geese fifty ; parrots sixty ; ravens ninety ; cockatoos one hundred and two years ; falcons two hundred ; and swans two hundred and ninety.

Squirrels live seven years ; hares eight ; cows fourteen ; cats eighteen ; fallow deer twenty ; stags forty ;

the ass from thirty to fifty ; the lion to seventy ; the one-horned rhinoceros to eighty ; and elephants to two hundred years.¹

<i>Age at which Males can engender and Females produce.</i>		<i>Times of Gesta- tion.</i>	<i>Number pro- duced at a Birth.</i>
<i>Males.</i>	<i>Females.</i>		
Guinea pig 5 or 6 weeks.	5 or 6 weeks.	3 weeks.	.. 4, 5, 6, to 8.
Rabbit .. 5 or 6 months.	5 or 6 months.	30 days. 4, 5, to 8.
Dog 9 or 10 months.	9 or 10 do.....	63 do.....	3, 4, 5, 6.
Martin, } 1 year.....	1 year.	56 do.....	3, 4, 5, 6.
Weasel, }			
Polecat }			
Sheep.... 1 do.....	1 do.....	5 months.	1, 2.
Roebuck 1 year and half.	2 do.....	5 do....	1, 2, 3.
Reindeer . 2 years.	2 do.....	8 do....	1.
Ass..... 2 do.....	2 do.....	11 do....	1, rarely 2.
Zebra.... 2 do.....	2 do.....	11 do....	1, rarely 2.
Lion 2 do.....	2 do.....	—	1, 2, 3, or 4, once a year.
Leopard.. 2 do.....	2 do.....	—	4 or 5, once a year.
Horse.... 2 do. and half.	2 do.....	11 months.	1 sometimes 2.
Lama.... 3 do.....	3 do.....	—	1, rarely 2.
Buffalo .. 3 do.....	3 do.....	9 months.	1.
Ape 3 do.....	3 do.....	—	1, occasion- ally 2.
Drome- } 4 years.	4 years.....	about 1 year.	1.
dary .. }			
Camel.. }			
Man 14 do.....	12 do.....	9 months.	1, sometimes 2, rarely 3.*
Rhinoceros 16 do.....	16 do.....	—	1. between 3
Elephant 30 do.....	30 do.....	2 years.	and 4 years.

* I knew a lady, who had twins three times ; and once three children at a birth. The wife of the celebrated Dr. Rigby, of Norwich, had five children at one birth ; and the father was upwards of eighty years old.

II.

Many plants, insects, fishes, birds, and even quadrupeds, are peculiarly sensible of injury ; others as strikingly vivacious. Some animals will live, after the spleen has been taken from them. Dr. Hook even hung a dog ; then cut away its ribs, its diaphragm, its pericardium, and also the top of its windpipe ; and yet restored it to life for some time, by infusing air into its lungs. The sloth will even live for some time after the extraction of its heart and bowels.¹ Worms also are difficult to destroy. Thus by a strange paradox, as an eminent Naturalist has remarked, the most useless of lives are of all others the most difficult to destroy.

Tortoises, serpents, moles, and bats, are able to live for some time without continuing to breathe. This faculty they derive from the circumstance of the lungs having been left out in the circulation of the blood. The possum of Brazil is so difficult to kill, that when it has been broken or crushed, it will still creep away.—And

¹ Mr. Brodie in recording some highly interesting experiments in regard to the suspension of the active principle, instances the case of a frog, which lived and crawled a full hour after its heart had been taken out.

“ In general,” says Mr. Brodie, “ we see life combined with action, and living beings present an endless multitude of phenomena in perpetual and rapid succession.—Life, however, may exist independent of any action, which is evident to the senses.—A leech, which was immersed in a cold mixture, was instantly frozen into a hard solid substance ;—at the end of a few minutes the animal was gradually thawed ;—the leech revived, and continued to live for thirty-six hours after the experiment.”

when the breast of a frog is opened, and its heart and intestine parts taken out, it will yet leap as if it had sustained no injury ; while land tortoises, and the whole tribe of lizards, will even continue to live, not only when deprived of their brains, but of their heads. Some animals will exist even in vacuo. This will best be proved, by leaving some tenebrions in an air pump for several days. Caterpillars will live in an exhausted receiver ; and though for several days they will appear dead, exhibiting no motion, yet upon being let again into the air, they will revive and recover their wonted activity. But Nature affords phenomena still more wonderful even than these. Living shell-fish are sometimes found in solid stones in the harbour of Toulon, where they are called *Dactyli* ; and are of exquisite flavour : shell-fish, called *Solenes*, are also found in stones near Ancona in Italy. Fulgوسus relates, that a live worm was once found in a flint ; and Alexander Tassoni relates, that some workmen of Tivoli, having cleft a large mass of stone, found a cray-fish in the middle of it, which they boiled and ate. Toads have been found in flints. M. Seigne saw one in the body of an oak near Nantes. Bacon and Plott mention similar instances. Mons. Hubert found one in the trunk of an elm near Caen¹ : and a live beetle was not long since found in the heart of a tree near Carlisle. The eggs of these animals must have accidentally been insinuated into the trees, when young ; where, as Hubert conjectures, they must have grown with the tree ;

¹ Mém. Acad. Sciences, 1719.

fed upon its substance, and lived without air. Not long since a living toad was found in the heart of a cedar at West Chester, in America, about half grown. The cavity was just large enough for it. The tree was solid, of thirty years' growth, and there was no communication for the circulation of air. In 1773, a toad was found even in a large block of coal, in the bosom of which no fissure could be perceived.¹

An insect, resembling a worm, was also found in a cell, the size of a sparrow's egg, in a fragment of coal (1820), dug out of Woodey-field pit, at the depth of twelve fathoms. When touched, it moved its conical part to any side: thus shewing it had a rotatory motion. It had five or six circular horny rings, connected by moveable membranes. The tree, which contained the toad seen by Mons. Seigne, was about an hundred years old: but the age of

¹ Two toads were locked up in a box by way of experiment, at a village near Wakefield, in 1806; taken out in 1807, when they were found alive and healthy, after living two years without air or food.

A woodman, lately splitting a large cherry-tree at Haming, in the county of Selkirk, found a living bat of a bright scarlet colour.—The cavity, in which it was enclosed, was surrounded by wood perfectly sound and solid.

"The *Vorticella rotatoria*," says St. Pierre, "is found in a state of such thorough dryness, as to fall into powder, on being touched with the point of a needle. It may be preserved for a number of years in an apparent state of DEATH; continuing to retain life without seeming to take any nourishment. A little drop of water let fall upon it is sufficient to break it, so delicate are its organs; but if this water reach it through particles of dust, the insect opens its members by degrees, and swims in this single drop as in an ocean."

the worm found in the coal, it would be impossible to form even the slightest probable conjecture.

III.

Nature has the curious custom of suspending the animations of certain animals and vegetables. Some quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and insects, at the autumnal equinox, earlier or more late according to the relative state of the atmosphere, enter into a state of dormity, and remain so till the following spring. This remarkable suspension may, perhaps, arise from the influence of galvanic power.

Frogs have recovered their animation after having been buried two years in snow¹; and snails have revived even after a suspension of fifteen years.² Similar effects have been observed in the seeds of plants. A seed of a royal Scotch thistle was planted, after having been laid up more than sixteen years. It sprung, vegetated, and produced a plant, the foliage of which was resplendently beautiful.—Sensitive plants are said to retain the virtue of germination from thirty to forty years; and oats even to a thousand!

That the human frame, too, is subject to a suspension of animation is evident from many instances recorded on testimony, at once faithful and decisive. Dr. Chrichton³ relates an account of a young lady, who was in such a state of suspended animation, as to be

¹ Spallanzani's Experiments on the Circulation of the Blood, p. 136.

² Darwin, Zoonomia, vol. iv. p. 237.

³ On Mental Derangement, vol. ii. p. 84.

to all appearance dead. She was put in her coffin ; when the horror of being buried alive gave such an activity to sensation, that it exhibited itself by a slight convulsive movement of the hands. While in this state, as she related afterwards, she distinctly heard her friends lament her death. “ We have witnessed,” says a Bavarian letter, “ the superb funeral of the Baron Hornstein ; but a shocking result is what induces me to mention it in my letter. Two days after the funeral, the workmen entered the mausoleum ; when they witnessed an object, which petrified them ! At the door of the sepulchre lay a body covered with blood. It was the mortal remains of the favourite of Princes. The Baron was buried alive ! On recovering from his trance, he had forced the lid of the coffin ; and endeavoured to escape from the charnel-house. Finding it impossible, it is supposed that he dashed his brains out against the wall. The royal family, and indeed the whole city, are plunged in grief at this most horrid catastrophe.”¹

CHAPTER X.

IF from the works of Nature, we recur to the labours of man, we recognize duration chiefly in the labours of the medallist and architect. Of the former there are no Hebrew medals older than the age of Simon Maccabeus. No Roman copper and silver

¹ Whiter's Dissertation on the Disorder of Death, p. 276.

medals go higher than the 484th year of Rome; and no gold one higher than the 546th. All others are spurious.

In respect to ARCHITECTURE, the veneration of ages belong to the ruins of Palmyra, Persepolis, Memphis, Thebes and Babylon: but a greater antiquity may be applied to the pyramids of Egypt, and to the fragments at Stonehenge.—These gigantic fragments I esteem to be of an age at least equal to that of the Pyramids. That they are not Roman, as some have supposed, is evident from the undeniable circumstance, that the Romans never built in that manner;—the entire history of their architecture being known even from the days of Romulus. Nor are they Saxon, or Danish. In fact, there is no religion upon record, in which temples of this description were used: and as no evidence can be adduced to prove, that either the pulley, the lever, or the wedge were known to the Britons, previous to the time of Cæsar, I am inclined to believe, that these fragments belong to a period even antecedent to that of the Druids.

From architecture we may recur to EMPIRES. The Babylonian lasted sixteen hundred and eighty years: the Assyrian fourteen hundred and fifty: the Persian two hundred and twenty: but the Macedonian, including a larger extent of territory than either of the preceding, lasted only thirteen years. The Roman empire was seven hundred and twenty years in growing to its most effective strength. From the age of Augustus to the division of the empire elapsed about three hundred and sixty years; and thence to the capture

of Rome by the Goths one hundred and ninety.—The Eastern empire, from Constantine to the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, lasted eleven hundred and forty-seven years.

II.

The human frame, up to the period of five years, vegetates so quickly, that it has attained nearly as great a height, as it does in sixteen years afterwards. With man, as with all other objects, time never assumes the attitude of repose. His life resembles a ship, that never anchors. For whether he eats, drinks, walks, speaks, slumbers, or meditates, time is ever on the wing, and constitutes the best portion of every man's estate. And as those objects are the most sublime, which are not only invisible to the eye, but above the reach of the imagination to conceive, time is one of the most mysterious subjects on which the mind can meditate; since, constituting what has been called a moveable image of immoveable eternity, the transparent solitude of interminable space seems the only mansion for its residence. But time is only an imaginary quality. To two persons, differently situated, time has either the wings of an eagle, or the crawling feet of a snail. To a man in expectancy, a single day appears a week; and a month a year. To a man in possession, the sun seems no sooner risen, than it has set; and summer has scarcely arrived, before autumn seems ready to appear.¹—

¹ "Time," says Colton, in his 'Many Things and few Words,' is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of all things. The past is gone, the future

Infants count by minutes; children by days; men by years; planets by revolutions of years; comets by revolutions of ages; Nature by revolutions of systems. The Eternal meditates in a perpetual present; but Time has no existence: though the mother of the body, it is not the mother of the tomb;—it is only a small imaginary portion of eternity.

III.

In regard to events—every single incident may have its retrospective, and perspective relations, as

future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it: and, like a flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires.—Time is the measurer of all things, but is in itself immeasurable; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; lends expectation a curb, but gives a spur to enjoyment. It robs beauty of her charms to bestow them on her picture, and though it denies a house to merit, builds it a monument. It is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators; and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all: nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and though it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of Death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other. But like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice, that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from its enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends."

far as we can tell;—and what occurred ten thousand years ago may have a relative connexion with something, which may happen a million years to come.—Doubt this, if you please;—but, in Nature, there are many much more extraordinary things than this! and though Nature appears to suffer some of her works to decay; yet, delighting in analogical variety, and in resolving matter into new creations, she is only varying her attitudes;—nothing being permitted actually to decay:—matter, as well as spirit, and that intermediate something between those definite and indefinite qualities, existing to eternity. For in the dunghill of putrefaction are secreted the germs of future reproduction; and from the ruins of vegetation bursts organic existence.

Ever attentive to her interests,—Nature replaces in one spot what she has displaced in another. Ever attentive to beauty,—and desirous of resolving all things into their original dependence on herself,—she permits moss to creep over the prostrate column, and ivy to wave upon the lime-worn battlement.—Time, with its gradual, but incessant touch, withers the ivy, and pulverizes the battlement. But Nature—ever magnificent in her designs!—who conceives and executes in one and the same moment;—whose veil no one has been able to uplift;—whose progress is more swift than time, and more subtle than motion;—and whose theatre is an orbit of incalculable diameter, and of effect so instantaneous, as to annihilate all idea of gradation;—jealous of prerogative, and

studious of her creations,—expands with one hand what she compresses with another.

Always diligent—she loses nothing. For were any particle of matter absolutely to dissolve, evaporate, and become lost, bodies would lose their connexion with each other, and a link in the grand chain be dropt. Besides—so delicately is this globe balanced, that an annihilation of the smallest particle would throw it totally out of its sphere in the universe. From the beginning of time, not one atom, in the infinite divisibility of matter, has been lost;—not the minutest particle of what we denominate element; nor one deed, word, or thought, of any of his creations have ever once escaped the knowledge; nor will ever escape the memory of the Eternal Mind—That exalted and electric mind, which knows no past, and calculates no future!

CHAPTER XI.

LET us now, my Lelius, recur to the subject of those hopes, which revelation has taught us; and which are so finely exemplified, among other analogies of Nature, in the rise and decay of the year; and which so loudly proclaim the truth of that system, which would teach, in strong and indubitable language, the certainty of future life, in the renovation and immortality of the pious and the just. This great and elevated truth is taught us in language, impossible to be misconstrued. The generation of animals; the propagation of vege-

tables ; the formation of shells ; the reproduction of insects and fishes ; the gradations of bodies ; the effects, resulting from the laws of motion and attraction, elasticity and repulsion ; the vastness of space ; the infinite divisibility of matter ; the constant connexion between cause and consequence ;—these, and a thousand other wonders, supersede all possibility of annihilation ; and teach the grand, the useful, the consolatory truth, that not only spirit is immortal, but that matter is eternal also. Mind, therefore, has a permanent interest in matter ; and matter a permanent interest in mind.

But, admirable as are all the works of Nature, in combination or in detail ; beautiful as are the woods, streams, vales and vallies ; sublime as are the rocks, the mountains and the ocean ; and wonderful and various, as are all their respective inhabitants ; how far inferior are they, individually or collectively, to that grand masterpiece of Nature,—**MAN** !

No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room ;
And through the cool, sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom.

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success ;
Yet more to innocence their safety owe,
Than power or genius e'er conspir'd to bless !

Hark ! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease ;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

II.

Shall a Being, of such capacities for reasoning be merely a Being of yesterday and to day?—Shall the merest lump of uninformed clay exist from the beginning, and continue to eternity; and MAN,—the powerful agent in the hands of the Eternal, and in whom appear to be contracted and concentrated all the perfections of the world,—shall he cease to live at the moment, in which he begins to know the value of existence?—Is this the end for which we were designed? Are the pains and the penalties of existence created, for a no more elevated sphere than this?—Where, then, are the uses of those finer operations of the mind, which so highly dignify our being?—Why were all those capacities implanted in our nature, if we are not, in reality, heirs to immortality?—If not immortal, how profound the fall of human intellect!—The power of knowing the present, and of reasoning on the past, were but worthless qualities, if they are to be chained to this body, and but formed for one existence. But it is impossible, that a Being, so infinite in power and intelligence, should make man so miserably incomplete!—Horrible, indeed, were it, if such were the prospect of human destiny!—Can the Creator of intellect be a countenancer of injustice?—Yet, if there be no future existence, when the lamp of life glimmers on the grave, where shall Kosciusko look for consolation?—No reparation has he received for the many injuries and misfortunes, he has endured, for the *crime* of fighting in his country's cause!—

Where, then, would be the justice of heaven, were the soul of so illustrious a character as this, to die with his body? And whither must have flown all our ideas of infinite power, and of infinite excellence?—Without immortality, age has no futurity, on which to build its hope and confidence;—for it is the idea of immortality, which apologizes for our sorrows, and renders the condition of humanity in the smallest degree intelligible. To be born is assuredly a high privilege; and yet many men there are, who would say of life what Regnard said of a journey into Lapland:—"I would not but have made it for all the gold in the world; but which, for all the gold in the world, I would not make again." But the time will come, when he shall say:—

No lightning glares, no billows roar:

Rest, stranger, rest;—the storm is o'er.

Bird.

Were it not for an elevated idea of immortality, who would not rather be a plant, a fossil, or a mineral, than be dignified with the form and the feelings of a man? Living only in the hope of dying, the charm of immortality constitutes the greatest portion of our happiness. Being a subject, over which the soul never desires to slumber, to doubt it were to possess the credulity of an atheist. To disbelieve in the eternity of the soul were almost equivalent to the assertion, that we are afraid to meet it; as much as the denial of a God is the frequent result of having previously wished it. For it is the plague and pleasure of our Nature to believe the thing we wish.

III.

ETERNITY!—thou dark, mysterious sea,—
All that is past, and all that is to be,
Ages and worlds, are present still to thee!

“That the soul is immortal,” said Mr. Fox, a short time previous to his death, “I am convinced!—The existence of a Deity is a proof, that spirit exists; why not, therefore, the mind of man? And if such an essence as the soul exists, by its nature it may exist for ever. I should have believed in the immortality of the soul, though Christianity had never existed.—But how it acts, as separated from the body, is beyond my capacity of judgment.” How many statesmen are there, at the age of eighty, who would barter all their acquired dignities and wealth, for the privilege of escaping a conviction of that awful truth!

The petals of some flowers fall, as soon as they expand; the ephemeron, after three years of preparation, is produced, grows, extends its members to maturity, lays its eggs, propagates, and dies!—But the soul—the standard of man, and to increase the perfection of which almost every thing seems to combine—lives to eternity! That eternity, which Boethius defines a perfect possession of an interminable existence; and which Censorinus calls an infinite duration: but which, strictly and plainly, means an endless enjoyment of a perpetual present.

Empedocles placed the seat of the soul in the blood; and the Stoics in the heart But Galen conceived,

that¹ every member of the body had its separate soul. Some Indians,² indeed, believed that every man has two souls; a good and a bad one:—but Archelous, and probably Anaxagoras, whose pupil he was, taught, that the capacities of the soul vary in men according to the structure of their bodies. The ancient Etrurians seem to have inclined, in some measure, to the Indian sect; since they formed Janus—a god entirely unknown to the Greeks,—with two faces:—indicating, that he could look backward into the old world, and forward into the new one.

Alcmeon³ esteemed the soul to be a portion of the divinity. The fable of Saturn implied as much:—for since the name of Saturn meant “first intellect,” “every intellect returning into itself, we may recognize great beauty in the idea of Saturn’s eating his own offspring. This doctrine, though it originated with Plato, is entirely inconsistent with that of the Alexandrian Platonists⁴; most of whom testified, that the soul is united to the body for its punishment; and that the body is the soul’s sepulchre. Some, among whom we may class Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus, believed, that the connexion of the soul with the body was supported by a fine material vehicle, which separated at the

¹ Plat. in *Plac. Philosoph.*, vol. iv. c. 5. ² *Danish Lett.*, part ii. p. 23.

³ *Cic. de Natura Deor.* lib. i. c. 10.

⁴ *Remarks on Plato*, Taylor; *Cratylus*, p. 26.

⁵ The earlier Platonists even believed, that there was a deity, superior to the architect of the earth: so magnificent an idea had they of the universe. *Cratylus*; Taylor, p. 25.

period of death.¹ Others have supposed, that the soul is a light substance in the shape of the body in all its parts, but of a nature so elastic and ærial, as to be insensible of touch ; bearing the same relation to the frame, that music does to an instrument, or perfume to the solid substance of a flower. And that it is elicited from the body, at the time of death, in the same manner, as vapour is called from the earth ; only of such lightness, as to be intangible, invisible, and of such a penetrating nature, as to pass freely through all substances.

¹ Augustine* says, the soul is like to the deity, immortal and indissoluble. The human structure was divided into the body, the mind, and the soul, by the Stoics, the Pythagoreans, and the Platonists ; by Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen and Ignatius.† In this light, says Augustine,‡ man may be esteemed a symbol of the Trinity. Ganganelli, something after the same manner, draws an analogy by observing, that natural philosophy denotes our bodies ; mathematics express our reason ; and theology the soul. Hugh Victor seems to have thought that the soul of man was originally of the nature of Angels ; § and Leibnitz accounts for the communication between the soul and body, by supposing a pre-established harmony : so that they do not act physically upon each other ; but essentially with each other :—the latter being always disposed to act, when the former wills.

* De Quant. Anim., cap. ii. Sallust, speaking of the soul in reference to the body, says, “ unum cum Deis, *Alterum cum belluis commune est.*”

† Nemesius de Naturâ Hominis, cap. i.

‡ Tractat. de Symbolo. Aquinas takes up the same, or nearly the same idea.

§ In Lib. de interpret. de Imag. et simil. Dei., lib. ii. c. 2.

IV.

That the soul is immortal was believed by the Chaldeans, and Egyptians¹; the Celts²; the Scythians³; the ancient Lydians; the Druids⁴; the Mandingoes of Africa⁵; the Charibbees⁶; the Buddhists of Ceylon⁷; the Mexicans⁸; the Japanese⁹; and indeed by almost all nations.¹⁰ * The Galla of Abyssinia believe in a future state; but not in future punishments. The Sadducees among the Jews, however, disbelieved the resurrection of the dead.¹¹ That other sects have, also, believed the soul to die with the body, cannot be denied. But this, as Burnet has said before,¹² proves nothing to the general reasoning:—nor would it, were any traveller able to prove, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that a whole nation, consisting of ten millions of inhabitants, entertained the same belief. The world contains nine

¹ Herod., lib. ii. c. 123.

² Strabo and Valér. Máximus.

³ Pomp. Mela., lib. ii. c. i.

⁴ Ammian. Marcellin. xv. p. 9.

⁵ Park's Travels, p. 408.

⁶ Sir Wm. Young's Voy. to the West Indies.

⁷ Cordier's Ceylon, p. 149.

⁸ Clavigero, b. vi. sect. i.

⁹ Raynal, vol. i. p. 133.

¹⁰ Cic. Tusc. Quæst., lib. iii. Senec. Ep. 18. Ælian says, that in his time none of the barbarians were Atheists. Var. Hist. lib. ii. c. 31.

¹¹ Acts, xviii. 8; Mark. xii. 18.

¹² De Statu Mortuorum, cap. iii.

* The natives of the Friendly Islands believe the deity to be a female, residing among the stars; and the soul to be a divinity residing invisibly in the body.

hundred and seventy-one millions of souls;—six and a half millions of whom are Jews; one hundred and fifty millions are Mahometans; one hundred and seventy-five and a half millions are Christians; and six hundred and forty millions are Pagans. They harmonize scarcely in any thing; and yet they all harmonize in this¹: that let the Deity assume what shape he will; and let the soul be of whatever nature it may; yet that the soul lives after the present state of existence.

Some of the Asiatic philosophers imagined souls to descend even into vegetables and minerals.² The Tartars³ had once a similar belief: and the Pharisees, who were fatalists, contradicting their own doctrine by acknowledging the free-agency of man, believed, that the soul emigrated into other bodies; the good into men, and the bad into beasts.⁴

The Essenes believed in predestination; leaving man no immediate power over his own actions. They conceded the immortality of the soul, but not the resur-

¹ Pomponatius of Mantua gained some reputation at Padua and Bologna, between the years 1490 and 1510, by writing a book entitled *De Immortalitate Animi*; in which he maintained the soul's immortality; though he denied the possibility of proving it by philosophical reasoning. Palerius of Veroli, also, wrote a poem on the same subject. But he was condemned to be burnt, for having spoken in favour of the Lutherans, and against the Inquisition.

² Dubistan, *Asiat. Miscel.* 95.

³ Vide Marco Polo. b. ii. ch. xxvi. Also *Hist. Gen. des Huns*, tom. iii. p. 223.

⁴ Josephus, vol. i. c. 8. Acts, c. xxiii. 6.

rection of the body.¹ The good, they conceived, were translated to the Fortunate Islands ; the bad into subterranean caverns and passages. The natives of Great Benin have very imperfect ideas relative to the soul ; but they also believe in its future existence. For when an European enquired of one of them, why he paid respect to his shadow, the negro answered by demanding, if it were possible, that he could be so ignorant, as not to know, that the shadow was a man's witness ; who would hereafter bear testimony, not only of his virtues, but of his crimes and defects.

V.

The Indians imagined, that when the soul departed from the body, it returned to God its parent. Zeno and Zoroaster maintained the same opinion : and when Plotinus was dying, he said to a friend, who attended him, " The divine principle, which has animated me, is now about to return, and to unite itself to the divine Spirit, which animates the universe." The Egyptians,² on the contrary, believed that the soul passed into quadrupeds, birds, and fishes ; and, that after a certain era, it again animated the body of a

¹ Christians believe, that the body will regenerate, as well as the soul. This was the belief, also, of the most ancient of Arabic writers.—" I know, that my Redeemer liveth ; and that he shall stand, at the latter day, upon the earth : and though after my skin worms destroy the body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."*

* Herod. lib. ii. c. 123.

* Job, c. xix., v. 25, 26.

man. This doctrine was introduced into Greece by Pherecydes¹; and into Italy by Pythagoras.

The Soofees of Caubul are said to see and admire the Deity in every thing. Every object but him, say they, is illusion; every object being but a portion of his essence, which assumes an infinite variety of shapes; the soul forming an entire union with his substance.² Cicero, who in another place³ discourses so admirably on immortality, believed, too, that the souls of good men were of divine extraction,⁴ and that at the period of death it became an essential part of the divine nature. There is a sect among the Mahometans, called the Zindikites, who believe neither in the providence of the sovereign power, nor in the immortality of the soul. But the four elements they believe to be the four essences, constituting the Deity:—and that all things being compounded of them, all things are portions of the Deity himself. Spinoza, however, taught that God was neither infinite, intelligent, happy, nor perfect; he being but the natural virtue, or faculty, diffused in all creatures: That nothing is spiritual; that matter only exists,

¹ Cic. Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. c. 16; and yet Cicero says, in another place, that the doctrine was delivered by tradition from all antiquity.

² Elphinstone, p. 208, 4to.

³ Somn. Scip.

⁴ Castos animos, puros, integros, incorruptos, bonis etiam studiis atque artibus expolitos, leni quodam ac facili lapsu ad Deos, id est, ad Naturam sui similem, pervolare.—Fragment Consolat. ex Lactantio.—“Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto the God, who gave it.”—Ecclesiast. c. xii. v. 7.

The Vedant of the Bramins inculcates the belief, that the soul of man after death shall be absorbed in the supreme, and be subject neither to “birth, nor death, reduction, or augmentation.”—Raymohun Roy.

and its modifications; that all ideas, abstract and general, are material; that matter is the only Deity¹; that every thing is a part of God, and God a part of every thing; and that religion is a political engine, invented, and continued by governments, for the purpose of establishing and preserving harmony and propriety between the relative orders. From this it would appear, that Spinoza's ignorance was far worse than that of the Saxon noble of whom Edwin, King of Northumberland, enquired the nature of the soul, without any of its humility:—"Sire," returned the noble, "the more we reflect on its nature, the less are we able to explain its essence. We may compare it to the bird, which flew in at one of the windows, where your Majesty so lately dined, and immediately flew out at another. While it remained in the room, we knew something about it; but when it flew away, we knew not whence it came, nor whither it went. Thus, while the soul animates the body, we may know some of its properties; but when it separates itself from the body, as we know not whence it came, so we know not whither it is flown."²

VI.

The inhabitants of New Zealand believe, that on the third day after interment, the heart separates

¹ Lubin of Westerstede contended for the existence of two co-eternal principles, God and nothing.* The former the good, and the latter the evil principle of the universe.

² Rapin, vol. i. b. iii. p. 70. From Bede, lib. ii. c. 13.

* Vide his Hyper-metaphysical tract "Phosphorus, de Prima Causa et Natura Mali."

from the body; and that a divinity, whom they call *Ea-tooa*, hovers over the grave, takes the heart, and carries it into the clouds.¹ Many American Indians² abstain from eating the blood of animals, because it contains the life and spirit of the heart. The Persians are said to leave one part of their graves open, from a belief, that the dead will be re-animated, and visited by angels, who will judge them, and appropriate their future state. Some Tartar tribes bury the best horse with a person deceased, in order that he may use him in the other world: and the Laplanders place a purse of money in the coffins of their friends, that the defunct may pay the porter at the gate of Paradise: while the Hindoo wife believes, that if she sacrifice herself on the funeral pile of her husband, she will enjoy with him eternal life.

Some of the ancient Scythians believed, that death was only a change of habitation:—the natives of the Tonga Islands imagine, that the lower orders of society have no souls; or that if they have one it dissolves with the body;—but that those of a higher rank go to *Bolotoo*,³ the residence of the gods. They believe, that the soul during life is not a distinct essence from the body, but the ethereal part of it; which part exists after death in *Bolotoo* in the form and likeness of the body. In Taheite the islanders believe, that the spirit of man is eaten by a bird, in passing through which it becomes purified; after which it

¹ Collins's New South Wales, p. 524.

² Adair's Hist. American Indians, p. 134.

³ Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands, vol. ii.

risers to the rank of a Deity.—There is a tribe, on the contrary, on the Gold Coast of Guinea,¹ who adopt the doctrine of the metempsychosis so far as to believe, that, when they die, they will be changed into white men. One reason why the Mahometans abhor, that their portraits should be taken, arises out of another branch of the same creed, viz., that, when they die, their souls will animate the picture; and thus be debarred from entering the paradise of Mahomet.

VII.

A Javan inscription² illustrates the soul in the following manner:—"Look at mankind. If you contemplate its state when living, its existence is no more than that of an herb, which shoots up on the face of the earth. Concerning the soul, it is like dew, which hangs on the points of grass." The substance of the priest's exhortation³ to the soul of a person deceased is, that "it should be conscious of being the work of the creator of the universe; and after leaving its earthly dwelling, that it should speed its way to the source whence it issued." The natives of the Arctic Regions, on the contrary, appear to have little or no idea of a Supreme Being.⁴ "It was once believed," said Ootoomiak to Sacheuse, the Esquimaux interpreter, "that men, when dead, went to the moon, but it is not believed now." They

¹ Bosman, p. 131. Ed. 1721.

² Found in Surabaya, vide Raffles's History of Java, 4to. vol. II. Appendix, p. cccxiii.

³ Ibid, vol. i. p. 321.

⁴ Captain Ross's Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, 4to.

imagine, however, that birds and other animals came from it. But the medium of intercourse was not sufficient to establish a fact, so extraordinary as that of a whole people being entirely destitute of religious faith.

The natives of Ternate, one of the Molucca Islands, exhibit little shew of religion ;—and no one is allowed to speak upon it to a stranger. But they have temples :—and the priests go, at stated periods, with an assemblage of persons ; when they silently point to an inscription on a pyramid, which embraces nearly the whole system of ethics.—“MORTALS !—ADORE YOUR GOD :—LOVE YOUR BRETHREN :—AND STUDY TO BE USEFUL TO YOUR COUNTRY.” Few volumes of theology, even though they contain three thousand pages, are more comprehensive, in point of morality, than these three simple sentences.

The philosophers of Japan imagine, that an universal soul pervades the whole of Nature ; animating all things ; and reassuming souls, quitting the body, in the same manner, as the ocean resumes its waters, and light resumes its particles. Others believe, that the soul, at the time of the body's death, retains complete possession of all its powers ; but has no faculty to exert any of them, till it forms a re-union with another vehicle. Of this opinion was Dante.

VIII.

From a passage in Aristotle it would seem, that some of the Egyptian philosophers had notions similar to those of the Japanese ; though other writers doubt

even whether they believed in the eternity of the soul at all.¹ It is, however, universally acknowledged, that the hieroglyphic, denoting the soul, was a chrysalis; and though it is certain, that the future butterfly lies with all its parts folded up in the caterpillar; yet the circumstance of the Egyptians having adopted that emblem is a sufficient proof, that they considered the soul, as undergoing frequent, if not continual changes.

The Greeks, in the same manner, described it under the form of a beautiful female, ornamented with the wings of a butterfly. In the colossal statues by Paceti, Minerva is represented as breathing the soul into the Being, newly created by Prometheus, and as placing a butterfly upon its forehead. Among the numerous gems, cameos, and entaglios, illustrative of the fable of Cupid and Psyche, there is a gem, (*beryl*), in which Psyche holds a lotos flower in one hand; while she is lifting the robe from her bosom with the other. In a second (*lapis lazuli*), Cupid is treading on one end of his bow, striving to catch a butterfly;—in another, Venus appears anxious to burn a butterfly, which flutters in the air;—and in a fourth, (*hyacinth*), Cupid is chained with a butterfly to a pillar.

¹ Some writers have referred the fable of the phoenix to the Egyptian belief in the soul's eternity. Burnet, however, esteems it (*Theory of the Earth*, v. ii. p. 24.) an emblem of the globe:—which, after a long age, will be consumed in the last fire, and regenerate another world. The Chaldee paraphrase relates a fable, relative to an eagle which, soaring near the sun, became so enlivened by its rays, that its youth was renewed.—The eagle and the phoenix were, probably, hieroglyphical of comets.

At Rome, there is a curious basso relièvo,¹ (a good representation of which may be seen in *Statue del Musso Pio Clementino*²), in which Psyche, held by Mercury, is standing over a dead child; while Prometheus is in the act of reanimating a girl, by touching her head with the point of his rod.³

¹ In the British Museum is a bas-relief, representing the figure of Cupid pressing Psyche, in the shape of a butterfly, to his bosom.—No. 73.—There is a sarcophagus, too, on which are represented several analogous figures.—Room v. No. 35.

² Tom. iv. pl. 34.

³ The doctrine of immortality is, I think, beautifully indicated by the figures on the Barberini Vase. As the subject of these figures have been much questioned, I shall presume to offer a few observations upon it.

THE BARBERINI PORTLAND VASE.

This vase was found in the middle of the sixteenth century, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, standing in a sepulchral chamber, under Monte de Grano, about two miles and a half from Rome, on the road leading from Frascati. For two hundred years it constituted one of the principal ornaments of the Barberini collection. It was purchased by Sir William Hamilton; and by him sold to the Duchess of Portland; whose husband, soon after, presented it to the British Museum; where it is now styled the Portland Vase. At the bottom of the vase is a bust of a female, whose habit proclaims her a nurse. The first compartment contains three figures. These are a father, a mother, and a daughter. The mother is a mother-in-law; proved by her indifference, and comparative youth. The daughter is pining for love of an object, to whom she has been clandestinely betrothed. The betrothment is signified by the torch; and its being a secret is proved by the languor of the daughter; and still more by the figure of the nurse; who, by placing her finger towards her lips, indicates her secrecy; she having, it is supposed, been present at the betrothment. The father and mother-in-law observe the love-sick girl with severity; they see her sinking into the languor of death; and do not stretch even one hand to relieve or support her. The unfortunate girl soon after dies: and in the *second compartment* she is awakened, in the Elysian fields, by the arrival of Love,

IX.

The mind exists in the body, even after the body is itself insensible. Plymley assures us, that Du Gard, surgeon of the infirmary at Shrewsbury, found a patient, who had injured his spinal nerve, not only to live some days, but to preserve his senses entire; although his body had lost all sensation. In pithing animals death is so instantaneous, that the animal makes neither a struggle, nor a movement. The comparative anatomist introduces the instrument into the cavity of the skull, and divides the medullary substance above the origin of the branch of nerves,

Love, conducting her lover, just risen from the tomb; and with a winding sheet still in his hand. The peculiar species of tree proves it to be situated in the Elysian fields; because it is a tree, unlike any now known upon the earth: Elysium having always been represented as abounding in trees, peculiar to itself. The serpent indicates the female to have received the meed of immortality: the serpent being an Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman emblem of eternal life. The female stretches out her hand to welcome the arrival of her lover, in the Elysian fields: and introduces him to his own father, who, it is presumed, died before his son. His foot is resting on the tree of life. That the figure of the old man is not that of Pluto, as Darwin supposes, is evident from the circumstance of the old man not having one single emblem, that ought to have accompanied him. Darwin says, that the figure must be Pluto, because all the critics call him so; and because he has one foot in the ground. But the fact is, the figure has not one foot in the ground: his foot is merely concealed by that of the female figure. The father and the son seem to observe each other with an earnestness, implying that they have yet scarcely arrived at the moment of recognising each other fully.

From all this it appears, that the subject is not a general one, as Wedgewood supposes; but a subject of private occurrence, embellished with allegory.

which supply the diaphragm. How the mind may be affected, in instances of this kind, it is not easy,—perhaps it is impossible—to trace.

That spirit may exist without matter is as certain, as that matter may exist without spirit, after it has been once created. We lose our legs and our arms, and yet the mind is as perfect as before. Thus is it with our intelligence. We may lose our memory, our powers of discrimination, and, in fact, labour under the most abject mental imbecility, yet the vigour of the body remain firm and unimpaired : while without the body's exercise, the mind is capable of feeling all the intermediate sensations, arising from love and hope, from hatred and from fear.

That the soul can exist without what we call matter, the soul, by its own properties, has the power to convince us, in the same manner, as the eye has the power of estimating the height, width, and colour of the body. The soul tells this great secret by its dread of annihilation ; by its eager thirst for sublunary fame ; by its conscious superiority over the body ; its almost unlimited power of acquiring knowledge ; its love of justice and honour, and every nobler virtue ; its ardent desire of perfection ; its persuasion, that matter exists not for itself ; and by that restless activity, which is continually pointing at something beyond the limit of its fortune. For as planets gravitate by a secret impulse to each other ; reasoning by analogy, which, in a case like this, is an unerring guide, so does the soul gravitate towards an union with something, partaking of a divine

quality :—for, as Mons. Hemsterhuis would say, a single aspiration of the soul, towards something nobler, and far better than itself, forms greater ground for a conviction of its immortality, than the clearest mathematical demonstration. The hope of immortality seems, indeed, to be a reminiscence of heaven. We see nothing in Nature superior to MAN; and nothing in man superior to the MIND; which glances over the universe, as it were, by magic, and plans in moments what the body executes in years. Indeed the mind of man surpasses every object, we discern in nature: and more difficult was it to form, that even the sun itself! It is no wonder, therefore, that the secret of its elements should still baffle the ingenuity and research of the best metaphysicians. From Aristotle, down to Locke and Berkeley, Reid, and Stewart,—all is conjecture!

X.

Is it not natural to conclude that that, which is the most excellent in quality, and which is the longest in arriving at maturity, should, also, when it has arrived at perfection, be of the longest continuance? Is it consistent with common sense, that matter should have a longer life than spirit, which gives activity to matter? If we possess two substances, one of which gives us more pleasure in the possession than the other, do we not prefer the one, which is the more excellent, to that which is less so? If we possess a diamond in a casket, shall we keep the casket, and throw away the diamond?—And shall not the Deity

reward himself by preserving that portion of his works, which most partakes of his own essence? Would he not, were he to act contrary to this rule, be committing a kind of suicide on his own excellence? Can eternal wisdom act without a definite and honourable purpose? No!—The consciousness of a truth like this is the stamen of immortality.—Shall St. Peter's live, and Angelo, its architect, cease to live?—As well may we suppose, that there are no natural causes for attraction; or that the universe would be capable of organic harmony, if the architect, who created it, and who alone is capable of turning space into infinity, and time into eternity, no longer consented to exist. Yes, my friend, St. Peter's still remains unmoved, it is true, while Angelo is reported to be dead. **BUT TO THE WORLD ONLY IS HE DEAD.** Angelo—the great, the sublime Angelo,—will continue to exist, when St. Peter's has mouldered away, like the dust of its own monuments. In prosperity, my Lelius, let this reflection chide the spirit of presumption;—in adversity, permit it to check every feeling of impatience, by acting as a nepenthe to a wounded spirit.

XI.

To many men life is a dream so perturbed, that immortality is absolutely necessary to the consummation of that justice, of which men have so great a love and admiration. And shall men love justice more than the Eternal? Marcus Aurelius Antoninus said of the soul, that it was a *God in exile*. Shall a being, so

capable of association with the Divinity, sink into nothing? We esteem it a misfortune to have lost an excellent friend; but every thing passes away; and you, my Lelius, in health, and in the bloom of your life, will soon follow. But the grave has an illumination even more transcendent than that of the sun itself. That luminary, too, presents an analogy to our reasoning. It shines upon a wilderness with the same pleasure, that it shines upon the vales of Italy, or the plains of Greece: and in the same moment, that it presents to our vision the magnificence of evening, to that of others it exhibits all the glories of morning. These analogies apply to that hope and conviction of immortality, which is the best of those flowers, which, in consequence of our folly, now only spring up, in detached groups, along the journey of life.

Atheists are the vainest and most arrogant of men :
—for imagining the arguments, they employ, to be the
most perfect of all possible demonstrations,

—— In quick and premature decay,

They breathe the fragrance of their minds away.

Curious is it to observe, how incredulous men are in some things; and how extravagantly—nay, how miraculously,—credulous they are in others! Some men turn atheists from wantonness; but perhaps the greater number, because life and Nature are two enigmas, they are utterly unable to solve. When they witness a tragedy, however, they are content to defer all opinion in respect to its propriety, till the action is turned, the plot unravelled, and the whole

concluded. Wise men have the same respect for the Deity, that atheists have for poets. As to their opinion of death,—like many philosophists of old, Atheists live in the perpetual dread of that, which they are continually teaching other persons not to fear.

One of the most distinguishing parts of an atheist's character is conceit ! Wearing the "semblance, not the substance" of reason, he resembles those fruits, which the gardener instructs to assume the figures of animals, by merely placing them in moulds of clay, at the time of growing. Being as impenetrable, at the same time, as a stone, which is neither malleable, nor soluble. Atheists, in consequence, can no more be reasoned out of their vain mental importance, than hideous women can be talked out of their beauty. A fit of illness, however, works strange wonders !

—— O the good gods,
How blind is pride !—What eagles we are still
In matters, that belong to other men,
What beetles in our own !—

XII.

Inoculated with arrogance, the atheist sees every object superficially :—bewildered, the present is all pain ;—the past was all calamity ;—the future is all despair. A solitary being in this wilderness of beauty, he sits, like the Titans of Hesiod, in melancholy state, lost to every comfort !

His delights resemble those of the misanthrope, who amused the hours of his disgust in studying the anatomical mechanism of hornets' stings. For while the Mahometan turns to the south in the moments of

prayer, the Christian to the east, the Ethiopian to the north, and the Japanese to the west ; the atheist turns to no part of the compass—seeing that he never prays, and has no God to pray to. In life, where is his hope ? In misfortune, where is his consolation ? In the hour of death, where is his cynosure ? In ancient times the amethyst was supposed to be an antidote to inebriation ; but to an atheistical soberness of heart, there is no resource from mental ruin.

We cannot conceive what is infinitely great, nor what is infinitely small ; and yet atheists will, in solemn complacency, contemplate their own wisdom ; and though they will acknowledge, that serpents may exist in the centre of large trees, and toads in the bosom of flints, yet because they cannot penetrate a few secrets of the material world, they will not stoop to the belief, that there are more honourable secrets, than they are themselves masters of. They forget that, for four thousand years, the simple overflowing of the Nile constituted a problem ;—they forget how many centuries were required to unfold the causes of eclipses ; the phenomenon of the rainbow ; the fluctuation of the tides ; the circulation of the blood ; the propagation of sounds ; and the nature of vision. Atheists, in fact, resemble those persons, who, in going the journey from London to Aberdeen, find themselves benighted at York, sleep there, and die. Their reasoning, as M. La Harpe has well observed in his eulogium of Fenelon, “ tears from misery its consolation ; from virtue its immortality ; freezes the bosoms of the good ; and renders justice only to the wicked, whom it annihilates.”

XIII.

Can the grasshopper measure the mountain, on which it forms its nest? Can the beaver weigh the waters of the river, by the side of which she builds her edifice? Can the lion burst the barrier, which separates his strength from the intellect of his keeper? Can the starling understand, that the fruit, which it names, is the fruit on which it feeds? Neither can the whale acquire the sagacity of the seal; the dodo the docility and imitative faculty of the bullfinch; the caterpillar, the art or the industry of an ant;—nor the fern, or the sycamore, form one graduated notion of the exquisite sensibility of the mimosa. Ye atheists!—see ye not how much more strong is the eagle, than the dove;—how much more provident is the beaver, than the mule;—how much more sagacious is the bee, than the moth?—All these ye have the power to see. But can ye reduce a globule of water to a smaller volume by compression? Can ye weave even so much as a spider's web? Will your chemical art convert the nectar of a flower into virgin honey? Can ye fructify a palm-tree? Or can ye give perfume to the nectarium of a citron? Content yourselves, then, in the infancy of your intellect. Nature, so far from admitting you to her council, has scarcely permitted you to place one footstep on her threshold. Perish, then, the system, founded on ignorance, on superficial acquirements, or on an addiction to one science, which,—precluding the observance of that harmony, which subsists in them all,—staggers belief, because,

able to trace no farther, it fancies it has arrived at the limit of the chain. The molehill to an ant, is nearly as great a mountain, as the highest summit of Peru.

XIV.

Atheists resemble the geographers of antiquity, who when they had delineated all the countries, known to them, stated, on the margin of their maps, "all beyond this are dry deserts, frozen seas, and impassable mountains." And yet, many of those men, though they doubt of all the obvious impresses, daily and hourly before them, derive some hope to their fortunes from the art, relating to the discovery of an universal dissolvent, an universal medicine, and an universal ferment, which shall increase seeds, germs, and embryos, to infinite fecundity !—If we lead a blind man into a field, and inquire of him, whether he sees the sun, does he not answer "No?" But if we lead an Atheist,—far more blind in mind, than the other is in vision,—and inquire of him, whether he believes there is a God, he answers "No!" "And why?" "Because he is no were to be seen." Does the blind man argue, that, because he cannot see the sun, therefore, there is none? A husbandman, ploughing in a valley, sees nothing before him, but the hills, which screen his hut and oxen from the storm at one season of the year, and from the heat of the sun, at another. The shepherd, on the other hand, mounts the spiracles of rocks, and beholds a boundless horizon before him: a city at his feet; an island in an arm of the sea; and beyond, a vast expanse of ocean, studded with ships, extending farther than his eye can reach.

Has not the shepherd a contempt for the husbandman, when he hears him doubt the existence of a ship, because he has never seen one? When he doubts, whether a river exists larger than his rivulet?—And, above all, when he doubts the existence of a sea, more extended than that part of the heaven, which covers the concave of his native valley?—The Atheist is the husbandman; the man of science is the shepherd.

Existence of a God!—It is more evident to the senses, than Atheists can perceive. A simplicity is there in the idea, far beyond the intricacy of Spinoza, or any of his imitators.—It forms, as it were, a circle;—every part of which is evident to those, who occupy the centre. Doubt, on the other hand, is a pyramid; imposing in form, but susceptible of being seen only from angle to angle. When an Atheist doubts, he is satisfied. When a man of science doubts, he analyzes:—analysis opens light; light produces conviction: from that conviction springs neither hatred, nor fear, nor despair; but admiration, pregnant with love and awful delight. “The soul immortal?”—Ah! as long-lived as the sun! When a bough of a shrub is cut off, will not the shrub throw out shoots in its place? When a claw of a shell-fish has been injured, or broken, will it not renew itself? When a worm is divided, will not its parts reunite? And shall not the soul? “The soul!—where does it exist? Anatomists cannot discover, either its form, or its habitation.” Neither can they behold the fluid of the magnet.¹ Is

¹ Perhaps the time may come when this fluid may be rendered visible.

there not a power, which can change an acorn into oak ? a caterpillar into a butterfly ? and an animal into dust ?—If there exist a power, capable of effecting these and similar changes, it can, assuredly, with as little difficulty as any of the minor operations of chemistry, reconvert that dust into an essence, which we, in utter ignorance of its nature, designate spirit.

We know nothing, by ocular demonstration, of the soul's flight. Neither do we know the uses or the means, employed by Nature, in many of her operations. We do not know the uses of the nipple of a man ; we are at a loss for the uses of the zebra and the camelpard ; of the hunch of the dromedary ; and of the enormous excrescencies of the hornbill and the toucan ;—we are ignorant of the uses of zircon and glucine, two of the simple earths ;—we are ignorant of the process by which the diamond is chrystallized ; and we are equally ignorant of the end, for which insects undergo their respective changes. Yet we know, that all these things are. Let the good man, then, calculate on the power and justice of the ETERNAL ; who, in time most fitting for the purpose, will not only elicit the soul from the body ; but convert its present anxious condition into a sabbath of eternal rest.

To feel thus is to feel assured of immortality ;—the best consolation of the wretched, and the best hope for the unrestrained majesty of a rich and magnificent mind. To feel thus is comparatively to be advanced a thousand steps towards perfection ; and as this feeling is almost as innate, in our vocabulary of enjoyments, as those arising from love, and all the more

estimable passions and affections, virtue becomes more agreeable to us ; the past more capable of understanding ; the present more endurable ; and the future more pregnant with hope and animation.

XV.

Why, then, is death considered an evil of such gigantic magnitude ? Is it indeed a feeling, implanted in our bosoms by the unconquerable hand of Nature ? or is it the more probable effect of early association¹

¹ Alluding to the subject of early associations, I presume to record my gratitude to a lady, to whom I ought to esteem myself under a greater obligation, than if she had left me a fortune of five hundred pounds a-year ! This lady is the accomplished Mrs. BARBAULD ; whose hymns,—read in the season of comparative infancy,—first implanted that ardent admiration of Nature, which, in all the trials to which I have been exposed, has been the charm, the pride, and consolation of my life.

Four and thirty years have now elapsed, since I read those beautiful little master-pieces ;—and when I sent for them, in order that I might record my gratitude in these pages, the following sentences were as “ *green* ” to my imagination, as they had been in the morning of my life ; and I could not, after an intercourse of so many years with worldly objects, worldly men, and worldly sentiments, trace the images, they so vividly represent, without a sedate feeling of melancholy transport.

“ Come, let us praise God, for he is exceeding great ; let us bless God, for he is very good.

“ He made all things ; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.

“ He made the great whale, and the elephant ; and the little worm that crawlth on the ground.

“ The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.

“ The brooks and rivers praise God, when they murmur melodiously amongst the smooth pebbles.”

“ Come,

and of vitiated education? I am inclined to believe, that were we, when children, taught to consider

“ Come, let us go forth into the fields, let us see how the flowers spring; let us listen to the warbling of the birds, and sport ourselves upon the new grass.

“ The winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

“ The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid in the shade.”

“ Come, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, like the queen of all the flowers! her leaves glow like fire: the air is filled with her sweet odour! she is the delight of every eye.

“ She is beautiful, but there is a fairer than she. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose; he is all lovely; he is the delight of every heart.

“ I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong; when he raiseth up himself from his lair;—when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves, for he is very terrible.

“ The lion is strong, but he that made the lion is stronger than he. his anger is terrible; he could make us die in a moment, and no one could save us out of his hand.

“ I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on the bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

“ The sun is glorious, but he that made the sun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth him not, for his brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He seeth in all dark places; by night as well as by day; and the light of his countenance is over all his works.

“ Who is this great name, and what is he called, that my lips may praise him?

“ This

death only as a cavern, through which the old and the young must necessarily pass, in their road to a hap-

“ This great name is God. He made all things, but he is himself more excellent, than all which he hath made :—they are beautiful, but he is beauty ; they are strong, but he is strength ; they are perfect, but he is perfection.”

“ Child of reason, whence comest thou ? What has thine eye observed, and whither has thy foot been wandering ?

“ I have been wading along the meadows, in the thick grass ; the cattle were feeding around me, or reposing in the cool shade ; the corn sprung up in the furrows ; the poppy and the harebell grew among the wheat ; the fields were bright with summer, and glowing with beauty.

“ Didst thou see nothing more ? Didst thou observe nothing besides ? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these.

“ God was among the fields : and didst thou not perceive him ? his beauty was upon the meadows : his smiles enlivened the sunshine.

“ I have walked through the thick forest ; the wind whispered among the trees ; the brook fell from the rocks with a pleasant murmur ; the squirrel leapt from bough to bough ; and the birds sung to each other amongst the branches.

“ Didst thou hear nothing but the murmur of the brook ? no whispers but the whispers of the wind ? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these. God was amongst the trees ; his voice sounded in the murmur of the water. His music warbled in the shade ; and didst thou not attend ?

“ I saw the moon rising behind trees ; it was like a lamp of gold. The stars one after another appeared in the clear firmament. Presently I saw black clouds arise, and roll towards the south ; the lightning streamed in thick flashes over the sky ; the thunder growled at a distance ; it came nearer, and I felt afraid, for it was loud and terrible.

“ Did thy heart feel no terror, but of the thunderbolt ? Was there nothing bright and terrible but the lightning ? Return, O child of reason, for there are greater things than these.—God was in the storm, and didst thou not perceive him ? His terrors were abroad, and did not thine heart acknowledge him ?

“ God

pier region;—did we, in our manhood, consider death as the sister of sleep, and the mother of rest;—were the unfortunate to hail it as a sliding from tumult, and the old as a translation to another country, where their youth would be renewed, and rendered

“ God is in every place ; he speaks in every sound we hear : he is seen in all that our eyes behold ; nothing, O child of reason, is without God :—let God therefore be in all thy thoughts.”

“ I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.—I looked again, and it sprung forth afresh ; the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

“ I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon ; there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom and darkness brooded around.—I looked, the sun broke forth again from the east ; he gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

“ I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish and refuse to eat : it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone ; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again, it had burst its tomb ; it was full of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

“ Thus shall it be with thee, O man ! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes ; and life out of the dust.

“ A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lieth in the bosom of the earth ; but thou shalt be raised again ; and, if thou art good, thou shalt never die any more.

“ Who is he that cometh to burst open the prison doors of the tomb ; to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven ?

“ He descendeth on a fiery cloud ; the sound of a trumpet goeth before him ; thousands of angels are on his right hand.”

eternal :—were we, I say, in the different stages of our existence, thus to consider it, should we not hail this creator of terrors as a friend, rather than as an enemy? Yes, my friend, death in the ordeal, by which our faculties are to be fully tried and developed.—Death is, in fact, the guide, which, after hope has cheered the heart, and tranquillized the soul, will lead us from the limits of time to the vestibule of eternity.

This is a species of philosophy, however, of which we know but little. For in the present state of opinion,

The weariest and most loathsome life,
That ache, age, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, were a paradise,
To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, act iii. sc. 1.

XVI.

It is curious, that the only ancient gem, extant, personifying death,¹ represents him as an image dancing to the music of a flute: and when the poets would allegorize a child, dying in its bud, they fabled² Aurora to steal it from the arms of its parents.

The gods, says Seneca, conceal the happiness of death, in order to induce us to live: Juvenal³ directs us to pray for a mind, which considers death as a consummation most anxiously to be wished⁴: and the lesson has received the illustration of a Scythian king.⁵

¹ Mus. Flor., tom. i. tab. 91.

² Meurs: de Funere, c. 7.

³ Sat., x. v. 358.

⁴ "Were our eyes," says Mad. de Stael, on the death of her father, p. 151, "permitted to take a clear view of the opposite shore, who would remain on this desolate coast?"

⁵ Vid. Epiced. Olaus Wormius, st. 25.

Porphyrus says of the Brachmans, that they looked for nothing so eagerly as this consummation; considering life in the light of a pilgrimage¹:—and Herodotus² and Strabo³ speak of nations, who mourned at the birth of an infant, and rejoiced at the prospect of death. Lucan informs us, that the Celts, who lived near the Pole, esteemed it a passage to long life; in consequence of which, they eagerly sought it in battle. Valerius Maximus even assures us, that the Gauls were so confident of immortality, that they not unfrequently lent money, to be paid *apud inferos*. In Greece death was certainly dreaded; but it was always esteemed a fortunate event: and that mother was called pre-eminently happy, who, having been drawn to the temple of Juno, by her two sons, prayed the goddess to reward them for that act of filial piety, and found, at the end of the sacrifice, that they had died in the temple, after falling into a soft and quiet slumber.

¹ "It is proper for a woman, after her husband's death, to burn herself in the fire with his corpse. Every woman, who thus burns herself, shall remain in paradise with her husband three score and fifty lacks of years by destiny."—*Code of Gentoo Laws*, p. 286, 4to.

² Lib. v. c. 4; also Pomp. Mela., lib. ii. c. 1. The Gades of Spain sung hymns in honour of Death, and erected altars to old age. Philest. in Vit. Apollon.—Numa forbid all mourning for infants. Plut.

³ Lib. ii. The Black Jezides, a species of half Musselmen and half Christians, in the same manner. Many Christians believe, that heaven gives an early death to its favourites: and the joy that ought to engage the mind, in death, was typified by the Grecian fable of the "swan." This fable originated from the circumstance of the Cananites being accustomed to sing hymns at the approach of death. The insigne of that people was a swan:—hence the metaphor.

Diodorus relates, that when Dionysius the elder took Rheggio, he resolved to make an example of the governor, for having defended the city with great pertinacity. Previous to the punishment, he designed for him,—desirous of aggravating his sufferings,—he told him, that he had, on the yesterday, put his son and his kindred to death. The tyrant was, however, much disappointed: for the governor, whose name was Python, so far from exhibiting any affliction on that account, exclaimed, “ then they are by one day happier than myself.”

The Thracians rejoiced at a burial, which they esteemed a road to Beatitude; and indulged in all manner of sports and pleasures. In Ireland a death is still said to be a source of joy and amusement; while the natives of Congo esteem it a transition from toil to rest; from anxiety to happiness.

The Wahabee Arabs regard it impious to mourn for the dead; that is, say they, for those, who are with Mahomet in Paradise. The Javanese make several feasts upon the decease of their friends and relatives.¹ One of these banquets is upon the day of the decease; another on the third day; then on the seventh; a fourth on the fortieth day; a fifth on the hundredth; and the last on the thousandth. This custom is almost universal in Java. The Banyans of Hindostan have a similar practise.² They have also a maxim, that it is better to sit still than to walk; better to sleep than to wake; better

¹ Raffles' History of Java, vol. i. p. 327, 4to.

² Ovington's Voyage to Surat, p. 340.

to die than to sleep. In the province of Biscay, in Spain, too, great rejoicings are made at the death of persons, who die before the age of maturity. They are taken uncovered to the grave; white roses are put upon their heads; there is a band of music; and the attendants signify their joy, at what they call the happiness of innocence, in the best manner they can.

Oh weep not for him ;—'tis unkindness to weep ;
The weary, weak frame hath but fallen asleep :
No more of fatigue or endurance it knows ;
O weep not,—oh break not—its gentle repose. *Neale.*

XVII.

Cyrus, on the bed of death, desired the Persians to rejoice at his funeral; and not to lament, as if he were really dead. And Dr. Hunter, a few moments before his decease, said to a friend, who attended him, "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and how pleasant a thing it is to die!" Tasso, when informed by his friend and physician, Rinaldini, that he had no hopes of his recovery, feelingly exclaimed, "Oh God! I thank thee, that thou art pleased to bring me safe into port, after so long a storm."

Dr. Franklin made an engagement with one of his friends, that if either should be permitted to inform the other of the nature and state of the soul, after death, they would do so. "My friend died," says Franklin, "but did not perform his promise." Seneca¹ relates a similar engagement, on the part of Canius, who was executed by order of Caligula.

¹ De Tranq. Animi, c. xiv.

Men creep insensibly into age ; and in the progress of transition become familiarized with its aspects and conveniences. But death, for the most part, is as much a stranger to age, as it is to youth. In fact, it is of no more use for an old man to think of death, than a young one :—for death answers no premature questions. Both, therefore, ought to live in a manner, that he may be greeted with hospitality, whenever he does come. Disease, injuries, and misfortunes, however, diminish the fear of death by gradations, insensible to him, who, unconscious of the mind's hope, merely beholds the body, verging to its last ebb.

Some esteem death a leap in the dark ;—others as having no real essence, being the mere privation of earthly life :—some as a season, in which all of life, and of magnificence, have faded away :—and others as the commencement of that life, in which by intuition we shall acquire a knowledge of all beautiful things. It is early association, that hides the advantages of death. For glorious are the secrets, we shall hear ; and the scenes that we shall witness ; when death has shut the gates of life, and opened the portals of eternity. If this is credulity, it is a credulity far more valuable, than all that Hobbes' might be induced to call the truth.

* Hobbes, if I mistake not, first suggested the senseless Hypothesis, which faculcates the belief, that the mental powers of animals are proportionate to the weight of their brains compared with the weight of their bodies.—The absurdity of this position is evident from the following comparative anatomical scale. The brain of the Canary bird* is 1-14 of the body ; the American prehensile monkey 1-22 ; the sparrow 1-25 ; the field mouse 1-31 ; a child six years old 1-22 ; the full-grown man

* Cuvier.

1-35 ;

ODE,

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A TEMPEST UP THE
BRISTOL CHANNEL.

I.

The waves run high ;—wild tempests rage ;
The fears of death my heart engage !
What !—close the scene so far from shore ;
And ne'er be seen, or heard of more ?
Oh ! sure this Ocean's furious breast
Can never lull me to my rest !
Ah !—I had wish'd the humble lot,
To live in some sequester'd spot ;
Where,—studious of divine repose,—
Life's weary, wayward, journey I might close.

II.

And does stern fate that lot deny ?
Well !—let no tear disgrace thine eye !
The power, which rules this raging sea,
Is parent of futurity ;
And of each wild and angry wave,
Can form as soft, as sweet a grave,
As that where banks of violets grow ;
Or that where groups of roses blow.
Then let no tear disgrace thine eye !
Let tempests rage, and waves run high !
—They're heralds of divine eternity !

The hope of immortality gives an interest and an importance to the creation, which, without it, would

1-35* ; the mole 1-36 ; the great baboon 1-104 ; the fox 1-205 ; the ass 1-254 ; the duck 1-257 the beaver 1-290 ; the goose 1-360 ; the elephant 1-500 ; the horse 1-700 ; the ox 1-750.

From this hypothesis it would seem, that the ass, the duck, and the goose, have more sense than an elephant ; and Canary birds, prehensile monkeys, sparrows and field mice, more ability than men.

* Haller.

lose all embellishment ; leaving the present nothing but a dreary and savage waste ; almost as terrifying to the imagination, as a cavern full of serpents.

Death, on the other hand, presenting to our acceptance oblivion for the past, and a beautiful perspective for the future, is “the *nightingale flower*” of existence : when, therefore, it does arrive, may we, in the soundness of our reason, still retain the fervour of our hopes, and reap the harvest of our thoughts. Then shall we hail the sacredness of its coming, as a weary pilgrim hails the sun’s blushing orb behind the temple of Jerusalem !—Let us then, my Lelius, endeavour to divest ourselves of that fear of death, which afflicts the imagination of men so powerfully ; and, throwing off the trammels of association, let us accustom ourselves to regard it, as an instrument of emancipation from a frail and anxious being ; as the only means of renovating our youth ; and as a translation to perpetual joy.

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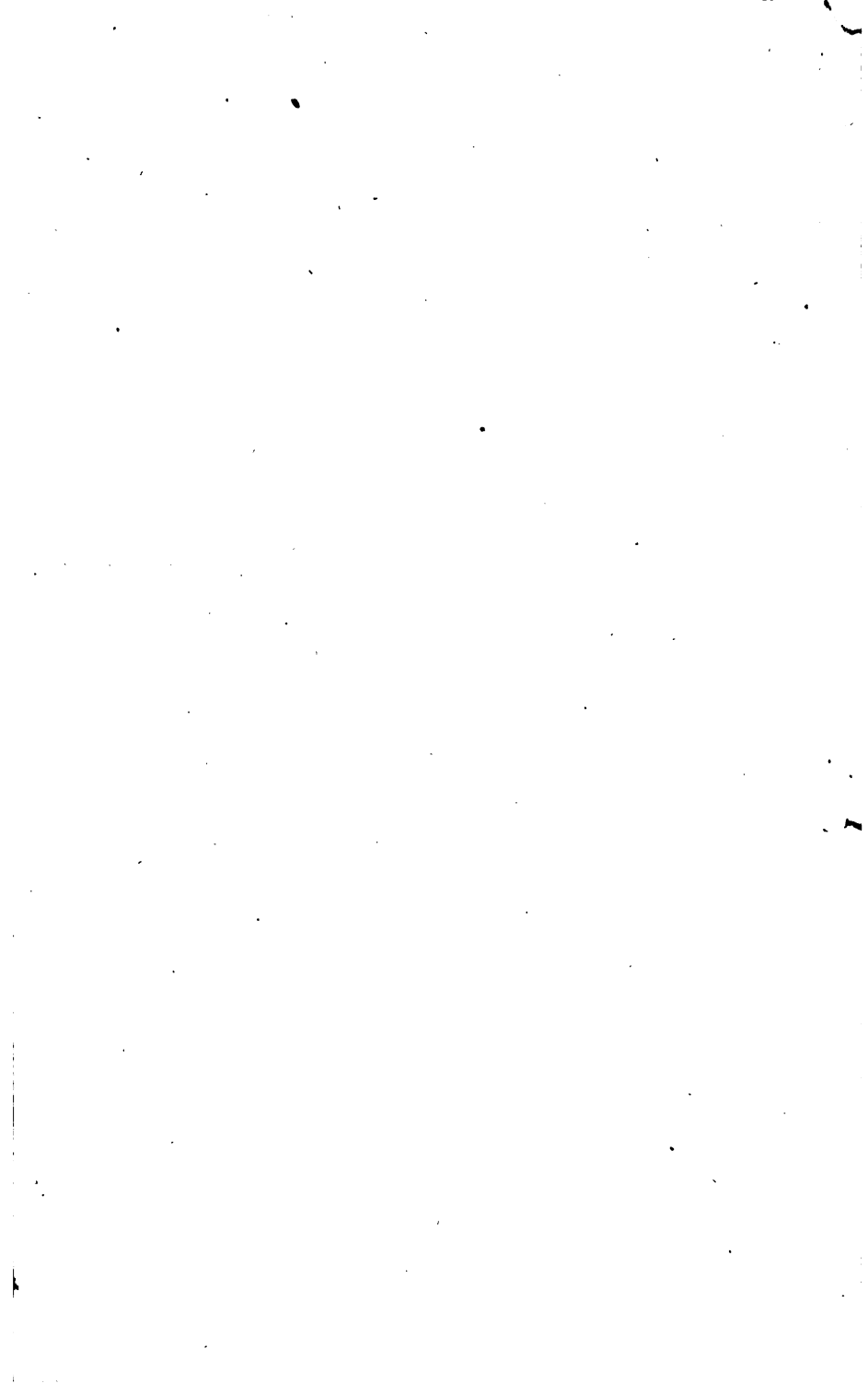
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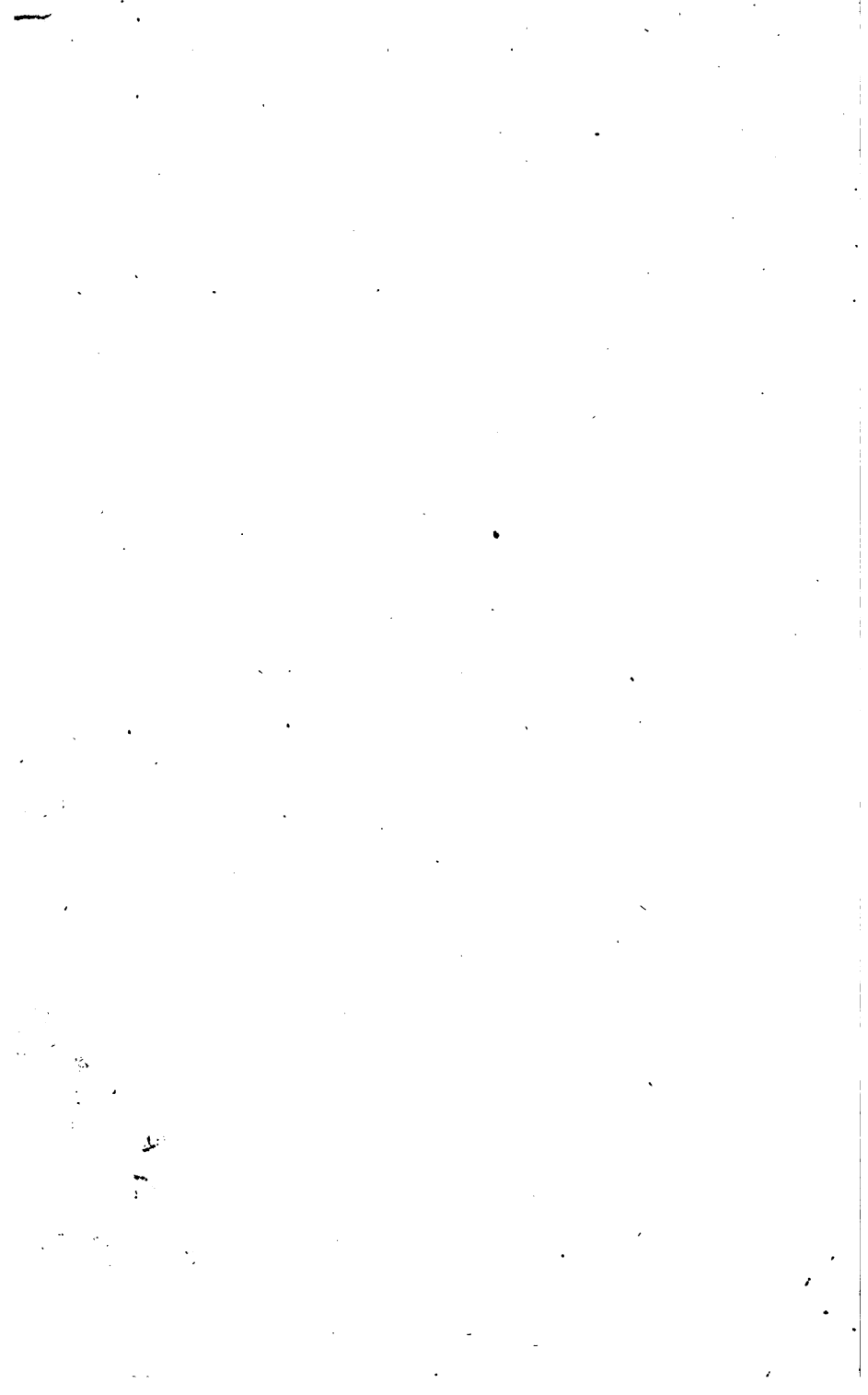
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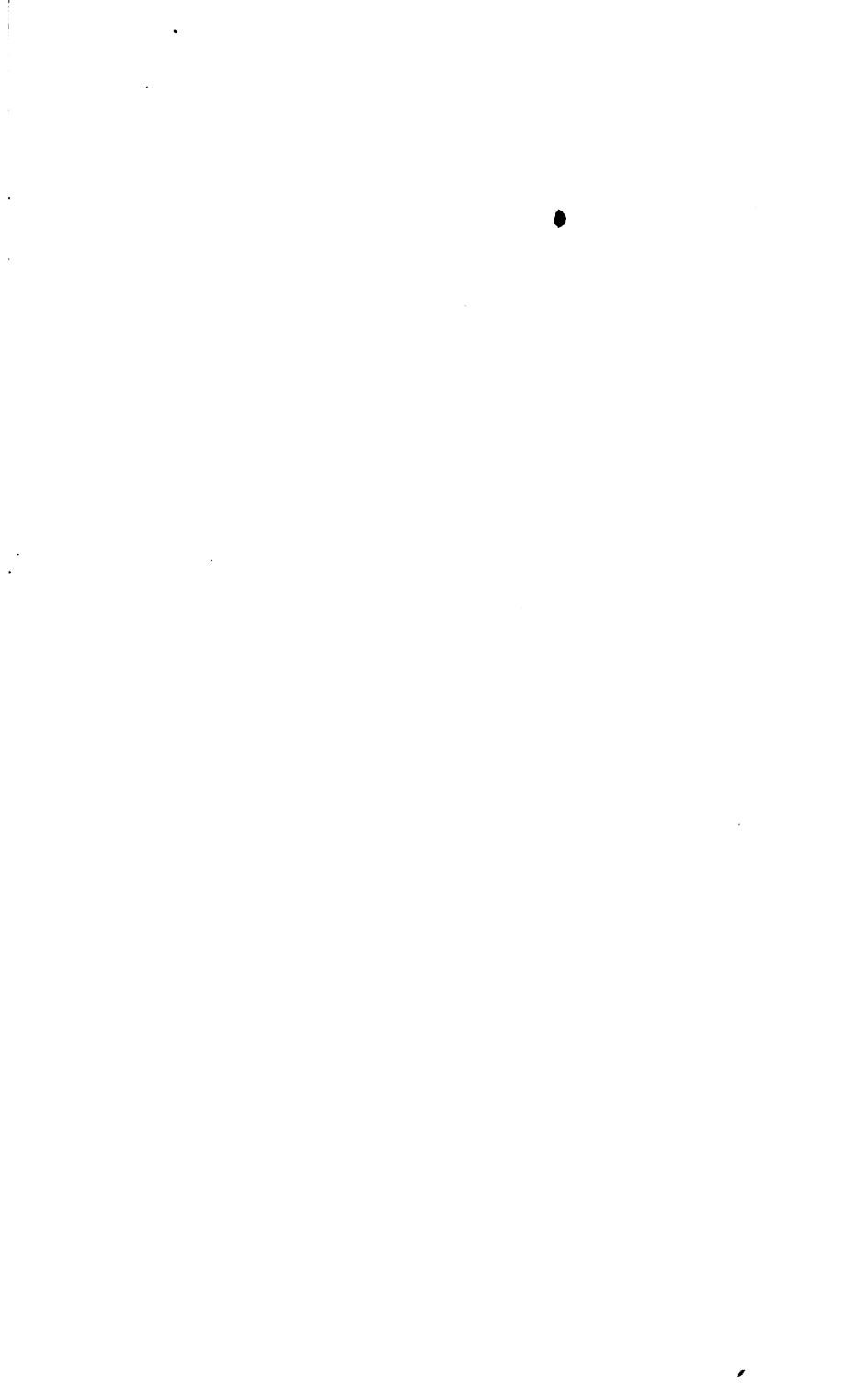
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